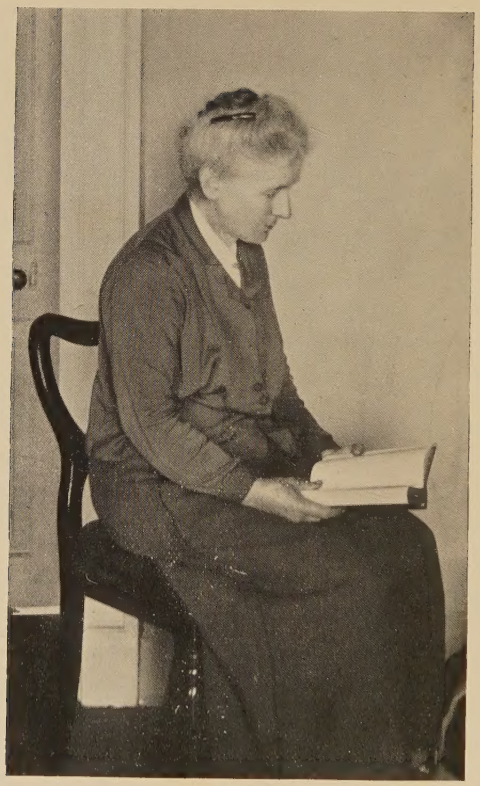
MEMORIES OF THE OLD EMIGRANT DAYS IN KANSAS

1862–1865

MRS. ORPEN

Memories of the Old Emigrant

Days in Kansas



THE AUTHORESS.

Aged 70 years.

MEMORIES OF THE OLD EMIGRANT DAYS IN KANSAS 1862-1865

Also of a Visit to Paris in 1867

by

MRS. ORPEN

(author of *Perfection City, The Jay-Hawkers, The Chronicles of the Sid,* etc.)

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FOREWORD.

THIS is the autobiography of a little girl who went to live, amid almost complete isolation, on the Kansas prairie before it was settled up. It was the time, too, when the States were being torn by Secession and Civil War, so that the conditions of her life were very different from those of almost any other child. I was that little girl, and it was my unconscious mission to bring back once more to hope and interest in life my father, then in the prime of life, but stricken to earth by the deaths, in the short space of three years, of all the rest of his family. The mission was all the more successful because unconscious, and it made the bond between us extraordinarily close. Father, mother, playmate, friend, he always was to me, especially during those Kansas years, when my need was greatest; and the influence of his training has remained strong throughout my life. A naturally keen memory was stimulated

to the utmost, and the images which my mind received were not allowed to grow dim. That is why the pictures here drawn are so vivid. Old friends of mine exclaim with wonderment, "How can you remember so much of your childhood?" I was never allowed to forget it. My father and I talked over our Kansas life again and yet again whenever we met throughout his long life. It was somehow thus in days long past that primitive literature was built up.

Seeing that in writing some of my stories I have drawn upon my experiences on the prairie, I wish here to emphasise the fact that this little book is all true. Nothing fictitious has been added. All is as exact as I can make it: names, places, dates, deeds, and ideas; for even the mistaken ideas of a little child have a certain interest when they are quite truthfully related. We have all been children once, but no two of us have had the same experiences; and since the conditions under which my childhood was passed can never be repeated, I hope the account here given may interest other children—of all ages.

ADELA E. ORPEN.

August 1926.

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OLD EMIGRANT DAYS IN KANSAS.

THE LURE OF THE WEST.

THERE is a rush of fortune-hunters to Arkansas in these days. Oil has been found at Smackover, and the advertisement sheet of the prospector is abroad in the land, trying to induce the silly public to buy £5 worth of oil-land in the hope of making £5000 in a happy hour. Getting one of these sheets, scored with red in the most likely places and the whole land marked out like a chess-board in counties and town-lands by the half-hundred, the present writer gazed upon it spell-bound, and saw through the mist of threescore years and five those emigrant days of long ago when we went West. It was the same then as now: the lure of the West was upon us. We did not, however, seek oil. In our day there was no oil; no one knew anything about it, nor dreamed what it was to do to the world and to humanity. Nor did we seek gold. We knew of

no gold nearer than California, and we did not think well of gold-diggers. What did we seek? The unknown, the strange, the new, and because unknown and strange and new, therefore desirable. The veriest will-o'-the-wisp, but a dancing light that has guided the Anglo-Saxon people all over the world, for such is their destiny.

The oil-seekers now going to Arkansas hurry thither in packed railway trains, travelling night and day as fast as steam can carry them, and when they get there they seem to become a whirling hurricane of humanity immersed in a sticky blackness of crude oil, which hurls defiance to the high gods from a thousand well-heads. Sometimes a cap blows off in spite of all the furious activities of that whirling humanity, and then in an instant a veritable hell-dew of black slime falls on all vegetation round about, and the very trees droop and die before one's eyes. Could Dante have foreseen this latest manifestation of the destructive powers of Nature, how he would have wielded it with his vengeful art so as to add one more horror to the torments he devised for his foes!

The pulse of civilisation had just begun to beat—very feebly, it is true, but nevertheless perceptibly—when the writer was brought to Kansas in the summer of 1862. The pulse in this case was the circulation of the mails. It had

begun in the previous year, and a stage-coach ran, or rather crawled, from Kansas City to Mound City once a week. The writer, it is scarcely needful to remark, was a little girl only seven years old. But indeed we were all young then, all children alike in ignorance, hopefulness, and utter self-confidence. It is frankly incredible how young emigrants are. In fact they are never old, but remain ungrown-up till, worn out, grey-haired, and bent, they drop into their hardly-won graves. This everlasting youth it is that makes them emigrants.

Robert Louis Stevenson, when going as an emigrant to California in 1873, remarked with surprise how at every big station they met packed emigrant trains running eastward. He could not understand it. Could that superior Being from Mars, whose opinion is often nowadays sought, have looked down upon the earth, he would have remarked how very like the inhabitants were to a nest of ants disturbed by the removal of their covering: ants running for dear life criss-cross in every direction, picking up eggs, dropping them anywhere, everywhere, only running, running, running.

In our day the back-wash had not set in. We all went west in a steady stream of ever-increasing volume. A stream from the Northern States and a stream from the South as well, both con-

verging on Kansas, each with a definite object of its own in view, which each was very determined should prevail, and in furtherance of which each brought a good supply of weapons. But what, it may be asked, could a little girl of seven do in such a land? Not much, but men alone cannot settle a country. Therefore so soon as they have opened a way, however rough, the women and even little girls must follow quickly, else the way will soon choke up.

I recently read in a newspaper that when Mr Davies, the democratic candidate, went to address a meeting in a town in Western Missouri, it took forty acres to park the motors that came to hear him, and as many more to hold the aeroplanes that came to see him; and as I read, the memory rose clear before me of the very different way we journeyed in the old emigrant days. There were only two routes west for those who did not propose to walk towards the setting sun: one, the old way along the Atlantic seaboard of numberless days in the train to New Orleans, and thence by steamboat up the Mississippi to St Louis and by the Missouri to Kansas City. This route was, of course, closed from that fateful day in April 1861, when South Carolina seceded and Fort Sumter was fired on. The other way only recently opened was by rail across the Middle States to St Louis, and thence to St Joseph and down the

river to Kansas City. Journeys in those days were reckoned not by hours and minutes, but by weeks and even months. How long it took us to reach Kansas City from Ohio it is now useless to inquire. There is no one living who can aid my memory.

THEN AND NOW.

Of Kansas City I retain a vivid memory of three things: a forest of clean white washing hung out on lines to dry, deep red mud, and fluent swearing. It may be said at once that the sight of plenty of clean white clothes was never repeated during the four years which this emigrant underwent on the plains, while the mud got deeper and blacker during that time, and the swearing became more copious and more sulphurous in each succeeding year. The patriotic citizens of Kansas City to-day will not recognise this picture, and may possibly deny its accuracy. Nevertheless it is true of the Kansas City of the old emigrant days. We were in the best hotel—there were not many—looking straight on to the Kaw River, which did not itself look like anything but swift-flowing liquid mud, and to the amazed

sight of a little girl did not look like water at all. But what attracted her wonder at the time and impressed her memory ever since was the fact that the garden was on the fourth story. Monstrously lofty the house seemed to her, with stairs so steep and high that she could scarcely climb up with the help of her own and others' hands; and when at length the top was reached, and a door was opened on to a garden where there were clean clothes flapping in the wind and grass underfoot and a few flowers dotted about, the child's bewilderment was extreme. A year later, on a second visit, she realised that it was only an ordinary house built flat against the mud cliff of the Kaw River, and that the garden was on the general level of the prairie. She was, however, allowed to peer over the edge of the garden, and there she beheld the road deep down below the vertical sides of the bluff, and in the road was a packed mass of steers—hence the mud; and a number of men driving the cattle with whips—hence the swearing. Cowboys driving cattle through mud to load them on boats can swear hard enough to fairly loosen their horns.

The population of Kansas was a singular one in those days. There were settlers with families, strong men in the prime of life, with various-sized troops of little children, and there were crowds

of young men rushing claims. But there were no intermediate classes of youths and maidens just growing up. Thus the conditions were very primitive, and society reconstructed itself on the lines of the days of Noah. Each man was indeed head of his house, and the children clustered round him in an attitude of complete faith and trust which has since disappeared. There was no criticism of the father—" pipe " he was familiarly called. There could be none, for did one not see that he rode the wickedest horse, milked the kicking cow, shot the prairie chickens, and was not afraid to take his rifle and go out at night upon the first hint of danger. How could one venture to criticise the source of all one's comfort, safety, and welfare, standing up before one in magnificent strength and power.

Take, for example, the crossing of a river, or " creek," as we called it. " River " was a title of dread honour reserved for the mighty floods only. The Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Kaw were rivers, but the Big Sugar was a creek only. Still it could be formidable enough at times and capricious too. We arrived one autumn day on the banks of the Big Sugar creek in all the pride of our four powerful horses and our long-bodied waggon to find it in flood and a group of wayfarers huddled at the ford watching the thick muddy stream rushing by.

"How high is the water?" asked my father.

"Dunno, stranger, we 'uns hain't tried it," is the answer. "Our horses is weak and we can't swim."

So "pipe" says he will mark the ford for them, and proceeds to strip to shirt and trousers, and taking the biggest and most bidable of his four horses, sets her head to the swirling muddy stream. Brown Bess is afraid, but has complete confidence in her rider, and, snorting loudly, sets forth feeling the bottom very carefully step by step. A hole revealing itself in the middle of the old crossing, this has to be outlined by Brown Bess until a safe track is found. It must be wide enough for a big waggon, so they have to make four trips across the flood to make sure. All the while the children look on wondering, and when the survey is complete, they are carried over safely in the waggon by a plunge and a leap and a shout, every horse doing his utmost, and the driver standing high upon the driving-seat encouraging them forward with voice and whip. The child of the plains in the old emigrant days saw these difficulties overcome, and always by the father. Small wonder, therefore, if he or she came to look upon him as the embodiment of all wisdom and power. Such a thing too as a father being unkind to his child was unheard of, and was in fact non-existent. No father was

unkind, the children were too few and too precious. Was a father killed, or still more rare, did he die, then as soon as possible the widow and children left the country. Every one recognised that no life was possible on the plains without the father.

MY COWBOY ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

It is difficult at the close of a long life to be sure of what one thought in the days that are past and gone. Yet to the long vision of old age the distant horizon often looks clear enough and seems wonderfully near; it is the middle distance that has become blurred and indistinct. What really were the thoughts of that little child who went out as an emigrant to Kansas in 1862? Her thoughts were certainly very different from those of other children born and bred under other skies. Perhaps no two children ever have the same thoughts, and no two children are alike any more than is the case, as the scientist assures us, with the leaves on a tree. That would account for the fact that one's own children are a constant surprise to one, and one's grandchildren an insoluble mystery. Perhaps we emigrants never

were children at all, but only small people full of anxiety and care, and oppressed with a burden too heavy for our small shoulders. That would make us sad and not given to laughter, as indeed people found us to be. Children reared in war conditions seldom do laugh.

But if a little girl from whatever combination of circumstances found herself turned into a boy, or rather her father's right-hand man, at the age of eight years, she would acquire such a sense of personal importance and responsibility that then and there her childishness would fall away from her like a worn-out garment. To be told, for instance, to see to it that the team of horses were fed and harnessed and ready to start with Auntie to Mound City in half an hour makes a child grow up like Jack's bean-stalk, however young she may be.

Helped by the experience of many years in many lands, the present writer now sees clearly that the little girl, who somehow she was, mistook much, and about nothing was she more mistaken than about these same horses. She considered herself most admirable in their management, and other people stood aghast at her frantic proceedings and fearless handling of the animals. She seemed able to do anything with a horse, and always turned up smiling; but the truth was, these horses took care of her. They

were always on the alert not to step on her bare little feet when she was buzzing about them like a vociferous bee. They never kicked nor bit her, nor minded her whip in the least. The only thing that seemed to worry them was if she screamed shrilly at them. She and they were, so to speak, pals, and yet one might wonder how could there be much comradeship between them, seeing that she was only four feet two and they were seventeen hands nearly. But they loved each other, and that explains all.

Let it not be supposed, however, that this small emigrant became an expert horsewoman in her first year. Far from it. We had no horses at first, only oxen, two yoke. Buck and Bright, Star and Golden, were their names, and evil and tricky were their natures. Oxen, unlike horses, are not to be loved by anybody, and only to be driven by men or negro women. Their strength is prodigious, but is surpassed by their laziness. Their sagacity is great, but is invariably used to thwart their driver, until life is made almost unendurable. "The patient ox" is a fable. It is the man who drives an ox who has got to be patient.

Oxen are furnished with bells around their necks, so that they can be found in the morning when wanted for work. That, at least, is the theory, but the oxen know all about the way to circum-

vent bells. As soon as the sun rises the ox lies down in the deep prairie grass, which is stiff and wiry, and reaches well over his head and horns. With his chin resting on the ground and his ears turned down, that ox remains motionless, not chewing his cud, hardly winking, lest a motion of his head should tinkle the tell-tale bells. No man can find him, for there are no trees to climb, no mounds, nothing from which to get a sight of him, only the measureless gently rolling prairie like a grassy undulating sea. In these circumstances there is nothing for it but to lay a dog upon the scent, and then in a trice up gets the ox with a snort, probably not fifty paces from where you were standing before you set out on your long and useless hunt after the animal. Then the inevitable occurs—a burst of oaths and a cut of the ox-whip you have coiled around your arm. Patient ox, indeed ! Pass on all the patience there is to the man who drives him. He'll want it.

It was some months of this sort of thing that brought Pluto on the scene and straight into my childish heart. Pluto was a white dog with one black ear. He had no pedigree, no breeding, and was nothing particular to look at, but was the belovedest of playmates and faithfullest of companions during two and a half years. He came as a puppy in a basket, yelping, but straightway he crept into my arms, and we were never

again separated during the rest of his short life. We did everything together, and became most wondrously wise and alert in the work we had to do.

It was the combined influence of the horses and Pluto which changed me from a meek little girl into a cowboy. Girl children are usually made to acquiesce in their destiny by a long process of insidious suggestion. Nurses point out to them their shoes at the earliest opportunity, incessantly calling attention to their prettiness, and afterwards other articles of dress are constantly referred to as pretty and not to be spoiled, so that the girl-child grows up thinking of herself as a possessor of clothes and not as a human being at all. Now on the plains there were not any clothes, so to speak. Let it not, however, be imagined that we were naked savages—by no means; but clothes as objects of beauty simply did not exist. One set of clothes was like every other set, just useful covering for the body, thick and warm in winter, as light as permissible in summer, and nothing more. The deep and abiding impression made on my mind of the forest of white clothes hung out to dry in the garden of the hotel at Kansas City was due to the fact that it was the last sight of white clothes that we had until we again returned to civilisation. Our summer garments out on the plains were of rough check,

blue and grey, such as plantation negroes have in the South, very strong and very coarse. Sheets and towels were made of coarse brownish cotton-stuff that never was and never could become white.

OUR FRAME-HOUSE AND ITS PRECINCTS.

It was into this strange wild land that we two, Auntie and I, arrived from the far East, and were set down by the stage-coach in Mound City one hot blistering day in August 1862. With those exasperating animals, Buck and Bright, my father met us, and into the long ox-waggon we clambered and sat down on our trunks. An ox-waggon is a kind of sheep-pen on four wheels, seven feet long and four feet wide, the toughest, roughest, and slowest instrument of locomotion known to mankind; and yet, when gently meandering over the prairie grass, not as shaky as might be imagined. At a mud-hole, indeed, things happened. That is to say, the fore-wheels went down with a bump; and if you were a little girl without experience you nearly bit your tongue off, and subsequently nearly knocked your head

in against the side slats when the hind-wheels followed into the hole just as the front ones began to creep up out of it. However, there was no harm done to you if you were sufficiently fat and only seven years old. A night's sleep would cure all ills, and that little girl arrived home after her ox-waggon drive far less tired than this old woman who is writing does from her motor drive over good roads nowadays. It is the difference between seven years and seventy.

Our house on the plains, even in 1862, in the phraseology of the earlier settlers around us, was "powerful full o' truck." Yet to the eye of civilisation it contained practically nothing. There were no chairs, no stairs, no ordinary china plates and dishes, cups and saucers, no mugs even. Of course, carpets, mats, and rugs were not to be expected by any one. What, then, was "the truck" it was so full of? one may ask in bewilderment. First of all, there was a stove with four holes for cooking, and two large pots, a frying-pan, and a boiler for hot water. How any one could use so many things for just cooking passed the comprehension of our nearest neighbour, Mrs Weddell, who had reared her family of eight children quite successfully on the contents of one all-comprehending pot slung over an open wood fire. But then Mrs Weddell had only a one-roomed log-cabin to live in, and once the con-

tents of the all-comprehending pot were safely devoured by the eight children and they were outside the door, she did not require anything but a corn-cob pipe and "baccy" to complete her happiness. With the Weddells, life was reduced to its primary factors. Our dwelling-place was of the superior style of architecture known as a "frame-house," as distinct from a log-cabin. The frame-house had all its timber squared, and in itself it was square to the last degree of ugliness. Accurately set by the compass facing south, it had a door in the middle with a window on each side and a half-sized window overhead. All the windows had glass panes, and all the sashes opened up and down. These were great refinements!

Into this luxurious abode came Auntie and the little motherless girl, who was too young to keep for very long the memory of different surroundings. A child, especially one who has no other childish companions, accepts everything with equal composure. To such a child the sun and rain and snow, carpetless floors, tin plates, and tin mugs are all equally satisfactory and equally inevitable. Iron spoons and two-pronged forks, with a serviceable knife, were supplied to each pioneer, big and little. Nothing could break these weapons. A generation later on the other side of the globe, the daughter of that small

Kansas emigrant cried bitterly, and refused to eat her egg until she was furnished with a silver spoon from home, the seaside lodging where she was staying being deficient in that article. Such are the ravages of civilisation in the infantile mind.

Children often make a great fuss about going to bed. In fact it is in general a daily recurring difficulty. So it was with us, only the difficulty was not mental, as with most children, but purely physical. There were no stairs in our house. In the corner of Auntie's own room off the kitchen was a vertical iron ladder bolted flat on to the uprights of the house. Overhead a square hole in the floor invited your entrance. Not one woman in twenty would venture on such an expedition; but to a small girl with very strong arms and a monkey-like activity the feat presented no difficulty. "Land o' Goshen! wal I never see'd the like o' that," was the invariable comment of admiring wonder when, woman-like, Auntie used to bring me in to show off before visitors, and I was bidden to run upstairs.

Besides a very serviceable table, there stood against the north wall of the kitchen a set of shelves that were deep and lofty. On the topmost shelf, high out of reach, stood the keg of gunpowder, and beside it, lonely, white, and beautiful, a small statue of Parian marble, representing

Venus with a Dolphin. How did she get so far from her home on the other side of the world? And safely too, for she must have come, even as we did, by ox-waggon. I did my lessons on the heavy kitchen table when it was free for such work, and I gazed at the white figure for inspiration many a time, but received none from it to assist me in my lessons. She still watches over me now. Even as I write she looks down upon me through her glass case, serene and inattentive, communing over past affairs with her frisky dolphin. She and I lived together many years on the plains, travelling over half the globe, and finally we came to anchor here in our old home, where we underwent ordeal by fire. Let me hasten to add, "by accident." I wish this to be emphasised, because all the fine houses around me were burnt on purpose by evil-disposed persons, who took this method to publish to the world their love of liberty and desire to acquire the same for their country. The room in which the statue lived caught fire at night, and nearly all the furniture was burnt; only the little statue under its glass case came through, as white and cool and serene as ever, not a speck of dust or smoke to blur the spotless beauty of her marble. Yet the heat was so great that some silver things in the room had begun to melt. Who was she? I did not know until some years

later I walked into the Tribuna in the Uffizi gallery in Florence, and there met her face to face. She was the Venus de Medici: the only thing of beauty in our Kansas house, and, I verily believe, in the whole wide prairie.

We had, indeed, at first no chairs to sit upon, only nail-kegs and packing-cases, but we had a garden. Such a garden the like of which was not known on the prairie! There were rows upon rows of peas, Lima beans, tomatoes, sweet corn, sweet potatoes, squashes, pumpkins, and melons —both sweet-scented and water-melons—by the quarter acre. When this amazing collection of vegetables was in the making, our neighbour Weddell was engaged in some of the necessary work. He understood very clearly the need of corn-planting, and even perhaps having a melon patch; for in very hot weather tepid and often putrid water cannot quench thirst, but the sublime juice of the water-melon always does. No matter what the air temperature may be, the water-melon invariably tastes cool and refreshing. But the idea of working hard to produce peas, beans, and tomatoes just to eat passed his comprehension. "Wal," he would say, "'fore I'd work to feed pesky rabbits I'd hide. Yo 'uns won't never git none o' that garden trash." There, at any rate, he was wrong. We got it all; the rabbits were those that lost every-

thing. Neither Weddell nor the rabbits had considered my father and his gun and his unerring eye. A dozen shots completely established his ownership of the garden in the mind of the rabbits.

In the venerable tragedy of Jack and Jill, it will be remembered that they went up the hill to fetch a pail of water. In illustrations this hill always takes the shape of a volcanic cone with a vast windlass well crowning the summit. Our spring in Kansas was not in any such spectacular position. We went down to it, not up. It was a quarter of a mile distant, and never completely failed even in the driest time. It was the determining factor in our house-building. Where water is, there a habitation will be; where a river is, there a town will appear. Our spring was under a little ledge of rock, rather narrow and about two feet deep. It rose up from underneath, and was nearly always full. A small streamlet trickled away from it down to the creek a mile away. Now as long as the streamlet trickled, all was well with us. We could dip our pails and come again certain of finding the spring filled up, clean, clear, and cool. But in a season of drought the streamlet would dry up, and the well become fitful in its supply. There had been a fearful drought in Kansas two years before we came, and settlers in many cases fled from the country. Of all the terrors which can lie across the path

of the first settlers in a new land, that of drought is the grimmest. When in that miserable year of drought my father had been, not exactly house-hunting, but land-hunting for his house that was to be, he had met many of these first settlers fleeing from the wrath to come. They one and all urged him to turn back. "Don't come nigh this here land, it's cursed," said one man, peering from under his waggon-cover. "We've come from Missouri," said another, "'cause we wanted to be in a free State. There ain't no freedom here 'cept to die o' thirst." And another advised, "If you're set on coming, stranger, then stake out your claim not more than a mile from a creek, and see it's a big one."

But my father was not to be deterred from his purpose. He had, indeed, two objects in view. He was an engineer by profession, and as such had been engaged on railway construction both in the States and in Mexico. He now hoped to get employment on the railway, which it was expected would soon be built across Kansas territory to Santa Fé, and he wished to have land and be on the spot before it came. Also he wished to settle on free soil. Now by an old arrangement latitude 36° 30′ was here to be the dividing line between the Free and the Slave States that might be formed west of Missouri. It was a sort of extension, on another parallel,

of the famous Mason and Dixon line, all territory north of which was to be free soil, while in that to the south the institution of slavery was to be supported by the law. It is true that this "Missouri Compromise," as it was called, had been recently overruled by the legislature, and the principle adopted that the settlers in the territories west of Missouri should decide whether to admit slavery or not, yet in spite of an influx of squatters from over the Missourian border it was expected that Kansas would decide for freedom. And so it was that my father, as he often told me, walked over eastern Kansas back and forth, his rifle on his shoulder, his knapsack on his back, and (when out of reach of cabins or known water) a watermelon on the top of that, until he stopped in Linn county, well to the north of latitude 36° 30′, and about where he thought the new railway to Santa Fé would have to go.

DIXIE'S LAND.

THERE cannot now be many to compete with me in the distinction of having been born on a slave plantation in Virginia. My earliest recollection is

of a black face and sweet voice crooning baby songs. It was Aunt Monin, the hereditary nurse of my mother's family, singing to one more white baby, as she had sung to my mother and her sister and my innumerable little cousins. Aunt Monin was the faithfullest of friends, the gentlest of nurses. She stayed in the plantation, beloved by all, till her death. She saved her babies and her then mistress when the tide of war swept over them.

"We should all have died of hunger, only Aunt Monin fed us," said my Virginian aunt to me after the war. "You see, darkies are expert thieves, and she hung around the camps and got what she wanted to keep us alive. Five armies marched over us and stayed around us for four years. But soldiers are kindly creatures. They knew she was feeding her mistress and the children, and they looked the other way."

Thus my gentle broken-spirited aunt, ruined and hopeless after the war. Yet she said "soldiers were kindly creatures." She never met any German soldiers. Aunt Monin, on the other hand, was triumphant. Was it because she was free? "Bah!" she said. "Dis hyar nigga ain't gwine to be free like dem po' plantation niggas what don't know nuffin. Aunt Monin gwine ter live allers 'side her Miss Jane an' de honey chillun what she done reared herse'f."

Why, then, was she triumphant at the time? It was because she had saved out of her mistress's former property six little silver spoons.

"Aunt Monin, she done hide 'em under de wood-pile, and dey sojers can't fin' nohow what she hide. Sojers dunno nuffin how to find things, not if Aunt Monin hide 'em."

So it comes about that all my childish recollections of slavery are of tender care and boundless devotion from black to white. Not so my father. He came a young engineer from Europe in the year 1849 to make his way in the New World. He came from that scrap of the British Empire which now masquerades under the name of the Irish Free State. In that year all Europe was still shaking with intermittent gasps from the high fever of freedom and liberty which in the previous year had brought down so many principalities and powers. His work on railways took him to Virginia, where the Richmond, Raleigh, and Wilmington line was being pushed through forest and swamp. His assistant at one time was a young man from Boston, a most admirable worker, and in every way very satisfactory, but he was too good a mathematician for the rough and rapid building of railways in Virginia in those days. He wanted to work out his calculations to absolute accuracy, but my

father always stopped him at the third place of decimals with the remark, "That is good enough for all practical purposes." The accurate mathematician had, however, a sense of humour. After he left he sent to my father a daguerreotype of the back of his head, showing nothing but his curly hair and the profile of two ears. Underneath was the legend: "Good enough for all practical purposes!" He bore a name which has since become famous: Samuel Coolidge.

All the letters written home by my father from Virginia at this time breathe the greatest horror of slavery. It was the dreadful effect on the white people that struck him most. And so he decided to move west to that vast and new area which would soon be clamouring for railways. On one thing only was he fixed and determined: he would not live in a slave-holding State. He would take his young family and rear them on free soil. Kansas was decided on, but alas! when the time came to go, I only was left. The young mother and the little son and the baby sister were all gone to their silent home under the weeping willows and dark pines in the cemetery in Pennsylvania, near the house to which she had come as a happy bride a few brief years before.

THE PROMISE.

I MUST here recount an incident which was told to me many years after its occurrence.

Two ladies and a fat little girl of four were in the same room at Glenhaven Water-cure in the early autumn of 1859. The little girl was playing in a streak of sunshine, and the two ladies were contemplating her. The younger of the two had the wistful eyes of the expectant mother—eyes that always seem so near to tears, even when there seems to be no occasion for tears. She was talking about the little girl, as healthy a little mite as one could wish to see on a summer's day, and expressing her fears concerning the child.

"I cannot help feeling anxious and afraid," she said. "If anything should happen to me, what would become of my child?" and her lip quivered.

"But why should you feel so afraid? What is likely to happen to you except that you will give her a little playmate?" said her friend, looking at her affectionately.

"I cannot see it like that. I do not see Doaty with a little playmate. I see her alone and desolate in the world."

THE YOUNG EMIGRANT.

Aged 5½ years.

"Oh, but that is morbid! You must not let such ideas get into your mind. It is so bad for you." The speaker, the elder of the two, had the white transparent hands of an invalid. In fact they were both invalids, and were at Glenhaven for the purpose of health. They had met there, and had formed a deep friendship for one another.

"If I should die, will you take my child and be a mother to her?" asked the younger lady earnestly.

"Yes, I will, dear," replied the elder one in a soothing voice.

"Is it a promise?"

"Yes, it is a promise, though I feel certain I shall never be called upon to make it good. I look forward to seeing you and both your children next summer. But it is a faithful promise, so now be content."

"I am content now," murmured the young mother.

A short while later my little sister was shown to my wondering eyes, and then before I had got used to her she was gone, taking my sweet young mother with her. A long blank time followed while I battled for my life with the new disease, diphtheria, which had carried off the others, and then I was borne away day and night in trains and steamers to a land where it got colder and colder, and finally I came into a room where

there sat a lady who did not seem so completely strange as all the others I had seen in the trains and steamers.

"Come into Auntie's arms, my pet," said the lady, opening them out, and I crept into the warm sheltering nest that harboured me for fourteen years.

The promise given to my mother, as the sequel will show, was most amply kept.

FIRST LESSONS ON THE PRAIRIE.

LIFE goes on for those who survive, though death cuts across all the bright threads that made the glory of their youth, and our new home, as we have seen, was fixed in Kansas in latitude 38°. By the time we reached it, the struggle which began in 1855 over the question whether Kansas should be a free or a slave state had merged into the still larger struggle between North and South. A small girl on the very outskirts of civilisation —for at first there was no house west of us— could know little of what was going on in the world. What concerned us personally, however, was very real, and as there was no one else but

our three selves, the memory of it is extraordinarily clear and vivid. Two lessons which I received in the course of this first summer have imprinted themselves deeply on my memory. The first, characteristically enough, concerned shooting. A strange dread suddenly crept into the house—complete silence—Auntie's eyes red with weeping. Men appeared and talked with my father outside the house. He came in and got out his small revolver, a new weapon just brought from Europe, Rigby's newest and best, six-chambered, and capable of being carried in his pocket unobserved. I sat beside him as he carefully cleaned, oiled, and polished it. He loaded it after looking at each bullet critically. Then he stood up and kissed me, and said—

"Pappy may have to shoot a man. He won't do it unless he is obliged in order to save his life," and he went out.

I did not understand. How could I, being only seven years old? But I was very frightened, and began to cry.

"Hush, hush!" said Auntie. "Listen, listen!"

There were shouts of men's voices from the field of maize near by, where they were cutting the great stalks with heavy sharp-edged iron hoes.

"No, no! You mustn't look out of the window, only listen," said Auntie in a terrified whisper.

The men's voices died down. Silence followed, and then my father's quick step to the door. Auntie folded me in her arms, and we both cried our hearts out.

What happened was explained to me in after years. There was a quarrel over some work or wages or something. We had quite a number of men at our first harvest. Afterwards the war made men too scarce. On this occasion one of the hired helpers, a fierce Southerner named Goforth, was not satisfied, and in spite of the expostulations of the neighbours continued the quarrel. They warned him that my father, though not given to swearing, was a very dangerous man to meddle with, but that he was a just man and would listen to any complaint if stated quietly. Goforth was foolish and violent, and sometimes given to drink. On this particular day he began with abuse, and was evidently trying to pick a quarrel. Our neighbour Weddell did all he could to quiet him, but the abuse was shouted louder and louder. Weddell then begged my father to leave the field.

"No, I don't run away from any man," said my father, and went on with his corn-cutting. Goforth raised his hoe, and made a dash at my father. Out came "Rigby's newest and best."

"Another step and I'll shoot you," said my

father in level tones, holding the revolver steady, and pointing straight at the man.

The moment's pause gave Weddell time to jump from his drill and throw his arms around Goforth, thus pinning his hoe to his side, while young Bill Weddell hung about his knees.

"You all-fired fool! Don't you know that man means what he says, and never misses his aim?" cried Weddell.

This remark produced the silence that Auntie and I had heard.

In well-constructed stories lessons are either fully learned, or, if neglected, the consequences are carefully traced throughout and rounded off, so that events fit into their appointed places like the parts of a jigsaw puzzle; but in real life lessons are seldom completely learned, more often are they forgotten until the consequences of the neglect of them have become apparent, and it is too late to profit by the lesson or put it into practice. However, this lesson of waiting for the shot without crying out and making a noise did indeed bear its due fruit in after years. It happened in this wise. The observant reader will remember what was said a little way back about the native land of my father Well, let it be added that I now lay my old grey head to rest each night in the very room where just one hundred years ago he was born. Three years ago the opening scenes

of the tragi-comedy already referred to had just begun. It was, in fact, our first raid. A motor-car full of armed men dashed up to our house, and with a flourish of pistols demanded of us petrol. They refused to take our word that we did not store petrol, so I took upon myself the task of walking around with some of the raiders while they searched the premises for petrol. During the process we came to the out-house, where stood a two-hundred gallon tank containing a quantity of paraffin-oil.

"Ha! This is petrol," cried one of the men triumphantly.

"No, it is not," I replied. "It is only paraffin-oil. We have no petrol except the one tin you took from the motor."

"It is petrol," they repeated with conviction, at the same time trying to unscrew the tap, which was locked.

"Very well," I replied. "I'll get a wrench from the workshop, and you can force the tap open and see for yourselves."

I took a step towards the door when the man beside me cried out, "Stay where you are, miss, and don't you stir!"

He jerked a small revolver out of his pocket and held it to my head. I was conscious of taking a deep breath, but the Kansas training came to my aid, and I did not cry out or make a sound.

Then, as there was no shot, I gathered my wits, and said, I believe quite steadily, "Certainly, I shall not stir if you don't wish it. But I am a mother and a grandmother, and therefore should not be addressed as 'Miss!'"

He lowered his revolver, and replaced it in his pocket without a word. I saw the blood rise slowly into his ears, as well as into the ears of the man engaged with the tap, until they were of a deep purple hue. Evidently the young men all felt foolish and ashamed of their position, and soon afterwards they went away quietly.

The first Kansas lesson had not been forgotten.

The next one sank deeply into my mind at the time, and has, I believe, been carefully acted upon ever since. It was primarily the old, old command given to the Hebrews and graven upon stone, but not always upon their hearts: "Thou shalt not steal," or, as I now see, a lesson of still wider application that even a good cause should not be pursued, and indeed cannot be served, by evil means.

Our nearest neighbour, Mrs Barr, gave me two peaches, which she took from a heap that was lying in her waggon. Such a heap! Lumps of sunshine they seemed to me, delicate rose, pale greenish, cream, and gleaming yellow, great juicy peaches, and I was given two all to myself! Now I was under the strictest rule never upon any

account to eat anything but what was sanctioned by authority. The rule was enforced not by punishment but by mutual compact of honour. My father had lost all his family except me, and I seemed delicate; for scarlet fever and diphtheria, which had swept the others away, had nearly cost me my life before I was six years old. At all hazards I must never eat anything but what was considered wholesome. As he was away from me a great part of the time across the ocean or over the plains, there was no way to do this except to bind me in honour to abide by his rules. And so it was that he bound himself also. Thus if he in his various travels took any sweet thing on unauthorised days, he would straightway write to Auntie to explain under what circumstances the act was committed, and I was given similar licence to break the rule. I distinctly recall the glee with which I once got an extra piece of maple-sugar during the week, because he also in far-away Kansas had eaten maple-sugar on a day which was not Sunday. I did not know till many years afterwards that he broke the rule because he was short of all and every kind of food, and so in his hunger took a bit of maple-sugar he always kept in his knapsack against Sunday, in order to be able to eat it in sympathy and silent companionship with his little child who was separated from him.

Such being our practice, it followed, of course, that when Mrs Barr gave me the peaches, I at once went to my father to show him my prize, and ask if I might eat them.

"Where did you get those peaches?" he asked.

"Mrs Barr gave them to me. She has a whole heap of them in the bottom of her waggon. She was on her way home."

"There are no peaches in Kansas," mused my father, "but there are plenty in Missouri," and he looked at me. I now know that it must have been a sad look, but then I was only waiting to sink my teeth in those tempting peaches, and noticed nothing.

Then came the command, "No, my child, you cannot have the peaches. They are not Mrs Barr's to give. She has been down to Missouri, and has taken them from some farm down there. Papa's little girl must never touch anything that has been stolen, because it would be almost like stealing herself. So now you must go to Mrs Barr with the peaches and give them back to her, and you will say to her, 'Papa says he cannot let me have jay-hawked things, neither peaches nor anything else.'"

And so it was done. I handed the peaches back to Mrs Barr, the tears rolling down my cheeks, and I faithfully gave my message word for word exactly as I had received it.

She took the peaches in her hand, kissed me, and said, " Always do exactly as your father tells you." The tears were in her eyes, too, as she said it. Poor woman ! Her children's father had been killed shortly before we came in a jay-hawk raid, and it was to the neighbourhood of the place where he had fallen that she had gone to get her peaches and other loot.

The Kansas Jay-Hawkers were the counterpart of the Missouri Border Ruffians. As we have already intimated, the former were determined to fill the new territory of Kansas with citizens opposed to slavery, while the latter were equally determined to make " the institution," as it was called—as if there were no other social ordinance worthy of the name—the chief condition of life out here. Slavery is like a noxious weed. If planted in the soil it will overrun all other crops, and make them valueless. Southern society was, however, founded on slavery, and all property depended upon it. Therefore the Southerners fought hard to keep their country going as it had begun. In the beginning of the war even the Northerners did not think of uprooting slavery where it was already established : they only wished to preserve the Union, and to prevent slavery from spreading further. The war had already begun when we reached Kansas in August 1862, but the old names prevailed there, so

that my beautiful peaches which I surrendered so regretfully were jay-hawked peaches, and, as the proceeds of private looting, forbidden to me.

MRS BARR AND HER LOG-CABIN.

Mrs Barr lived in a true log-cabin of the earliest type—that is to say, a one-roomed erection built of logs piled one above another, so as to form a hollow square. The logs were notched and saddled, so as to fit into one another at right angles at about a foot short of the end of each log. This formed a very stout framework, which was sawn through at the place where the door was to be on the south side. The square frame was capped by a roofing of timber, and this was covered by flat pieces of wood called shingles. These shingles, becoming warped at the corners and slightly splitting in the dry air, presented a wavy appearance very similar to the close-cut hair of ladies at present so fashionable. Indeed, it is from the shingles of the old wooden houses that their coiffure has been named.

The inside of a log-cabin contained everything a frontier-man required for his safety and his

food, such as rifles, bowie-knives, powder-horns, hatchets, buffalo-robes, kegs of meal, and strings of pemmican. The interstices of the logs were admirable for peep-holes and for firing through on occasion, while a little mud and moss squeezed into the cracks not required for military purposes made the place warm and wind-proof. Such was the log-house of the emigrant for the first six months after his arrival, say, in April, but by winter all except the most unthrifty had added a fireplace and a chimney. As the chimney, composed of stones held together by mud and plaster, is built adjoining the house on the outside, it looks as if the house was built against the chimney. Fireplace and chimney now occupy the whole of one side of the house, and when the housewife can sit in her own chimney corner she feels she has now got a home for herself and her children.

Such was the character of the house in which Mrs Barr dwelt. Her husband, as has been mentioned, was killed the year before we arrived. When my father, in the course of his long hunt for the most suitable plot of land on which to build, had walked across the prairie into Linn County, he came upon this cabin. It was the farthest west of any human habitation in that wide lone region. He stood leaning on his rifle at some little distance contemplating it, and said

to himself that it was the lowest down in the scale of dwelling-houses he had ever seen. There was no window, the door was tightly closed, and absolute silence reigned over the spot. He wondered if the owners had fled on account of the drought that was on the land, or maybe they were all dead. He had seen several deserted cabins up towards the Potawatomie. However, he passed on, and did not go nearer to the cabin. And fortunately he did so, for Mrs Barr was inside, a recent widow with her four small children, and one and all in panic terror. She had her husband's gun pointing through one of the chinks between the logs, and had said to herself, "If he comes another step, I'll shoot."

She told us about it in after-days. She said she felt certain my father was a Border Ruffian out to murder her and burn down her cabin in reprisal for the recent jay-hawk raid when her husband lost his life. "You'll never be nigher bein' shot than you was that day," she said in finishing the story.

She was in reality very kindly hearted. A large fair woman of pure Saxon type, very gentle in voice, and somewhat slow of movement. One might whisper "lazy," but not lazy in mind or body if there was a kind action to be done. While building our house my father had lodged with her, if indeed it could be called lodging. For he slept

in the prairie grass with his buffalo-robe rolled about him, and his closest friend, his rifle, beside him, and he only came to the door of the cabin to get his food, which he ate sitting outside on the wood-pile. How could he eat or sleep in that black hole of evil smell? Picture it; twelve feet square, a wide and therefore smoky chimney, Mrs Barr, four children, a dog, a pig, half a score of chickens, all huddled pell-mell on the floor around the cooking, and one and all looking for a chance of a snap at it. Still he had been her boarder in the opinion of the plains, and as such had first charge on her care. She did not fail to honour the bond. My father met with an accident, and cut his foot badly. He was quite alone at this time, sleeping under his own roof, indeed, in his floorless, doorless, windowless house, and therefore without any help where he lay upon the ground outside in the blistering sunshine bleeding profusely. Mrs Barr's yellow dog, a mongrel of the lowest breed, but nevertheless endowed with certain lofty instincts, was smelling around, as he often did, to pick up unconsidered trifles of corn-bread from my father's frugal dinner. My father called the dog, and taking out his pocket-handkerchief tied it round the dog's neck, and then bade him begone home. Now my father's handkerchiefs were relics of an earlier civilisation. They were European works of art, red silk with

large white moons on them, soft in texture and ample in size. No one had anything like them nearer than Dublin. The moment Mrs Barr set eyes on this handkerchief around her dog's neck she recognised it at once as a signal of distress. "That ar ole man is hurt," she cried. "Ole," it should be noted, is not an epithet significant of age on the part of the object, but of regard on the part of the speaker. All trace of laziness disappeared from Mrs Barr in a trice. She collected what she considered of first necessity and her cabin could supply, and was off in hot haste, followed by a comet's tail of small children carrying a pillow, a cup of thick milk, a piece of bread, and a strip of pemmican.

The wound, though so disabling at first, soon yielded to treatment of water and fresh air, and Mrs Barr could not do enough for her patient, coming the half-mile from her cabin to our house many times a day to see if he was all right. The carpenter engaged on the house, who had temporarily left to work at his own farm, abandoned everything there and promptly returned to look after his employer as soon as he heard that there was such dire need of help. Men are kind to one another on the plains. They know how hard is the stress at times, and if they can, they are ready to help.

The episode of the two peaches was almost

the last act of Mrs Barr in our neighbourhood. She left that same fall and went east. What could she do, a poor lone widow with four small children, in that wild land, and no man's strong arm to support and defend her? As soon as her corn was ripe she sold out and left. We bought her house for a stable, and moved it up to our place. A log-cabin is easily moved. All you have to do after taking off the shingles is to lift one log after another from the square, pile them on an ox-waggon, and drive off with them.

OUR STABLE COMPANIONS.

Buck and Bright and Star and Golden, those animals of unrighteousness, now disappeared, and in their place came Bess, the splendid-born mare, to take care of us all, and right well she did it too. She never failed to do her duty under any and all circumstances with almost human intelligence and more than human fidelity. Take, for example, the time two years later when her three yoke-fellows ran away in the big four-horse reaping-machine. Bess remained steady long enough for my father to throw the knives out of gear and

himself clear of the wheels. Then, indeed, she, too, had to gallop, or the others would have thrown her off her feet in their headlong rush. But she kept her mind sternly on her duty all the while, and continued trying to stop them. The tracks of the runaways showed how she had dug her hoofs into the ground again and again in her efforts to pull them up, and how she kept the pole straight in spite of the frenzied pulling of the other wheeler and the two leaders, until at last she brought them to a standstill with not a strap broken nor a nut started. "By gosh! that ole mare o' you'rn is worth four men any day," exclaimed one of the amazed helpers in the field when they had gathered round the horses. Poor Bess was trembling in every limb and quivering all over.

To return to our first autumn. With the arrival of Bess our stable soon began to fill. She was quickly followed by Nellie and then Bill. As the stable filled with horses, so did the kitchen with the appurtenances thereof. A pair of horses require harness to match and saddles likewise, and these all came into the house to hang against the kitchen wall. There were excellent reasons for not leaving harness outside in an unlocked stable, while horses might be left there in safety. In the old emigrant days horse-stealing was a capital offence, and was punishable by death—

a sentence usually carried out too, for each settler's life depended on his having horses to enable him to grow crops and provide food for himself and his family. But stealing harness did not involve any such desperate results; it only showed what a "blamed fool" the settler was who left it within range of such a disaster.

Nellie was my very own, a very beautiful sorrel filly bought from the Indians who used to trade in Mound City. They were the Cherokees of down Arkansas way on a reservation which had not yet been filched from them, and their ponies were famous. Nellie was gentle, but not trained, so I was allowed to play with her, but not to ride her, that year. We were to become later a wonderful little trio of playmates and companions, Nellie, Pluto, and I, doing all things together, and taking our pleasure in many a scamper over the measureless plains.

DOING THE CHORES.

As winter approached the house got fuller and fuller of "truck." Among other things a water-barrel came in to reside near the door, and, in times of frost, near the stove, so that we might

never be without the needful help in case of fire. From that day until our well was dug I never remember that barrel to have been empty. In these days, when we have all been rendered helpless and inefficient through having things done for us, and in particular having water, hot and cold, laid on everywhere, the very thought of having to fetch all water for all purposes from over a quarter of a mile fills me with wonderment. How did we do it ? I cannot say exactly, but some means must, I think, have been eventually devised to get it done by horses. What I do remember in the early days is trotting behind my father through the cornfield, while he carried two immense pails of water, hanging from a wooden yoke which he had made to fit his shoulders, with floats in the pails to prevent the water from spilling. We had, in fact, got back to the patriarchal days of the pitcher being carried to the well. Only in Kansas women never did the worst drudgery. They were too rare in the old emigrant days, and men still felt it their duty to lighten the load for them as much as possible.

" Chores " is an old English word, obsolete now in England (unless it survives in the variants " chares " and " char-woman "), but still widely used in the United States, where it denotes the numerous recurrent small duties that have to be performed on all farms every day, such as feeding

the animals, both great and small, milking the cows, cutting wood, and bringing in dry chips to light the fire in the morning. Now I had chores to do, small as I was. It was my duty to see to the chips. There was no scarcity of them, for we burned wood in our stove, and there was an endless supply of chips around the wood-pile. But chips can be damp, and I had to see that they were really dry. One day, careless little animal that I was, I gathered my chips, but paying no heed to drying them in the oven, just flopped them on the kitchen floor and went off to bed. Now it so happened that at this particular time we had no hired girl to help Auntie in the housework. Even on the plains the everlasting problem of servants cropped up with the arrival of the first dozen ox-waggon loads of immigrants. No one wanted to be a servant. Each woman and every girl expected to be in a house of her very own with at least three men on hand to fetch water and cut wood, &c. Thus we were often without a hired girl. When that happened, my father lit the kitchen fire before going to feed the horses, and Auntie turned to breakfast making. On this particular morning, after my scamping my work with the chips the night before, the kindling was damp, and the fire would not light, but smouldered and went out twice. My father's patience wore out, and

no wonder, and his wrath flared up, if the fire did not. It was six o'clock of a bleak winter's morning when the crack of doom overtook me as I lay snug and warm fast asleep in my bed. A swift and thoroughly deserved spanking was my portion.

OUR FIRST WINTER.

We faced our first winter (1862-63) with hopefulness and in complete ignorance. The latter state of mind is often essential to the former. We had indeed yet to learn what the Kansas climate was like. It had a most undeservedly high reputation for salubriousness. It was said to be mild in winter and temperate in summer, free from ague, and immune to locusts and other pests. So much for the printed word of prospectors and other false prophets. I have known the temperature to be as high as 100° in the shade and as low as 24° below zero, while it was sometimes subject to extreme fluctuations within the twenty-four hours. Ague got hold of the entire population, and was what drove us out of the country; while chintzes, as we called them, a sort of minute locust, ate up four acres of sorghum (the

crop from which we obtained our molasses) in a single night, and made such an intolerable smell that we were all sickened by it.

This first winter in Kansas left on me a life-long impression, one that seems not to get feebler as I grow older, rather the contrary. Our house stood on the high prairie, and reared its head to heaven with never a shelter nearer than the Rocky Mountains several hundred miles away. It was a bleak, unknown, unnamed country that lay to the west of us. No one knew what it was like, for, as far as we knew, no one had ever come back out of it. There was the Californian trail along the Platte River to Salt Lake City, and thence to the Gold Diggings. The trail was clearly marked by the blanched bones of the oxen and mules that had died by the way. Then there was the Santa Fé trail down to Mexico, now no longer used since the war had made it unsafe. Between these two lines was the Unknown. The sun set each night over an unknown horizon. I often heard my father speaking of that strange unknown land, and saying how he would like to explore it. There seemed to be for him a wonderful attraction in a land where no white man had ever been. He used to say that when he stood on the Smoky Hill Fork, his "farthest west," he felt a thrill and a wonderment that must have been like what "stout Cortez" felt when he

looked forth from that "peak in Darien" and "stared at the Pacific" for the first time.

When I say that our house stood on the high prairie, it must not be supposed that it was on a hill. There were no hills anywhere near, only rolling billows of grass like unto the waves of the sea for numbers, and our house was as if a block of white wood had appeared on the top of an Atlantic roller. It could be seen from afar. A note concerning distances in one of my father's memorandum books mentions (on the road to Lawrence) "Keokuk store, lost sight of house, 14¼ miles."

Now this house which could be seen up to that distance was very well as far as its body was concerned, but was weak in its legs. It had, in fact, eight legs, for it was built upon eight posts sunk in the ground, and the bottom joists were bolted into these posts. All seemingly very firm and steady, but there was an opening underneath some fifteen inches high, and the nearest wind-break was the Rocky Mountains. When the winter storms struck it that house simply danced upon its eight legs. Many a night during that winter was I seized, rolled swiftly in a quilt and buffalo robe, and carried out of the house and laid upon the wood-pile, with the blocks of wood stacked close around me, so as not to be blown away, while my father and Auntie held

down my buffalo robe. Some nights I was even put to bed (so to speak) already rolled up and with my clothes and boots on, so that there should be no delay when the gusts came to get me into safety before the house was swept away. All during the winter my father kept saying, "Never again, never again shall we face another winter without under-pinning!"

When the spring came I found that under-pinning meant digging a cellar seven feet deep under the house and building up strong stone walls to meet the bottom of the house, which was fastened securely to these walls. "Now," said my father, "we can ride out the worst gale in safety." I was never again carried out on to the wood-pile; but I never got over the fright, and to this day in the strongest of stone-built houses a high wind will send me restlessly wandering about, unable to sit still or read or indeed behave as a grandmother should. I wonder if the sound of the wind awakens the spirit of my childhood, and sends it seeking the safety of the wood-pile?

"TEARS, IDLE TEARS."

It must have been this first spring that a most portentous phenomenon occurred quite beyond my solution at the time. Auntie was found crying! Now in my very brief experience there were three principal causes of crying. Either you stumped your bare toe against a log of wood when running violently with Pluto, and split your toe-nail, causing an excruciating pain which justified many howls, a wet rag, and much comforting from Auntie; or you had earache, which demanded warm sweet oil in your ear and comforting as before; or finally, you had been naughty, and father did not kiss you good-night, when comfortings were of no use. Now, which of these three causes was it which made Auntie cry? Manifestly none of them. That was clear even to my eight-year-old wisdom. Had they told me the cause I could not have understood it then nor until many years afterwards. She was crying because there was nothing beautiful to look at: everything was hopelessly ugly, and even the kitchen floor was always dirty, and it was useless to wash it, for it would be dirty again before night.

There it was exactly, the horrible truth. There was nothing beautiful to look at either in the

house or out of it. The vast measureless prairie with nothing but grass, unending grass, green in spring, dry brownish-yellow in summer, and burnt and black in winter; no trees, no rocks, no sky-line even, only a hazy wobble in hot weather, and black rich soil underfoot.

Auntie was a native of the State of New York. She was born in the valley of the beautiful Susquehanna, amid the whispering pines and the quivering maples, near the running brooks and the wide shelving rocks where the pine needles lay in the winter—a land to break plough-points in the fields and men's hearts in the winter snows; but oh! so beautiful. I saw it once in after-years, and wondered no more that Auntie wept in a "divine despair" when the thought of it swept across her sun-baked eyes in Kansas. There were no dark pine-trees, no mountain slopes, near us, no rocks, no river, only everlasting rich black prairie soil, able to produce Indian corn eight feet high and an aching void in poor Auntie's heart.

This would never do; so my father straightway bought her a pony. She must fare forth riding, and go down to the creek and see water there, when there was any. At all events, Auntie must get out of the house and refresh her mind and body with riding. The pony thus bought was quiet and gentle, and used to women riding her;

not like my little Nellie, who was as wild as I was, and the completest little animal for the prairie that could be. Auntie was afraid of her, and never mounted her in her life. But Blanche, the gentle lady's nag, was different. Auntie mounted her after she was furnished with a Mexican saddle, such as cowboys use. This has a high peak in front for looping the lassoo round when catching wild colts or throwing wilder steers. The back, too, is high, and the stirrups deep. In fact, it was not possible to fall out of it, and Auntie rode like "a sack of corn." At least so I thought and rudely said, making much game of her want of equestrian skill and of her inability to make a horsy noise with her tongue; for she used to suck in her breath as if she were calling a kitten, or else smack her lips as if she were tasting cherries. Blanche, however, was trained for ladies riding, and obediently went ahead at a dull steady trot. Auntie was mortally afraid of a gallop, and I used to go curvetting around her on my Nellie till she said I made her giddy.

So much for the pair of us taking our pleasure on horseback on the Kansas prairie. I who could ride so well, and she who was afraid to gallop; I who could hardly write my name, and she the experienced governess. And yet in the course of the long years that were ahead of us it was she who rode on camels, horses, mules, asses, and

what not in strange lands and across the desert below Algiers; and it was I who, in a stuffy London room, from her information wrote about her experiences. But all this was hidden from our eyes in the old emigrant days.

MY FIRST GARDEN.

It was about this time I had my first garden. Our garden seeds came from a great firm in Philadelphia, which still delights mankind with its excellent vegetables and womankind with its flowers. Pluto and I set about planting the flower seeds, for we did everything together. I dug a little hole with my new trowel, and Pluto made it deeper with his paws. Then Auntie explained that it was not a post we were going to sink in the ground, so she constructed the seed-bed and let me drop in the seeds. They were balsams, and they were planted about the middle of May. By July, Pluto and I were able to lie in the shade of those balsams, and even the hens came to seek shelter there from the murderous rays of the noon-day sun. They used to open their wings and their beaks, turn up their eyes

till only the white seemed to show, and pant in an exhausted manner. Does any one ask if they did not dig up the balsams? They could not. The ground was baked solid, like cement. So my balsams grew mightily, liking the temperature of 90° to 100° in the shade, and they covered themselves with blossoms innumerable, a gorgeous show. Auntie planted morning-glory against the end of the house, and it ran up half a foot a day, till it got towards fourteen feet high and smothered itself with blossoms. Between the two we had as much colour as even I could wish for, and Auntie was pleased, and on occasion used to sing to herself.

Once in after-years in Ireland I said I would have balsams again to remind me of "the days that were no more." So I planted the seeds in pots, and placed the pots in a greenhouse. They grew. Oh yes! they may be said to have grown. They at length attained the height of seven inches, and towards the end of September produced three pallid blossoms apiece that fell off almost before they were out. In my rage I emptied those wretched abortions out of their pots, and said, "Never again!" The balsams that Pluto and I planted and the hens sheltered beneath were brighter far, and as the years pile up I find their glory does not dim, rather increases if anything.

HUNTING FOR PREDICATES AND CALVES.

It must have been in this first spring of our emigrant life that Auntie resolutely took my education in hand. She determined to lay it on a firm foundation, so she began with grammar. Ye gods! what a thing to offer a wild prairie child of eight. But she kept firmly on, and very soon I was completely lost in a thicket of nouns and adjectives, and of subjects and predicates, with here and there articles, adverbs, and pronouns to trip me up at every step. I could find no trail anywhere, and was reduced to the wildest of expedients to make my way out into light and clear understanding. Some days I did better than others, and therefore I made a mental table of days for my own behoof, and searched for adjectives on Mondays, while Tuesdays were devoted to predicates—as many as I could find, —and so I floundered on, not understanding in the smallest degree what I was at, any more than a South Sea islander could understand the laws of harmony if set to study them as a preliminary to learning an English song. Pretty soon disaster followed and then punishment, and then my father took notice of things. I do not know what he said, but I remember overhearing this remark,

" She is very imitative, and if she hears nothing but good English spoken, you need not worry about the rest." Though I did not know what " imitative " meant, I knew from the sound of his voice that I was reprieved from the punishment of grammar.

Anyway, I hated being a little girl. All a girl's duties were irksome to me, and, be it remembered, I had none of an ordinary girl's pleasures, into which personal vanity so largely enters. On the other hand, a boy's work exactly suited me, and though I could not distinguish an adverb from an adjective in my grammar puzzles, I was unerring in finding a new-born calf hidden by its mother in the wide-stretching prairie. That is to say, Nellie, Pluto, and I could find it. We were completely equipped in our three selves for the solution of many baffling puzzles where animals were concerned. Our cattle used to range at large over the open prairie, and when a cow calved she would hide the calf, and then some two days later present herself along with the rest at milking-time. Then would come the order to me to " find the calf." The plan of campaign was as follows: Pluto was at once summoned, and came with joyous yelps, and Nellie was caught and saddled. Nellie lived in her twenty-acre pasture field, so as to be always on hand for emergencies such as this. But the catching of a

wild Indian pony by a very small girl would seem to the uninitiated a very ticklish operation. A handful of salt, however, did it. Animals grazing two thousand miles from the ocean are always rabidly eager for salt. Therefore when Nellie was wanted I had only to hold my two brown paws out to her and call her to come to me. She would begin by making wide circles around me, and then by degrees coming nearer and nearer she would finally commence to lick the salt in my hand. I would then put the reins over her neck, and as soon as she had licked up every grain I could bridle her. Of course, it goes without saying that one must never cheat an animal. They never forget or forgive a trick. But if this commandment be obeyed one's horses and dogs will trust one completely.

To resume our proceedings. Nellie, Pluto, and I, thus assembled, would take the newly calved cow as the centre of our circle, and gallop with wild whoops and barks straight away from her towards the north a short distance, under a quarter of mile. We would then stop and look at the cow. If she showed no interest in our manœuvres, we would come slowly back to her and repeat the operation in a southerly direction. Again, if that failed we would direct our course towards the west, when assuredly the cow would begin to follow. The calf, therefore, was some-

where towards the west, and by zigzagging in front of the cow we would eventually reach the neighbourhood of the calf's hiding-place, sometimes as much as three or four miles away. Now a cow has two bugle-calls in her register: one meaning "lie low," which is soft and smooth; and the other meaning "jump and run," which is sharp, quick, and hard. Both are always implicitly obeyed by the new-born calf. As soon as we get near the hidden calf the first bugle-call sounds continuously, and Pluto ranges back and forth through the low cotton-wood scrub, while I sit motionless on my little saddle awaiting the inevitable denouement. Pluto gets to within a few paces of the calf, and then the second bugle-call rings out. The calf has never heard the sound before, but the knowledge of its meaning has mysteriously come into his mind with the first breath he ever drew, and he obeys. With a raucous cry and one bound he is beside his mother. We all three return home in triumph with our captives amid the acclamations of those at home. Could the finding of a dozen predicates compare in excitement and glory with the finding of a single calf?

CORN-PLANTING AND DISH-WASHING.

Not all the boy's work which devolved upon this little prairie girl was as exhilarating as the finding of a hidden calf. By no means. Some of it was deadly dogged work: corn-planting, for instance. This was well within my powers, and I did a lot of it on the occasion of our first planting season. The corn, of course, was maize, and it is planted in little holes three feet apart every way. To accomplish this, drills are opened by the plough three feet apart, and then cross drills are made at the same distance. Then at each intersection of these drills three seeds of maize, no less and no more, are dropped. It is quite simple and seems very easy, but nothing is easy when inexorably repeated for five hours at a stretch on a hot prairie field. The drills themselves produced a sense of giddiness from the chess-board like recurrence of the squares. At the end of a day's work I began to be unable to drop the seeds steadily, and stooping down to pick up the wrong ones made matters worse. It was only the direst need that sent me into the field to plant corn, but no one else was to be had. The war had begun to drain men away from the land, and the negroes who abounded in the

neighbourhood of Mound City would not work, no matter what pay was offered. They had only just been released from slavery, and their only idea of " the pursuit of happiness " to which they were now entitled under the constitution was to do no work at all. They had all they wanted in the way of food at the moment, and therefore took no thought for the morrow.

However, the corn got planted and began to grow. Soon it got over my head, but that was only 4 feet 2 inches, and then it hid my father's head also, and then rose gloriously into the air and blossomed at 7 or 8 feet. A fairy-land it became to me. The path to the spring went through it, and I dawdled so long on my trips to fetch spring-water for dinner that I was often punished by being mulcted of my Sunday maple-sugar. How could any child pass through such a wonderland without dawdling! The corn-stalks were round and smooth, very similar to bamboos, and the long ribbony leaves had only one drawback: they possessed saw-edges which prevented me from tying them round my neck, but the silk was all joy. The silk, so called, was in reality the numerous thread-like styles hanging like a long tassel out of the shuck which closely enveloped the young seeds. The flower with the pollen was on the top of the plant like the white mop of the pampas grass, only it was yellow in

colour. On a windy day in July there used to be a cloud hanging over the corn-field which was caused by the pollen flying. The silk was brilliant in colour—yellow, pale green, or vivid crimson; and as it was borne low down on the stalk, it was easily within my reach. It came in great handfuls, six to ten inches beyond the end of the seed envelope. Of course, I had to pull the tassel out and hang it over my ears and around Pluto's neck. No child could pass it, so tempting was the soft clinging, shining thing; and thus it was that I used often to be late with the spring-water for dinner.

Of course, I soon peopled the corn-field with creatures of my imagination. These were not fairies. I knew nothing whatever of fairies or fairy tales. I never saw a picture of one of these little fanciful creatures, and never heard the name. Living as I did always with grown-up people, I had learned only their ideas, very much distorted, of course, through my ignorance and inability to understand what the grown-ups said, but my ideas were on the same lines as theirs. My fancies were more or less a multiplication of myself projected into various situations more or less difficult, out of which I would emerge rather more than less triumphantly. I used to declaim my ideas to Pluto and Nellie, and I noticed how whole-heartedly Pluto entered into the excitement

of the proceedings, which largely consisted of riding desperately after or from something or somebody. Nellie, on the other hand, took no interest whatsoever in what I said, although she never interrupted me, being a lady of excellent manners. In after-years when it came to be my destiny to address in drawing-rooms audiences of ladies with their best gloves on, I was sometimes reminded of Nellie listening to me, without any overt sign of interest, as I shouted my stories to her while I sat on the prairie grass in far-away Kansas.

I have said that I hated girl's work. So I did —all of it—but there were, of course, degrees of detestation, and I think washing-up after meals took the first place. I simply loathed it. It must be remembered that for two years we were short of water. What a multitude of petty miseries does that brief expression bring to my recollection ! Still among these remains one bright one that stands forth clearly above all the others—one supreme dish-washing that I recall as if it were but yesterday. A subsequent knowledge of history tells me that this dish-washing must have occurred in the summer of 1863. A young cavalry soldier had stopped at our house for dinner. He had dined well off one of Auntie's famous pemmican ragouts, which she could get ready in an hour. Talk followed, with canned peaches, which also

were one of Auntie's miracles of food not found elsewhere than in our house in the old emigrant days. Auntie and the young soldier retired to her room to talk, while I was left to wash-up. The water and the soap were duly in the dish-tub, which was placed on a stool, but when I raised my hands to put in the pile of plates I somehow hit something, and over went the show—that is, the dish-tub of hot water,—for I still held the plates in my hands. It did not need my scream of dismay to fetch them out of the next room. They were both out before the water had run a quarter of the way over the floor. Auntie's temper was ever like good pie-crust—very short. She raised her hand to box my ears, but quick as she was that young soldier was quicker still. A very large hand came from behind her and caught her wrist, and a very loud cheery voice said, " No, no, you mustn't ! The poor little Siss, she wasn't tall enough to reach over the tub." Then everything happened together, as they say in novels in the thrilling moments. Through the magnifying and multiplying lenses of my tears the floor seemed covered with arms, and hands, and legs, and boots, and spurs, and shiny buttons, and the ceiling rang with Homeric laughter as that soldier man mopped up the water and wrung out the dish-cloth and cleaned up the floor in a twinkling. Then he jumped to his feet and

clicked his spurs, and chucked me under the chin and said, "No more tears, Siss; I'll wash up your dishes for you." And he did—while he whistled and whooped and sang soldiers' songs, clattering his boots to the time of them, till the very harness on the walls trembled with joy. After that he kept me by his knee telling me stories. Then he mounted his horse and rode away, flourishing his cap high over his head and yohoing to me. We never knew his name nor whence he came, nor whither he went, but the bright vision of his kindness never faded from the memory of a deeply mortified little girl whom he had restored to complete happiness and cheery pleasure in his visit.

A PRAIRIE FIRE.

I HAVE said how our house was the last on the prairie—that is to say, nothing stood west of us—but that glory was ours only for a single year. With the next emigrant season others appeared, and two houses came close up to us on the west between us and the Rockies. Close is an entirely relative term: one of these houses was a mile

distant, the other seven miles, but our horizon was broken. With the advent of houses to the west arrived also our greatest danger—namely, prairie fires. No one ever met a person who had started a prairie fire; it was always the other fellow who did it; but the fires came regularly all the same each autumn as soon as the grass turned brown and dry. A prairie fire always takes one by surprise. My father had planned to make his farm safe by a fifty-feet belt of ploughed land all around, which the fire would not jump. I cannot say what prevented him having his safety belt ready, probably stress of harvest work. However, the fact remains, there was only the western side of our farm protected, and our first fire came unexpectedly from the north, driven by a fierce gale, also unexpected so early in the fall—viz., late September. It should indeed be remembered everything about a prairie fire is unexpected. Now the usual procedure when a fire is sighted is to run a single furrow parallel to the supposed line of the oncoming fire, and set alight the grass on the side away from your own farm. This requires skill and considerable activity to prevent its hopping over the furrow behind you. As many hands as you can muster, with wooden paddles, and eyes all around their heads, are set to hold the fire, which, of course, is burning against the wind, and advances but

slowly, unless it should chance to lick over the furrow unnoticed, when frantic beating out of the flame with one's paddles becomes the first duty of self-preservation. Now all our precautions having been taken against an attack from the west, it follows that when the fire bore down on us from the north we could not meet it. My father took to his plough, and, with me riding Bess, started to run at least two or three furrows on the northern front of our quarter section—a mile long it was. The fire began late in the afternoon half an hour before sunset. The horses were already tired, but answered to my voice as they always did, and pulled their best. I have heard men say that turning the new prairie sod was the toughest ploughing horses were ever asked to do. My father did not dare to backfire with the gale that was blowing, for that meant sending the fire into our neighbour on the south side, who was none other than friend Weddell, and his Indian corn was still uncut. So we drove and ploughed and urged the horses desperately on, not even noticing that the sun had set, the glare of the oncoming fire was so great. At length the horses stopped dead, and would not stir another foot. "Get them on, Doaty, get them on!" he shouted to me, but no response came from me, though he could see me quite well perched on Bess, a little bundle, like a spider on

a pumpkin. He left the plough, and came forward to speak to me. I was fast asleep, with my head on Bess's vast neck and my hands twined up in her mane. Nor could he wake me. I was dead asleep. So he laid me on the grass, unharnessed the horses, and, leaving the tackling there on the ground, picked me up and carried me back to the house.

Auntie and a little negro maid were there, the latter very scared, but not Auntie, who thought it beneath her ever to show fear. "What are we to do?" she inquired of my father. "Nothing yet," he replied as he laid me on the floor and took a place, also on the floor, beside me. "Let me know when the fire enters the pasture, and I will carry the child into the middle of the garden. She will be safe there. It cannot pass into that ploughed land." So he lay there resting, and Auntie and the little negro watched at the door. Negroes are always articulate and wildly vociferous in moments of excitement. Their emotions seem to require shouts and cries and exclamations to express themselves. So it was on this occasion. Nothing Auntie could say would stop the little maid from shouting and screaming prayers and exhortations all mixed up, till she suddenly yelled, "Golly Neddy, oh!" with such vigour that my father sprang up. We were all in pitch blackness from having been in a lurid glare. A thunder-

storm had come up unnoticed in the general tumult, and with one bang and crash and deluge had put out the fire all over the prairie as far as the Big Sugar Creek. I slept through it all, and for ten solid hours afterwards. The horses whom we had unharnessed from the plough, of course got away safely. They always did. Instinct told them to make for the river valley, where fires never ventured among the juicy grass and sappy undergrowth of cotton-wood and elders and oak. We always turned out our horses and stock at sign of fire coming towards us. Every one did, and I never knew of a case where an animal was hurt.

We lost nothing. The fire was put out just as it reached the corner of Nellie's pasture; not a fence-rail was burnt, nor was the harness—which had been thrown down when the horses were turned loose—even scorched.

"Wal, I swan, it's a doggauned shame, you bet. You 'uns h'ain't lost one blamed stick, an' Mrs Dikeman she h'ain't nairy shook o' corn left." Such was the opinion of our neighbourhood on coming to visit us next day. What made it worse was that we had not taken the proper precautions against fire that should have been taken, and yet we had come off scot-free. It was a special providence that the neighbours evidently resented. They generally do. Last year

during the harvest in the "aquarium" where we all now dwell, the same hostility was shown to the present writer for a seeming lapse of judgment on the part of Providence in bringing her corn safely through a tempest and a deluge that scattered and ruined all the other corn in the neighbourhood. Not dreaming of what public opinion might be committing itself to, she observed to her foreman how fortunate it was that the gale should have come from the exact angle where the cornfield was heavily sheltered by a belt of large trees.

"You see," she observed with scientific pride, "that belt of trees threw up the wind, so that, aided by the slope of the field, it slid above the stacks, and out of eighty only five are down."

"'Tain't the trees, ma'am," he replied sombrely. "There's more trees than yours in the country, and there ain't one field of corn standing out of hundreds. The neighbours is saying they don't know what you've done to have such luck. So they don't."

However, we didn't again bank on special thunderstorms against prairie fires, and took all precautions in the succeeding years. The ploughed belt was abandoned because experience showed us that ploughing prairie soil and not immediately cropping it had disastrous results. Weeds which no one ever saw before instantly sprang up, and

grew seven to nine feet high, which then spread to seed in fluffy panicles, so that when a prairie fire struck them, they went up like an explosion of gunpowder. Our ploughed belt became a black belt. Two furrows were run all around the farm one hundred feet apart, and the intervening space was burned down. The firing of this belt sometimes led to results not foreseen. Fire is a good servant but a bad master, and a couple of times it got away in spite of us. We had at one of these festivals a servant by name Katharine Howard. She was a great strapping girl, with black eyes and blue-black hair, a good worker, and a very cheery person. My father, from reasons entirely concealed from her, used occasionally call her "your grace," and inquire after the temper of King Harry. She in reply called him "Old Hoss," not from impudence but from cheerful equality and good fellowship.

Now Katharine Howard was one dark night left to battle with a long stretch of fire, while Auntie and I were to look after another line. The grass was long and very dry, and the wind rose, so that tongues of fire used to flick about into forbidden spots, which kept the girl jumping from side to side of her fire line. She wore a calico skirt over a hoop, rather extra large, of which she was inordinately proud. It came into her acute mind that jumping backwards and forwards while con-

stantly paddling out the fire, with that calico skirt flaunted over a wide hoop, was none of the wisest, so she slipped off both, put them as she thought in a place of safety, and went on with her work. But no place is safe from a prairie fire. By the time the fire had roared its way off from us it was midnight, and Katharine came home as black as a nigger and utterly tired out. Next morning my father went out to see what damage was done, for when fighting a fire one never quite knows where one is and what exactly is happening. Of course, he came across the blackened wires of the hoops and extra little heap of blackness where the skirt had been demolished. In great alarm he hurried back to the house with the tangled wires in his hand.

"There has been a horrible accident," he cried to Auntie, showing her the burnt wires. "Some unfortunate woman must have been caught in the fire. See!"

Katharine burst into laughter. "Why, old hoss, them's mine. I tuck 'em off for fear o' the fire catching my skirt, and couldn't find 'em afterwards in the dark."

The darkness that follows the going out of a prairie fire is something portentous. From being the centre of a lurid glare you are suddenly plunged into the bottom of a bucket of pitch. Nothing reflects any light, and there is nothing

to steer by. You don't know where you are nor where the house is; everything is black. Your throat is full of ashes, and you can hardly breathe for the choking of the fluff in the air. If you call to your nearest pal on the back firing line, the chances are that he or she has moved away, and may be half a mile distant. You feel as if you were the last survivor in a horrible world of cinders and blackness. At length a welcome shout is heard—in our case it was my father hailing us, and bidding us gather in. This we did most gladly, for he knew which way to go to reach home. And so once more the fire danger is over, and we may rest.

PRAIRIE CUISINE.

In the old emigrant days when this survivor went to Kansas there was no such thing as tinned food to be bought. Canning, as it was called, existed in the East, and was practised by a few —a very few—active and clever housekeepers even as far west as Ohio, but the manufacturers had not got hold of the secret, or, rather, the

secret had not got hold of them. At the moment men's minds were directed exclusively on the war which was raging in the South, and to the feeding it with men and treasure. It is almost impossible now to conceive what it was to go forth into the wilds and depend on the food to be found there for one's daily comfort. Three products grew, and were usually to be had in abundance—Indian corn, hogs, and wild game. Of these, the last —namely, game—had suddenly become scarce the year before we arrived, when the buffaloes were slaughtered in vast quantities for meat for the soldiers and new settlers. My father went on one of the last buffalo hunts that started from Leavenworth City, and the buffalo-licks, where the animals used to hunt for salt, were plain all around our farm, but I never myself saw a buffalo. The game, therefore, was, first of all, deer or small antelopes, then prairie chickens (grouse) in vast flocks. But if one depends on game for food, one must lapse back to savage conditions at once, a huge feast at uncertain intervals followed by repletion and then starvation. Civilisation, like armies, cannot march unless there are three meals a day, and "them reg'lar." Therefore, Indian meal bread and hog flesh and for drink coffee—these and nothing else the whole population had to eat day in and day out, year in and year out. Now, of these three articles of diet, our family

partook neither of coffee nor of hog's flesh. Indian meal remained, but one cannot live on that alone. From the Indians we learned how to make pemmican, so that meat should be available always. Pemmican is a food for a hot dry climate only. It is lean meat cut in long thin strips when quite fresh, and hung in the sunshine and wind to dry. It looks like ungainly shoe leather of enormous thickness, but in reality it is perfectly preserved meat with all the juices dried into it, and when cut across the grain in thin slices the most satisfying of food. It is portable too, and can be tied on to the waggon-cover anywhere to hang till wanted, and, provided it does not get wet, will keep indefinitely.

Auntie was most skilful with the cooking of pemmican. She used to stew it in a gravy of itself with scrambled eggs, producing so appetising a dish that those who partook of this were quite carried off their feet. All the men who were not already appropriated wanted to marry her straightaway. It must be remembered that women were very scarce in the old emigrant days, and to come across an Eastern woman who was as nice-looking as Auntie undoubtedly was, and who, moreover, could cook so divinely, was enough to subjugate the heart of any man. Perhaps heart is not quite the right organ to refer to in connection with pemmican

and scrambled eggs, but it sounds more romantic than the other. I dimly recall some of these suitors. They were an inarticulate lot. One I remember came in a two-horse waggon very well set up, and he stayed all day long, and from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon never spoke a single word, neither he nor his horses. I became annoyed and then rude, I believe, for Auntie expounded to me the complete etiquette of a lady and a hostess in respect of manners. I considered he had none, not as much even as his horses. However, a proposal of marriage immediately followed. He had been vetting Auntie, I suppose, during those silent hours. Nevertheless, Auntie said no, and stayed with me instead.

What ages and ages it has taken to teach the world how to cook, and how imperfectly some races have learned the lesson! This great truth is borne in upon me not merely by the recollections of the old emigrant days, but also by the daily, I might say even hourly, lessons I still have to give to my own young kitchen menials here where I now live—in another semi-civilised land. Men, as a general rule, like savage cookery —that is to say, they revert quickly and very kindly to what must have been the food of the *table d'hôte* of the cave men and women. The most highly civilised man, he who is wont to criticise the creations of the chef at his club in

Pall Mall, will smack his lips and murmur, "By George! this is something," if you hand him a cave woman's best joint. This is a piece of rump-steak off a young buffalo (or shorthorn) heifer, grilled over the glowing white-hot embers of a wood fire. Let any one who doubts the fact try it and see. Of course, the guest requires to have laid in a good appetite from, say, twelve hours on foot carrying a rifle, or two days' riding on a pony saddled with a Mexican saddle. Eating then becomes a real renewal of life, and one feels it. One feels the life vigour pulsating through one. No indigestion or headache follows a feast *à la* cave man. Unless, of course, there should be whisky. I used to hear men say of this beverage out there that it was more deadly than rifles: "warranted to kill at forty yards" was the expression always used, and rifles in those days could not always be trusted to do that.

OUR SUBSTITUTE FOR BOLTS.

It may seem odd to the reader my constant reference to rifles and fire-arms generally in these recollections of my childhood. I was not yet eight years old, a very small girl, and sheltered

in the circle of my little family from all harm. But I was nevertheless always mixed up with firearms and the use of them and sight of them, and repeatedly told what I should do under all imagined circumstances. I was, for instance, never under any circumstances to touch the rifles, because they were always loaded, and generally had their caps on, and, being exceedingly heavy, I could not hold them safely. But they stood inside our bedroom door at hand always, and ready for instant use. When the bullets were made I invariably sat beside my father watching the process, but never touching anything. I was trained never to look with my fingers, but only with my eyes; the same rule prevailed when the grease wads were punched. My father always wore his pistol except when working close around the house. He could not be surprised there, for there was no cover to conceal a lurking foe. Our house could be seen for miles and miles, and any person riding to it could also be seen. We had no bolts nor bars nor locks to our house. It was open to all-comers. There was but one protection to the whole concern, the trigger of my father's pistol and the firm finger on it, with the steady eye above it. Luckily he never had need to make use of that kind of house-fastening. I know this for a fact, for he left Kansas before Auntie and I did, having fallen ill and been

obliged to go sooner than we could, for we had to stay on for the auction. I recall his saying, however, that he did not consider himself nor his house any longer safe. He held up his hand, much wasted by fever, and seeing it trembling from very weakness, he observed, "If they realise I can't fire a shot any more, it may tempt them to come and steal. This place is full up of the most tempting things." Auntie, who always took an undeservedly high view of humanity at large, declared it as her opinion that no one would dream of doing such a thing, to which he replied he believed his reputation of being the best-armed man and the best shot in the prairie was very widespread, and he only hoped it would outlast his residence there.

CATTLE LORE.

I WAS always with men, my father first of all and those he had with him as workmen. One was a University man, another was a farmer "from 'way East," another a man whose large family had one time and another furnished us with servants. Negroes sometimes appeared spas-

modically, but to these I never was to speak except in the house, when I was too busily engaged feeding them to speak to any one. Then I had my outside work, cattle hunting on the prairie, where there was never any one except myself with Nellie and Pluto. Later on there came other people, and then soldiers, for the war swept up our way, and my cattle-ranging was instantly stopped. This sort of training produced an unlooked for result. I became very grave. I believe I never laughed, and did not play as children should. I walked about looking after my hens and chickens, or else mounted my pony, and, whistling to Pluto, rode away into the vast and measureless prairie. Was I lonely? Not a bit of it. I simply did not know what loneliness meant. I was full of my duties and my pleasures. The day was never long enough for me, unless, of course, it contained grammar and dish-washing to an objectionable extent, when I would simply remain mentally quiescent. Auntie was horrified. She said I was nothing but a little savage, and I suspect she was right. My father said, "She might be worse; I am content for her to be as she is. I've seen enough of civilisation and its effects to welcome a little healthy savagery." What Auntie meant when she said I was a little savage was that I knew so much that most girls never knew, and nothing at all of what all girls

should know. At nine years of age I could not spell my name, for example, but I was able to remember correctly all the cattle I had seen for the past week and exactly whose they were and which way they were heading. I was therefore in great request among the settlers around us.

A man would ride up to our bars (gate) and hail the household. Nine times out of ten I answered the hail, but if not, then immediately would come the question—

"Whar's your little gal? I want to ask her if she's seen my stock?"

And the little gal would promptly reply, "Yes, I saw them two days back. They were on the north side of Little Sugar Creek, two miles east of Adam's Mound. The sun was three hours high. They were heading towards the Big Sugar Creek. The white cow with the broken horn leading."

This was information accurate and precise as an Admiralty wireless. From it any frontiersman could easily gauge where to hunt for the animals within a few miles. Cattle, unlike human beings, follow their own laws and obey their own rules implicitly. Thus they stay in herds. No man's herd will split up and join on to another family, or run away from home, as it is called when humans do it. Each herd follows its leader,

always the oldest and steadiest cow. This is quite contrary to human practice. They never change their minds about their food, but graze steadily ahead at the rate of five or seven miles a day, so if the direction and the leader is known, then their place on the prairie can be calculated. The time was always taken from the sun. "Three hours high" may sound vague, perhaps, to the uninitiated, but it should be remembered the sun was always on hand, winter and summer, on the prairies. It also was steady in its course. Latitude 38 makes the sun rise in the East, set in the West, and be overhead at noon, approximately at least. One's life was thus regulated with much decorum. One got up a little before the sun did, one went to bed just after he had set the example, and one had dinner when one's head cast no shadow worth noticing.

COWS AND THE DOLE.

THERE are a great many lessons human beings could usefully get from animals if only they would take the trouble to study and learn. Thus the damage of outdoor relief to the character of

cows is one that was early impressed upon us. It was, I fancy, in the winter of 1863 we got our lesson. The harvest had been abundant, and we had little or no market for our corn. Once the garrison at Fort Scott had taken all it needed for its own use, there seemed no market for any more. So my father thought it would be a good plan to help the cows on a bit. He accordingly resolved to give each cow a couple of ears of corn—*i.e.*, a cob of maize—to eat at evening time when they came up for the milking. This would have the twofold advantage of bringing up the cows in good time—for cattle are wonderful timekeepers where there is food on hand—and of maintaining their vital heat in the cold weather. He gave the corn. It was most greedily accepted, and then—the inevitable result. The cows would not leave the edge of the fence, waiting for another feed. After driving them off a bit of the way towards the grazing lands and whipping them on their instant return, we had to give it up. As long as the dole of corn lasted they would not make the smallest effort to feed themselves. So in the end, in order to save them from starvation, we had to abandon our outdoor relief, and eventually the cattle commenced grazing again, and so lived all through the winter in good condition. Now in after years in London it fell to my lot to handle a drawing-room meeting of

ladies along with the late Sir Charles Loch, who was at that time the very able Secretary of the Charity Organisation Society. He had given a masterly outline of the effect of unregulated charity on the character of men and women when it came to my turn to speak. Of course, my primitive mind reverted to the Kansas plains to see what wisdom I had stored up from the life there, and naturally I found myself among the cows and their dole of maize with the results thereof. I told the story. The ladies waked up at the first mention of a cow. It was such an unusual topic in a London drawing-room. Very soon they began to laugh, a still more unusual phenomenon in such a place. Before I had finished the whole room was in full swing of amusement, Sir Charles leading the chorus. Afterwards they all crowded around me to inquire what else the cows thought of it all, and did we do any other funny things out in that wild country. As usual, the animals had told the simple plain truth, and had left us to understand and apply it if we had the brains to do so. They said: We cows will not take a single step towards feeding ourselves as long as you humans are fools enough to hand the corn-cobs for us to gnaw.

As for Sir Charles Loch, he afterwards told me he never again addressed a Charity Organisation meeting without introducing my cows from Kansas

and their disastrous dole of corn. It is a question whether the Government of the day in their dealings with the dole might not usefully consider the attitude of the cows in Kansas.

WHEN TO CAMP OUT.

As nobody had any clocks or watches, even the smallest child soon learnt to estimate the height of the sun and to calculate the time therefrom. The sun was three hours high in the middle of the afternoon. Half an hour before sunset was the time "to do chores." There was no twilight and there was little artificial light, so chickens and children went to bed betimes. The moon with its vagaries was never considered. It entered not at all into our life. We were truly children of the sun. All our lives depended on it very precisely. The very few times I remember being out at night on the prairie were on the occasion of a prairie fire or on long journeys when camping out. Horses who are not trained to it won't work at night. They get frightened, and are undependable in the dark, and therefore if you are not at home when the sun sets,

you camp, or should do so if you are prairie-wise.

Once, and once only, I remember our breaking this salutary rule. This is how it happened, and what befell. We had been to Leavenworth, distant about one hundred miles, with our four-horse waggon, and had there got possession of my father's new spring waggon, which had been built from his own design. This waggon, by the way, afterwards became a legend on the prairie: men rode twenty miles to inspect it. Truly it was a joy, light on the horses, easy on the passengers; for it had springs, and was up to a load of a ton and a half on level tracks. Now having got this waggon, the four horses were split into two pairs: I had one pair and my father the other. Auntie sat beside me. I could drive, of course, and the horses obeyed my shrill little voice as if I were endowed with supernatural powers. But as I was very small and correspondingly light Auntie was on hand to hold me on my seat in case there was a gully or mud-hole, or any such incident in the track likely to send down the front wheels with a jerk—the jerk being, of course, instantly conveyed over the reins to my small hands, and might well pull me overboard. Now on leaving Leavenworth we were loaded down heavily with timber for a workshop my father was building for himself. This necessitated doub-

ling teams at all the river crossings, a very slow and tedious process. However, we had come to the last difficult crossing—namely, Big Sugar Creek—and were within sight of our house. Daylight was waning, but by urging the horses we got over the precious spring-waggon and its load, and had left it with Auntie on guard on the high bluff, and had ridden our four horses back to the old waggon, and had brought it through the water and half-way up the steep hill leading on to the high prairie, when darkness fell around us, and the horses became frightened.

"You must show them the way," said my father to me, well realising the trust the horses had in me. So I was given a lantern. We always journeyed with "a sight o' truck." Nobody else had lanterns for hundreds of miles, I think, and I set forth calling to the horses and swinging my light. All animals feel confidence in a light, and will therefore be inclined to follow it. It had begun to snow suddenly. However, we felt no fear, and pulled ahead steadily. Another half-hour would bring us to the high prairie, and then, said my father cheerfully, "We'll be home to-night, anyhow. I've got my compass, and the horses can shut their eyes and only pull away." There was not anything between us and home once we got on to the high open prairie: not a stick or stone or mud-hole, only six miles of

gently-rolling grass. By the time we reached the top of the bluff it was snowing desperately, but I could just perceive Auntie's lantern swinging somewhere near, and hear her shrill warning, "Yo ho ee!" I must have made straight for the sound, or else in the snow and utter darkness I lost the track; anyway, the horses floundered straight after me. A sudden shout from my father told me something was wrong; but it was too late. We were off the track, and the waggon had struck an old stump. It did not upset, of course: it was too wide and deep for that, but the pole snapped short off at the front axle.

"Oh," said Auntie in some anxiety, "it is an awful night to camp, especially with the child. What are we to do? Do you know where we are exactly?"

"Certainly we must be within hail of Hyatt's forge," and he put his hand to his mouth and gave such a shout as made the horses jump in their harness. It produced about a dozen dogs, furiously barking, and half as many men, howling inquiries.

"Who are you? What's the matter? What do you want?" These queries having been satisfactorily answered, the dogs stopped, and the men came out. In a few moments Auntie and I were inside a cheerful kitchen with women fussing over us and petting me. They took off my snowy

boots, and exclaimed over the poor little girl—I was very small, remember—till I was bitterly offended, and told them with some asperity that I had been driving one of the teams. Whereat they fussed still more over me, and the boys laughed at me, and the women called me a wee mite and kissed me.

We stayed over the next night before we could get our pole fixed up, for the tree to make it had to be sought for and cut down, but we never again tried to force the pace and get home after dark. There were many journeys to Leavenworth and to Lawrence during our four years on the plains, but ever after this we always camped at nightfall. When the sun set, so did we, wherever it might be. This camping out was my particular delight. I had not a wish ungratified after I was permitted to lie beside my father on the ground under the waggon, his rifle on the offside, and my small head at least a yard away from the horses' feet. On deciding to camp, which, of course, was near some known spring or stream, the first operation was to unharness the horses and feed them. Their feed-box was fastened to the end of the great canvas-covered waggon in which we travelled, and they were tied one to each hind wheel—that is, the two wisest ones were—dear old Bess always on my father's side. If there were four horses, the two sillier ones were picketed

out to graze, fastened to a rather long lariat rope, so as to get a good feed of grass. They did not remain tied up, and so did not require corn. Why this difference, does some one ask? Bess was doing sentry-go as well as pulling at the traces. Not a man nor horse could come near us in the darkest night without her giving notice of the fact. She would snort, or blow, or stamp, or whinny at the first sign of a moving living thing within half a mile. One could not have a more intelligent, a more sleepless, or a more alert sentry. We felt quite safe with her feet next our heads. So we all slept as sound as tops. Auntie used to toss together something hot to eat and hot milk to drink, while I pulled prairie grass for our beds. Then all trace of fire was carefully stamped out before we lay down for fear of starting a prairie fire, or maybe giving notice of our presence to evildoers. Four valuable horses out on the open prairie, protected by only one rifle, though Sharpe's newest and best, could, of course, be stampeded by a gang of horse thieves acting together. But they never did.

MY ATTEMPTS AT COOKING.

In after years when Auntie and I talked over those wild emigrant days, she used always to say that I was the best child she ever knew and the most aggravating. I am sure I fully deserved the latter description. She said I seemed so inhumanly wise and resourceful she was almost afraid of me, and then she would (and did) box my ears for my heedlessness and unspeakable carelessness. I see now that too much was expected of my small intellect. My brain did its best when stimulated to act by any work I liked or was excited over, and then went completely asleep exactly as my body did. The only difficulty was, they never knew when my brain was going to sleep.

Take an example of what was expected of me when aged eight years and six months. Auntie was suddenly called away by the illness and death of one most dear to her. She was gone from the corn-cutting time till the first snow. This must have been September to December at the shortest. We did not keep months on the prairie, only seasons of seed-time and harvest and snow. Now for the corn-cutting my father had a neighbour to help him, a University man out for a few years' trial of the Far West. He was a very nice young

man and very kind and helpful to me. But I had to keep house for the two, feed them and myself, and still look after my hens and chickens. Feeding men meant baking all the bread, frying all the meat they required, milking and churning. I could do all this quite well with Auntie at hand to say now do this, now get that. It was very different when I had to keep track myself of the time when each duty came to its appointed moment. Breakfast was at 5 A.M. There was cold corn-bread, ready, of course, the Johnny cake of early American novels, but mush had to be cooked. All human beings require " mush " to start the day with, only some call it " stirabout " and some say " porridge." We made it of yellow meal. After that came flap-jacks like unto the sands of the sea for multitude. Flap-jacks are small pancakes done on a griddle and eaten with molasses. They must be made quickly and be, moreover, very hot. A working man will eat two dozen and smilingly ask for more. Imagine a small child standing over a very hot stove, flap-jacking for dear life at 5 A.M. There is a legend in our family that once I offered, or received, a challenge from one of our workmen to cook as many as he could eat. He was a big Kentucky fellow, very strong and very lazy. But on this occasion he exerted himself with a will. I fell out of the race at the seventy-third flap-jack, while he

held up his plate for more. Anyway, by the time my two men were fed the horses were likewise ready, and off they all went to the cornfield. As I was quite alone in the house I must have been kept under supervision from the field in case I should set myself on fire, or forget to get dinner ready because I was playing with Pluto. It has been said that my father was an engineer. One of the earliest lessons he gave me was to understand the simpler examples of signalling by hand. Though I was too small to drag his surveying chain, he said I was a very attentive little flagman and never missed seeing his signals. A little child is always very proud at doing grown-up work. 'Tis a pity our modern system of education should have done its best to eradicate this most valuable trait of the childish mind.

However, a signal from the cornfield set me at work on the dinner. There was generally chicken pot-pie, sweet potatoes, corn bread, and water to drink, the most nourishing satisfying food. Supper was what was left over from dinner, all cold. Now I had managed all this so well and had given such satisfaction to my two men that my ambition was excited, and soared to higher flights. I decided to have white bread, a tremendous luxury. Our house was always well stocked with everything to be had in Mound City, so we always had yeast. The care and trouble that was taken

to keep the yeast alive during the winter cold would fill the modern housewife with consternation. I knew how to make yeast bread, or thought I did, but I found I was like the monkeys warming their hands over the pile of sticks. I could not manage the heat. I put the bread to rise exactly where Auntie used to put it, but the time was September and the weather was getting something cooler. The bread would not rise. The next day came and the dough was a pallid, flat, sullen slab, though I turned the pan around and around. Another day came, and I was in despair. My father, worried about me being alone in the house, never noticed anything, or at least said nothing. Not so the young University man. As he was going off to work he stopped in the door and said—

"I guess you'd better keep that pan of dough. Your father can use it when he is mending up that gully down by the pasture next month. He'll want quite a lot of stones."

It was the first time I had felt the sting of sarcasm. It rankled. I did not keep the pan of dough. Pluto and I dug a hole together, and we buried it, for it was then past even his taste.

"BORROWED FIRE."

Besides the dish-washing, which, as has already been said, I loathed, there was another domestic job which went very hard with me—that was candle-making. Why I should have so disliked it I cannot now very clearly understand; maybe it was because in my awkwardness I scalded my fingers in the boiling fat, or scratched them when putting in the wicks into the moulds. Anyhow I hated it, and let Auntie know the fact. She, like all older people, explained how very much better off I was than had been her fate when a little girl, how I never had to "borrow fire," and what a desperate job it was in cold snowy weather. The expression should be explained for the benefit of the over-civilised young girls of to-day. Before the days of matches each house endeavoured to keep alight its own home fire. The log of glowing wood was each night covered deep with ashes and only required to be uncovered and blown upon with a bellows or by the human breath, to start into life again. If the fire went out there could be no food until it was started again—and there were no matches! Here comes in the borrowing of fire, for, mark you, fire is a precious gift of the gods which may not be given lightly away, but

only borrowed. This is what Auntie had to do in her childhood, and this is how she did it. Taking two dry wooden shingles she set out for the nearest neighbour's house and there obtained a lump of glowing charcoal out of their buried log. This she held between her shingles very firmly and started home full speed, holding her shingles out at arm's-length in front of her. Of course the faster she ran the greater the draught of air on the charcoal, which immediately burned up and then set the shingles alight. Half a mile was the distance from Auntie's house to their nearest neighbour, so that her pace had to be carefully regulated by the direction and strength of the wind, and the depth of the snow. If she miscalculated and set her shingles on fire too soon so that she could no longer hold them, well, she had to go back again and "borrow" more fire. This sort of schooling made one careful about matches in after life.

Now I never had to do anything of this sort. We had matches from the earliest moment of our Kansas life. They were very scarce, very precious, and very carefully looked after. Only my father had matches, and he doled them out to responsible persons—never to me, of course. Thus in those far-away days did Auntie tell me how tremendously well off we were, for we had matches and thus experienced no trouble in lighting our

fire. True, but now that I look upon the world from this great distance of time I seem to see another side to the civilisation wrought by the plentiful abundance of matches. Most of the fine country houses around me where now I sit writing these recollections about the Old Emigrant Days have been burnt down within the last couple of years. They were beautiful houses, many of them built of cut stone, taking years in their construction, and were the pride of the neighbourhood and the delight of every one who appreciated fine architecture and the stately surroundings to old family places. And they are blackened heaps of burnt wood and calcined stones! Where once we listened to high-class music in a splendid drawing-room and filled our minds with the sounds and sight of much beauty, rabbits burrow holes in the ground and bats squeak in the gusty sightless windows. All is burnt. All is ruin and desolation. A gang of men and boys, all amply furnished with matches, a few tins of petrol, some straw, and a barrel of paraffin did the job in a few ghastly hours. No one was punished, no one was hurt, no one even burnt a finger, only the country herself received a deadly wound which has disfigured her fair face—a wound which still is gaping and through which the country's life-blood slowly drips away. Words of hope and encouragement lavishly poured

from a hundred enthusiastic throats have not and will not staunch those wounds. We know, and we remember.

SNAKES IN KANSAS.

Our house in the prairie, as has been repeatedly observed, was "powerful full of truck." It also was the biggest house in its immediate neighbourhood, but it was not perfect in the matter of stairs, for instance. That vertical iron ladder, which so amused me to run up, was a serious obstacle to most people. So in our second summer we had a real stair. It was built against the west end of the house, outside, of course, and finished in a little platform, from which we had a glorious view across the prairie. I used to take my bearings from that platform to hunt for the cattle; and since any one with good sight can distinguish a cow from a horse five miles off, provided the air is not shimmering with heat, this was a great help in my work. I did my lessons upstairs after that stair was built. I got quite a number of lessons into my head there, one which remained with me all my life in the clearest possible form.

My little bed was on one side of the room, just under the slope of the eave. One night when going to bed—mercifully it was still daylight—as I threw back the sheet to hop into my nest I saw neatly curled there the gleaming, shimmering coils of a good-sized snake. My instinct when very frightened is to remain silent and very quiet. I tiptoed downstairs to Auntie and told her what was upstairs in my bed. She said my teeth were chattering, so she could scarcely understand what I was trying to say. A brief pistol shot made all right in this case, but for years afterwards all over the world, in cities and in country houses, I have looked for a snake in my bed, but I never found another one.

Only those born in snake countries can realise what an ever-present terror these reptiles are to children, ay, and even to grown-ups. It is inborn and unreasoning, but the terror exists in other animals as well as in human beings. Even new-hatched chickens show it. I used often to amuse myself practising on this emotion in chickens to find out how young they were when first they knew about snakes. The experiment was performed in this wise. A little food was put beside, not on, a small piece of board, and when the chickens were gathered near to eat, a drop of water was started down the board, which was slightly raised and then gently wobbled. This motion made the

water run wriggling down the board towards the chickens. The instant the drop began to wriggle the chickens would fly away squealing with terror, and the mother hen would rush up all in a fluff of angry feathers. The chickens paid no heed whatsoever to the wobbling of the board unless the drop of water was upon it. I stumbled upon the discovery by accident as I was tending my chickens, and did not understand the meaning of the phenomenon for quite a while. That is the way of discoveries, I suppose, always. It certainly was not the first apple that fell off a tree that caught the attention of Isaac Newton.

Kansas was not a great snake country, but it was a great country of snake stories. We had an idea that snakes did not molest negroes. I do not know if this is really true, or only one of the vast number of legends which the world over cluster around snakes and their doings. Snakes in reality are always running away and hiding from mankind, but that knowledge is not a bit of comfort to womankind if and when she is a child. I had the most implicit confidence and belief in everything my father told me, but when he explained to me how the snakes that infest houses were quite harmless, that the one in my bed, for example, was such a one, it made not the slightest impression upon me. I was just as frightened as I could be, and never lost my deep unreasoning

terror of snakes during all my childhood. We had, in fact, only two kinds of deadly snakes in Kansas—the copperhead and the dreaded rattlesnake. This last is a fighting snake, and will attack, I believe; the other is as deadly, but is very rarely met with. I saw but one of these copperheads during the whole time I was on the prairie. It happened in this wise. In the summer of 1863 we had visitors, a lady and her little daughter aged four, out from Boston for a few months. Now on the prairie, unless one rode, there was absolutely nothing on earth to do, so this lady, whose name was Olive, and who is the living prototype of the Olive in my book 'Perfection City,' said she would ride. She was active and young and fearless, and distractingly pretty. She was hoisted on to Blanche, that quiet lady's nag, into the deep Mexican saddle, out of which nothing could fall, and told to follow me. Very soon she got her balance, and then she wanted to ride always. It was the most delightful enjoyment she ever had. Boston could not show anything like it. What about her little girl aged four? I offered to take up the little girl in front of me on Nellie. It seemed to me the most obvious course. I believe there was a council held upon the subject to decide if it was safe. Anyway I was given the little child, to our mutual delight, and told to be careful of her. We rode every day and all day

and everywhere, the three of us, and Pluto, of course, in attendance.

One day we were going down to the Little Sugar Creek, I in front with the child, and Olive a little way behind, riding carefully along the narrow trail, Pluto ranging at large. Suddenly I heard just behind me a loud penetrating hiss. One flashing glance I gave over my shoulder, and saw a gleaming copperhead rising upright out of a coppery coil on the ground and Olive's horse on its hind-legs. At the same moment Nellie ran away with me altogether. She tore down the narrow stony trail as hard as she could go and as safely as a cat—for she was unshod,—while I held on tightly to the little child and tried to quiet her, for she was screaming with terror, and my pony disliked screaming. Pluto howled and yelped with anger and fright on the edge of the bluff. Afterwards, when the expedition re-assembled, Olive told me that she saw the snake, a copper-coloured streak, pass through the air between her pony's head and Nellie's flying heels. Olive did not fall off, but held tightly to the deep Mexican saddle. No harm was done, but those ponies would not go down that trail to the creek for months afterwards without shying at that spot and making attempts to run away. Horses have wonderful memories.

A VISITOR FROM CIVILISATION.

Olive's arrival brought that strange, impalpable, yet overwhelming force, public opinion, to bear upon us. We had not felt it before in the smallest degree. We were our own public opinion, and cared not a rap what anybody thought of us. We were a law unto ourselves. We had, of course, our own high ideals, and followed them, thinking meanly of some of our neighbours who stole peaches, and were not above stealing horses too, if it seemed likely they could escape lynching. As for the women, they did not think of anything but their children; very few of the poorer ones could read. What could we care for their opinion on any subject? They could not even cook, and cared for nothing but to sit over the fire and smoke their corn-cob pipes, once their progeny were fed and out of the way. Then came Olive, straight out from Boston, with never a moment's preparation nor a word of warning as to what she would find and see out West. She had last seen Auntie and me in Boston a couple of years before. It was the end of May she came, just as the corn was up and all the prairie looked green and glittering in its fresh spring bravery. My father met her in Mound City, where she de-

scended from the stage, and drove her to our house. She had never seen him before, so she accepted his appearance without comment—the rolled up shirt sleeves, the shoeless feet, the old straw hat. No one could be with him for half an hour without knowing they were in the presence of an exceptionable intellect, which could give off flashes of knowledge far beyond the ordinary. The drive was delightful and passed all too quickly, and then our house was reached, and we, Auntie and I, came into view. Full of delight at the idea of meeting again her dear friend, Auntie had, I think, completely forgotten to consider what she and I looked like. It should be clearly remembered that Kansas soil is deep and dark brown in colour. Also that in May the weather is very dry, and that the wind is always blowing on the high prairie. Such being the conditions, it follows, of course, that about two hours after sunrise every one is as black as a wild coal-heaver, with only bright red lips, licked clean by the continued moistening of them against the action of the dry air. We were so used to seeing ourselves clean only in the morning and at night that we never thought about it. Of course we were barefoot, and I was probably ragged as well, for, though I dressed more or less like a boy, my clothes were constantly getting torn, because of having to ride through thickets after cattle.

Nothing but buckskin chappereros will stand that, and we did not know about real cowboy get-ups in our days. I am writing about a time before the real cowboy age.

So this was the pair of scallywags who waited to welcome Olive. There was nothing left to the Boston lady by which she could recognise her dear friend except the voice, so when Auntie called welcome and tried to kiss her "Ollie dear," that bewildered person fairly gasped.

"Sakes alive! is it you?" she cried, between laughing and crying. "I—I thought it was some Irish paddy."

She came a vision of daintiness and brightness, with the freshest of nice clothes, and such ducky little boots and shoes that I wanted to put them on my hands so as to be able to admire them more completely. I could not take my eyes off her. She was a vision of delight, and only that the little child was a still greater one to me, I should have followed her around like a puppy-dog just to look at her. Within a week she was barefoot and in short skirt and trousers like Auntie, only clamouring to be allowed to ride, as aforesaid. She used to say she never wanted to go back to Boston, or anywhere else, but only to stay on the prairie and be a savage—it was so utterly delightful. So it was, copperheads to the contrary notwithstanding.

She helped in the house, of course, as all visitors do on the plains when visiting bent, but she helped most of all in the farm work. My father said he never had so prosperous and untroubled a time. Workmen, who had left him to get jobs nearer Mound City for the convenience of shops and the accessories thereto, came sheepishly back to inquire if he did not want "nary 'nother hand, just to help him along o' the work." The workmen, be it understood, always sat at table with us, and, of course, with any visitor we might chance to have staying in the house. My father consequently implored Olive to stay and see him through the harvest—and she did.

We went to Kansas City during one delirious week, to camp in the open each way and two days in a hotel. I walked on air through Elysian fields led by a goddess. She offered me nectar, and I partook of it ecstatically. In more prosaic phraseology, she gave me a strawberry soda, and I sucked it through a straw. There must have been visits to shops, for there remains in my mind a recollection of a pair of gloves, white cotton ones, which encased my brown and capable little fists.

JOHN BROWN'S CABIN.

On the way we stopped near Ossawattamie, and went to see a deserted log cabin. It stood in a little clearing in the woods, a forlorn-looking object. All deserted houses look forlorn, but a log cabin is the most wretched of all possible objects, with its black gaping doorway and its sightless eyes, which once were tiny windows.

"There is where he lived," said my father. "There is where he set out from with his four stalwart sons on his last effort to free the slaves. I remember the night before he was hanged. Her mother," pointing to me, "could not sleep, but sat up all night weeping, for the pity of it."

It was John Brown's desolate cabin we were looking at. It is curious how the act of John Brown in seizing the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, in a vain attempt to free the slaves in Virginia in the autumn of 1859, has fastened upon the imagination of mankind. The attempt was a complete failure as far as the slaves were concerned. Not a negro stirred to join the little band of men, but the white slave-holders gathered swiftly, shot all the stalwart sons in recapturing the arsenal, and then hanged old John Brown with a wild grape vine for rope. Now somebody,

not much of a poet certainly, but still one who had a spark of the eternal fire in him, saw that this was the great moment in John Brown's long life, this moment when he had failed in what he was trying to do, and had got hanged for it. He wrote—

> "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
> But his soul goes marching on."

It was the Triumph of Failure!

The words were wedded to marching music, and have lived ever since. The soldiers going south to fight against Secession always sang them. One who has seen men marching to war singing, as they always do, in the end mixes the music with the thought of the men dying, and no matter how futile the words may be in reality, from this association of ideas they take on a sacred character in one's mind. It was always a shock to me to hear the ribald versions and variations to the song of John Brown's body which I came upon when I arrived in Europe. Only the other day over the wireless some foolish entertainer thought it funny to sing that well-known tune to the words "John Brown's baby has a pimple on his nose"; and I experienced the same sense of impropriety as if some one turned a hymn tune into a burlesque melody. It is sixty-five years since I first heard the song, and then it

was from the throats of a thousand young men on their march to the war. Do other people feel like this, or is it perhaps only those of my generation? Will future entertainers on the wireless burlesque "The long, long Trail" or "Tipperary" for the amusement of future English listeners-in? If they do, and if there are any white-haired women among those future listeners-in, then they, too, will experience a shock as their memories call up the image of the men who sang these songs, and the occasion when they sang them.

Of the actions of the real John Brown, whose desolate cabin we viewed, I know very little. He was an Eastern man and Puritan anti-slavery man. He used to lead Jay-Hawk raids out of Kansas into Missouri for the purpose of running off slaves, for the moment the slaves got over the border into the former state they became free. These raids for righteous purposes very soon lapsed into purely border freebooting under the leaders, and were the forerunner of the fighting in the War of Secession. However, John Brown had the immortal good luck to die at the moment of his greatest action, so did Lincoln and also Nelson. It is not given to many men to do this. Soldiers, of course, have often died at the moment of victory, but mankind has not always bestowed on them the laurels that were their due.

NELLIE, PLUTO, AND I.

Some time in the autumn after the corn was cut Olive and her little girl left us, and I never saw the real Olive again, though the fictitious one became a great favourite with me and with my readers too in later years. The little girl, grown to womanhood, came to see me a generation afterwards in London. She was immensely interested in me, and had clearly made me into a kind of legend. She had always lived in cities from the time she left us, and had never ridden again since these wonderful Kansas days. Therefore her childish imagination had played around the subject, and it had grown to vast dimensions. To hear her tell what she remembered of it and of my doings, one would conclude we were in a perpetual "Ride of the Valkyries." She had no recollection of the copperhead snake, but only of the ride. Evidently Nellie's swift rush from danger had sunk deep into her mind. The doings of that pony and myself were indeed various, and sometimes not as funny to endure as to read about. Once we were sent to return a cloak that had been given to Auntie to shield her against an unexpected rainstorm. When I say we, it is, of course, Pluto and Nellie and I that are meant.

Now about this time I had begun to be told stories about great people outside my small experience, and with a view to making me quite happy in my lot. They need not have bothered, for I was supremely happy in it. I was told about Queen Victoria, who had to ride on horseback a good deal, but was so unfortunately placed that she was obliged to wear a riding-habit down to her horse's knees, and, moreover, sit sideways on her saddle. I was even shown a picture showing her doing the very thing. I at once realised that Queen Victoria looked very different from what I did, straddling on my pony, barefoot, bareback, anyhow and anyway; but the picture awakened other ideas from what was intended. So when going off to return the cloak I told Pluto and Nellie all about Queen Victoria and her riding-habit, and ended up by saying I, too, would be a queen. Now Nellie was ever a most inattentive listener, and paid no heed to what was her part in the scene, so when I got both my legs on one side of her and then with a royal gesture threw the cloak downwards to her knees, she shied. Cherokee ponies shy sideways with a speed that would unseat a flea. I was flopped flat into the grass, and landed on the nest of a prairie chicken which was hovering her young ones. I killed most of them, but one escaped, which I pocketed and tried to rear along with my own barn-door

chickens. It might have been a sleeping rattlesnake for all Nellie minded. However, when she had unseated me, she came up at once to inquire if any harm was done, and apologised by licking my face, and so did Pluto. They always did that, both of them, whenever I was thrown. Once I was pitched on my head, and must have been stunned, I think, for they were both licking my hand when I came to, and Pluto was howling as well.

In very hot weather, and in very long, hot rides, the three of us used to get so thirsty we fairly ached for want of water. One's throat burnt and one's tongue felt like a piece of scorched leather choking one. We all three knew precisely at every spot where the nearest water was, and very often the pony and the dog would turn in the direction of the water; but if I considered we still had some hunting to do and did not accept their hints, they almost groaned in disappointment. At last when I turned towards the water, Pluto always raced ahead, and Nellie quickened her pace without a word from me. There were disappointments for me sometimes then, as, for example, on one screeching hot day when my head seemed likely to catch fire; for it was so hot my gutta-percha back-comb, which kept the hair from my eyes, nearly melted, and hung straight like a piece of tape when I took it off.

Well, on this day Pluto got ahead, and when at last I reached the spring where I knew there was water, there sat the dog slobbering and grinning at me from the very middle of the spring, which he had muddied up by his rolling about in it. Thirst, however, knows no master. Nellie drank, and so did I. Then again when the rivers had become mere strings of pools in the dry weather, and this was the only water to be had, Nellie came off top, for she used to blow hard at the water, and send all the scum and swimming insects and things over to me, and got the clean water herself.

Once when there was plenty of water we all waded in, but Nellie evinced a desire to have a bath and roll, so I never dared after that to go into the river on very hot days, as she might easily have broken my legs, and then drowned me afterwards.

I may as well here and now finish the story of Nellie, that dear little pony, beloved of my childhood. She was a beautifully shaped little creature, about twelve hands high as I now should judge, not chunky like a pony, but slim, graceful, and elegantly proportioned, more like a racer, with small dainty head, and oh! such fleet limbs. A bright sorrel with a small blaze on her forehead, as well as a tendency to arch her neck, and when excited show her nostrils. She

was an ambling palfrey in pace, but her swift gallop was the most delightful of her graces. Having never been shod, she seemed able to climb anything except a tree, and to walk as silently as a cat. She was bought of the Cherokee Indians by the saddler in Mound City, who did not a little trading in ponies, and he always said she was the most beautiful animal that ever had passed through his hands. When I used to go to Mound City for the letters, he always came to his shop-door to speak to me and ask after the pony, and admire her if I happened to be riding.

Now, in 1865, when the end was drawing near to our emigrant days, a terrible outbreak of ague struck every one down, and I lay ill among the rest. No memory of what happened remains in my mind, but afterwards they told me how it was. I lay on a mattress on the floor in the kitchen, where I could be watched and given water to drink. A man who worked for us came to me and said he would buy Nellie and give me fifty dollars for her. I nodded my head, and said "yes" faintly. They said I seemed to understand what he said. He gave me a tight roll of greenbacks, having counted it over first to Auntie. My eyes were open, and I seemed to be listening. I took the notes, and turned on my side. A little while afterwards they found me unconscious, the notes clasped

tightly in my hands and wet with my tears. Yes, I had understood.

Once afterwards I saw Nellie. It was two years later, when I was staying with friends in Washington. I was leaning over the gate looking up and down the long road, feeling bored and very weary of my unwonted captivity in town, when suddenly there swept in from a side-road a pair of riders on horseback—namely, young Ulysses Grant, the General's twelve-year-old son, and his attendant officer. Young Grant was riding Nellie! The moment I saw her I called out, "Nellie! Nellie! yo ho, yo ho!" in the way I had always called her in the old emigrant days. They were passing exactly opposite me at this moment and not ten paces distant, and the pony the little boy was riding turned and whinnied loudly, just as Nellie used to do. Of course, he gave her a touch of his riding-switch, and she cantered fleetly off. I rushed in to tell Auntie, and she, of course, said "Nonsense!" But it was not nonsense: it was in veriest truth my dear Nellie. I knew her and she knew me. We could not be mistaken in each other. But it was no use. Auntie would not believe me. She never could believe there was any difference between one horse and another; and how could a person know a horse after two years, &c., according to the foolish wisdom of the unhorsey person. I indeed wanted to go to

General Grant's house and ask to see the pony in her stable then and there. Of course, they all laughed at me, and said this was greater nonsense than anything else I had said. And yet if I could have got hold of the General, he was just the man to be delighted, and he would have himself come to show me the pony. That was the sort of man General Grant was.

Never again did I see or could I hear about Nellie, but sometimes even now the present falls away from me, and memory transports me back to those far-off days when we were on the plains. I am a little child again for a moment, and I hear the soft thud of Nellie's hoofs as she carries me over the wide prairie, with nothing to see, nothing to look at, only the wide space around us and the swift rush of youth pulsing through us both. Then I look at my old hands and see the large veins of age tracing the years so indelibly upon them, and I wonder can these possibly be the very hands which once held Nellie's reins, and swung up her saddle upon her glossy back. Ah me!

QUANTRELL'S RAID.

If there are any living in Northern Kansas who are as old as I am now, and if they were there as little children, as I was, then they too will remember the 20th and the 21st of August 1863. First I will tell what I remember, and then what must be their recollections. August the 20th was my father's birthday, and was always kept as a high holiday when we were together, as also was mine—viz., 3rd February. Now on this birthday Olive and her little child were still with us, and we decided upon a picnic as far as "The Mounds." This was the name given to some swelling elevations on the prairie that were a fraction higher than the other grassy waves round about. It was distant from our house about five miles. The day, as befitted the season, was scorchingly hot. When we had picketed out the horses they did not graze, but stood droopingly in the glare, until Olive said she wondered if they were going to melt like tallow candles and dribble into a heap of grease, and Auntie sighed and wished she could take off her skin and sit in her bones, so that the air could get through her ribs.

None of these came to pass, however, and the presents and cakes were unpacked, and the little

child and I were as happy as sand-flies. One of the presents was a gorgeous silk handkerchief such as has already been described, and Olive buried her face in it and said how she wished she had a cold in her head and that she could have such a handkerchief as that. These little things are what I remember, and the photograph album which came from Ireland with pictures of my relatives over there, the first time I ever saw their likenesses.

Now what do those other people remember? those people who are as old as I am, and who were living in Lawrence on 21st August 1863.

A woman going to draw water from the well beside her house in the western suburb of Lawrence caught sight of men moving about in the low brushwood along the Waukarusa Valley. She ran back into her house and cried out that the woods were full of "bush-whackers," the local name for the Missouri irregulars. It was in the first hours of the morning. In an instant the woods rang with yells, shouts, and the quick report of pistol shots. A tall man on a big horse galloped down the main street, followed by a crowd of red-shirted horsemen firing right and left. "Quantrell! Quantrell!" was the cry taken up by a hundred voices, some in fierce triumph, some in trembling terror. "Ay, I am Quantrell," said the tall horseman, leading his troop straight on to the New

Hotel, where the big gong was just sounding the reveillé calling the guests from their beds. It was a rueful awakening. In batches and squads they were marched, and many were shot down on the pavement, a few paces away from the house where they had been peacefully sleeping. Men were summoned to open their door, and quick shot was the death-dealing visitor they admitted. Women came forth tremblingly clasping their children in their arms, and then stood by weeping as their homes were burnt down.

Lawrence, which had made ready for repelling an attack three weeks before, was now caught totally unarmed and unprepared. Arms and ammunition were locked up in fatal security in the courthouse, which had at once been captured by the raider chief in his first rush into the town.

Quantrell was the fighting name that James Harte went by. He was a young Missourian about thirty years old, and at this time harassed the border. He was not a soldier, and his men were not in uniform, but he was a most relentless fighter, and his crew were a set of border ruffians of the most desperate character and evil reputation. All during the war this man carried on his raids, swiftly dashing into Kansas and as swiftly disappearing back into the woods of Missouri with his booty, leaving a track of burnt desolation behind him. He was particularly

dreaded by the negroes, because he always killed the men he could not round up, while he carried the black women and girls off into slavery. By this date officially there were no more slaves. Lincoln had freed them by proclamation in January 1863, as the federal forces were in a bad way and their help was desired. The Southern Government also had by proclamation given freedom to all male negroes who would enlist in their forces. But all these military arrangements had not penetrated the minds of the darkies in the least, and they were in hourly terror of being run back into slavery.

But to return to the recollections of my contemporary who was in or near Lawrence that hot August day. There was no resistance, no fighting even. There can be none when all the arms are on one side. There was only a string of murders lasting nearly the whole day. The flying townsfolk made for the woods of the Waukarusa, and some got into the ravine covered with brushwood which in those days of long ago divided the town into two fairly equal portions. Here they were pretty safe, for the raiders did not dare venture into the thicket, as desperate men standing at bay are dangerous. Again, numbers took shelter in a great cornfield on the outskirts of the town, particularly negroes who fled before the very shadow of Quantrell in unspeakable

terror. A bush-whackers' raid has to be rapid and ruthless, and by early evening they were streaming out of Lawrence, some by the Franklin road, others again going due east, while a few well-loaded waggons, guarded by a rabble on horseback, all drunk and noisy, made for the Missouri border as fast as they could. For months afterwards, away across the border, men were seen at their farm work dressed in good broadcloth black coats, the booty from Lawrence, which was the great trading centre of the free soil population, and was mainly inhabited by Down Easters.

It was a bright and busy little town, but when Quantrell's men left it on that hot August evening there was a great smoking gap of blackened ruins between Winthrop Street and Warren Street, while on either side of Massachusetts Street two long lines of shapeless cinders marked where the business quarter of the town had been. I wonder are those the names of any streets now in Lawrence, and if that old contemporary of mine who is remembering all these things can point to where Quantrell first rode into the town, and which way he rode out.

Much gets forgotten in sixty-two years, and that is the length of time that has passed since Quantrell burnt Lawrence. The news of the raid reached us in Linn County very quickly, though Lawrence was seventy miles or so from our house,

and it aroused great bitterness in the hearts of most of our neighbours, who were largely drawn from the Northern States. There was a sprinkling of settlers from the South round and about us, and these were looked down upon with a vast contempt by the Northerners. Nothing could exceed the scorn of the energetic Yankees for " the poor white trash," as they called them. Men and women who were prepared to go any lengths to admit the negroes to full citizenship and hailed him in public as a man and a brother, could not conceal their hatred and scorn of the " poor white trash." After all, these men were of their own race, though poor ; but that did not make amends in the sight of the Yankees. The Southerner was not keen to work and drive others to work, therefore he was—" trash."

OUR NEIGHBOURS, SERVANTS, AND VISITORS.

Our nearest neighbours after Mrs Barr left were the Weddells, who have already been mentioned. They were the veriest Bedouins of the Plains. They had no more feeling for the spot where they

sojourned than an Eastern tribesman has for the bit of sand underneath his tent in the desert. They came from Kentucky, always referred to by them as "ole Kanetuck," a form of speech which certainly suggests the simpler elements of affection. There were ten of them—that is to say, father, mother, and eight children—all remarkably healthy and strong to a legend, also as lazy as they make them in "ole Kanetuck." Now the father and eldest boy were constantly employed one way or another by my father in seed-time or in harvest on our farm, and it was his ardent desire to employ one of the elder girls in the house as hired girl to help Auntie, who indeed was too delicate for housework. Now came a curious development. Whereas old Weddell and his son Bill were content to work for my father, and were satisfied with their wages, the daughters never were satisfied, and were for ever making trouble and causing annoyance. The work was not hard, for it was exactly what Auntie and I would have done ourselves had there been no Weddell girls to hire. The eldest girl left after a fortnight, and for the following reason. As we had no clock in the kitchen, my father used to hang his silver hunting-watch with the case open against the wall, exactly beside the door into Auntie's room, where all could see it under strict injunctions never to touch it. One day

the hands of the watch were found to be broken, while a large greasy thumb-mark decorated the glass cover.

There were only three persons in the house—Auntie, Eliza Weddell, and myself. We all three declared we had not touched the watch. Of course, Auntie was above suspicion: the crime lay between Eliza and me. My father repeated his question to us both, and we each said, "No; I have not touched the watch." He looked at our hands, and then remarked that both were greasy, and might easily leave the fingerprint, which was very obvious, on the surface of the cover. "But," he added, "this is the print of a large finger; the child's fingers are small. You can see for yourself." He held the watch straight under Eliza's nose, where she could not fail to notice the fact.

"I hain't a gwine to stay in no house where I'm axed a question twiced," she said scornfully, and, reaching down her sun-bonnet, she walked out of the house, leaving us servantless. She never came again into our service. We had to put up with it. My father took away his watch, and registered a vow never to ask a hired girl any question *twiced*. The girls were, many of them, like that, and some were even worse. They would not take orders nor obey them, but from the moment they came into the house seemed

bent on making themselves as disagreeable as possible. The negroes were different. They were seemingly agreeable, and were at all events polite; but negroes are bad companions for young white children, unless specially trained to be nurses, when they are found to be affectionate to a wonderful degree, and devotedly attached to their foster children.

There were a few foreigners, generally Germans, dotted here and there about the prairie, and their womenkind worked exceedingly hard: up early and late, slaving away for husband and children with a devotion that was as blind as it was incessant. These were hopeless people as servants. They seemed to have no standard of values. If treated badly and kept in dread of punishment, they would work hard, but only so long as one watched them. They seemed to have no idea of a fair day's work for a fair day's wage. At least, not the women. Why is this? Are women, then, really more dishonest than men? Have they no standard of what is fair and right in regard to work and payment for it? I cannot think so. It must be because there is something distasteful about the work. I am sure I found it so when on the plains. Housework and cooking presented absolutely no redeeming features to my childish mind, and I cannot say they do to this day. It was all so fleeting, so evanescent. There was really

no inducement to exert oneself. The most carefully cooked dinner was gone in an hour, and nothing remained but the hateful job of washing up the dishes. A young girl on the plains was still a somewhat rare creature, and one much sought after by the very numerous young men round about on the look-out for wives. She could pretty well pick and choose her job, and she did not pick and choose us. Eliza Weddell, after leaving us in high dudgeon when asked about breaking the hands of the watch, was within the year married to the owner of the next best house after ours, and was cooking his dinner with her right hand, while on her left arm she carried her very sickly baby, which was for ever crying, so that she got no sleep day or night; but she never murmured, only worked steadily on, while her beauty faded and her youth wore away. She had found her job, and accepted it.

Now, on the other hand, supposing a morning caller coming to pay a visit found the household laid by the heels with illness, she would take right hold and help. "Taking right hold" meant tying on an apron, poking up the fire, and putting on pots and kettles, before sallying forth to dig sweet potatoes and pick tomatoes for dinner. Two such visitors, I remember, arrived on horseback one morning to spend the day with us. They were strangers to me, and it was my lot

to tell them how Auntie, whom they did know, was ill with one of her three days' headaches, and could not open her eyes much less her lips to speak to them.

"Sick is she, poor soul?" said the elder of the two ladies. "Then we are just the folk she wants. Now, Mirandy," she continued, "you just fly round, and little Siss will show you where to put the horses and get a feed for them in the stable away from the flies. Then you and she shall go to the garden and see what you can find to eat, and I'll go down to the cellar and sort of look round. There must be chicken to fry, or something or other there."

I was only too glad to show Mirandy our garden, which was the pride of our hearts. Soon there arose from the kitchen such an odour of good cooking that Auntie's white face and dim eyes appeared inquiringly in the doorway to her room.

"Land sakes! what a headache you must have to look like that," observed Mirandy's mother sympathetically. "Jest you go and lie down again, and I'll toss up something for you when the men folks are fed."

The men folks, who knew about the headache in the morning, came home from the cornfield expecting a grim feed of cold meat, cold Johnny cake, and sour milk, and were amazed to find fried chicken, hot and savoury, boiled jams, sweet corn

and butter, tomato salad with vinegar and sugar, and two utterly unknown smiling women standing one at each end of the table. My father fairly rubbed his eyes in amazement.

"Are you sure you've come to the house you expected?" he stammered.

"I guess we've come to the house where we are most needed this day," said Mirandy's mother, "and that's where we would most like to be. I'm Mrs Clarke from over Keokuk way, and this is Mirandy, my eldest girl. She'll stay with your little girl and help till you're out of this fix, anyway."

And so she did. She stayed and worked a full fortnight, as only the eldest girl of an Eastern mother with a long family knew how to work. She was certainly at the opposite end of the scale of helpful industry from Eliza Weddell. It is only on the prairies that one can meet two such diverse examples of girlhood in close proximity to one another, showing boundless laziness and incompetence in the one, and boundless energy and human kindness in the other.

We had two other neighbours within a mile to the east of our house, for observe it was only to the west we were on the measureless prairie. The settlers came in like the tide, a little farther each minute. They differed from the tide in that they did not go out. Now into the houses of these two

neighbours I never remember to have entered during my four years living beside them. Why was this in that land of equality and good fellowship? It must have been tobacco. My father had a quite extraordinary horror of tobacco in any and every form, either snuff-taking, smoking, or chewing, but particularly chewing, which was wellnigh universal among Southern men. The five years of engineering he had done in Virginia, when he had lived in a Southern home, had given him such a horror of the practice that he resolved never to permit a tobacco-chewing man inside his house, if ever he should be rich enough to own a house of his own. This time had now arrived, and he put this resolution into execution. No one should chew tobacco in his house, and no one did. We had some workmen who were in the habit of chewing, but they had to leave their quids outside the door on coming in. No one who has never lived among a tobacco-chewing people can form any idea of the unspeakable disgust produced in the minds of those who experience the results of the practice for the first time. Eventually I suppose one gets hardened to the hatefulness of it, but to my mind it would take a lifetime to do so, and life itself would not be worth living under those conditions. I would rather myself take up my abode in a stable full of fattening cattle.

After a long life spent in Europe I had wellnigh forgotten what tobacco-chewing meant to women, when I was reminded in very clear and forcible English on re-reading Dickens' 'American Notes.' Any one who feels desirous of getting an exact picture of the practice is referred to them. Our house in Kansas stayed outside the custom, and our kitchen floor, though black with rich prairie dust or mud, was otherwise clean, and one could without fear or disgust walk anywhere over it barefoot.

BLOOMERS AND BOBBED HAIR.

A LITTLE farther away to the east, say four miles, and we came to our first real neighbours, the Hunts. These were people to whose house I went as often as I possibly could. They were Down Easters, reformers, anti-slavery people, who read newspapers, didn't chew tobacco nor smoke even, liked brown bread, and did not feed their children on soda biscuits. What an extraordinary jumble of inconsequential qualities and habits, I hear some one exclaim. What on earth has eating soda biscuits got to say to being anti-slavery, or reading newspapers? Well, they

don't seem closely related, but out in Kansas they were very frequently connected. There, opinions and practices went together in bunches. Was a man against tobacco and whisky, then the chances were he would be against slavery also. Once people took up reforming ideas, then a current was set up which carried them very far indeed. Sometimes, with women, the reforming began in their clothes and ended in their hair. The general dress of women in the States in the 'sixties was pretty much what it was in Europe, very wide skirts over a very vast hoop petticoat. Once my father took his foot-rule from his pocket and measured the empty space left by a fashionable lady who had just vacated her seat in a tramcar in Boston. He raised a general laugh when the figures were announced: 6 feet 10 inches. The very first thing to do was to bring a woman into some sort of proper relation to her surroundings when taking her out on the plains. The most convenient way to do this was to get her into the reform dress, that is the so-called "bloomer." Now that we in England have been so long accustomed to land girls with their tunics and knickers and gaiters, and tennis girls with their games dress of skirt above the knees and stockings only below that, a skirt half-way down to the ankles with wide Turkish trousers gathered in and fastened demurely at the top of the boots would

almost appear the height of old-maidish prudery. Not so in 1862. The reform dress then was a mark for the wit of little boys and badly behaved girls. The first too often took the form of stones hurled with violence and a most disconcerting accuracy, the latter was expressed by shrill screamings, which brought more boys and larger stones. To be the first "bloomer" to enter a town or a village required either a great deal of courage or a very obviously strong man as escort. There remain several portraits of me from my fifth to my twelfth birthdays all in bloomers. Once out on the plains no one noticed a child in bloomers. The men one met were far too busy looking for their cattle or minding their own business to waste time on trivialities. If they did cast an eye on the dress of a nine-year-old girl who was riding an admirable Indian pony, it was to expatiate upon the beauty of the mount and the perfect suitability of her riding-dress for cattle-hunting. Our visitors —we had many, for was not our house a large one according to western notions—all took to the reform dress as soon as they took to riding. Olive did, and she was the most fashionable of all the Bostonians we had. She declared she felt as if ten years had dropped from her when she put on bloomers. She hopped and skipped about like a young lamb, and vowed she would still wear bloomers when she went back East—some-

times at least. But she never did. The first sign of contemptuous surprise scorched the bloomers off her, as if they had been subjected to real flames. Women cannot stand ridicule, unless upheld by a sense of martyrdom, when they become insensible to it. So much for the dress, next came the hair. It was "bobbed" simply and frankly, not shingled or bingled. Since ringlets, long and as curly as possible, were the order of fashion of the moment, bobbed hair was an innovation not to be tolerated on the part of the public. Had there been any public for us, I fancy I would have known my hair was bobbed and not curled as a proper little girl's hair should be, at least in the Northern States. Now here comes in a small but very significant peculiarity. Ringlets, so much beloved of females in Europe, were at a discount when one got near latitude 36.30 in the United States. Better have hair as stiff and straight as an Indian's, if one could not compass pale, sandy, or blonde hair. Anything with a crinkle in it reminded one of a negro's woolly head, and since peculiarities of race remain very persistent in the hair, it did not do to have too curly a mop anywhere near the slave-line of Dixie's Land. My father had curly hair, 'tis true, but then he was as blonde a man as could be found in the States or out of them. When still under twenty-five years of age he was taken for an old

man by one who mistook his fair hair for the white hair of age, and reproved him for doing so dangerous a thing as riding on the cow-catcher of one of his engines. "Why don't you leave that job to the younger engineers," he said. "I am the youngest engineer on the line," replied my father, to the evident amazement of his interlocutor.

Therefore bobbed as to hair and trousered as to legs I pursued my cattle-hunting, hard-riding career to my own complete satisfaction, and never imagined that there could be two opinions about it. But there were, as I was amused to find out from a letter written by one of my childhood's friends which recently came to me across the water, and half a century of life. She wanted to know if I remembered that "awful ride" we took one day when I was bringing her back to her home after a short visit to our house. I recollected the ride indeed, but did not see anything awful in it. It seems, however, that she did. She was afraid of riding, afraid of horses, and all that they portended, except under the most sedate of conditions, and one of these was never on any account to gallop. Now I had learned to put up with Auntie's not liking to gallop and to make the best of it, but for a healthy young girl of my own age not to gallop on a steady pony like Blanche was simply unthinkable, and I would not entertain

the idea when the necessity for a swift gallop arose. We had some eight miles to go, and the necessity showed itself, when half-way, in the sudden appearance of a very dark purple cloud on the north-west horizon. To me that dark cloud spelled thunderstorm, and so I told my companion. Now, on the Kansas plains the rivers had learned about cañons and how to make them. Therefore a thunderstorm in the latter days of summer was quite capable of raising a freshet in the nearest river that lay before you, in any time from half an hour to two hours, and to any depth from five to twenty feet, according to the width, size, and varying depth of the cañon.

"We must race that thunderstorm," I announced to my companion. "I'll promise to get you home dry. Now then." I raised my small cowhide whip which was fastened to my wrist by a thong. She had not noticed I had one while we were jogging along side by side, talking as only girls can talk who have few companions and fewer days of meeting each other.

"Oh no, don't," cried my friend. "I can't gallop."

"I don't want you to," I replied. "The pony'll do the galloping. You have only to hold her reins and stick on; I'll make her gallop. My pony will keep up the pace."

I laid on the cowhide whip smartly, and

Blanche, knowing what the second blow would be like, sped off like an arrow from a bow. Nellie and I raced on her flank, and my luckless friend clutched her saddle pommel, but said never a word. I did not know until fifty years later that she was frightened nearly out of her wits, and would, she declared, gladly have exchanged that horrid ride for a dozen thunderstorms. I laughed a very belated laugh, and gave up the pride I had nourished for so many years at the knowledge of having brought ourselves in quite dry before that thunderstorm broke over us.

CHILD LOGIC AND ITS PITFALLS.

It must have been about now I began to think out problems for myself and to endeavour to solve them, a somewhat risky practice. It had always been my habit to listen attentively to what was said around me, particularly by men; and since there were very few women and no children, I did not undergo the chattering, polishing, and correcting of ideas that would have been mine had I been brought up in any ordinary nursery. When men spoke I listened carefully,

and imagined I always understood what they said. I then talked to Nellie and Pluto about the subject; my doll also was invited to throw what light she could upon the matter, and thus fortified I proceeded to found theories and execute plans of my own. It was mental processes of this sort that led me one day when about ten years old to astonish Auntie by observing that an earthquake must be a very large animal indeed. To her honour be it said, she did not laugh or show the least surprise, but quietly asked me how it was I thought it an animal.

"Why, because everybody says so," I replied, to her still greater bewilderment.

"Everybody!" she exclaimed. "Did you ever hear anybody say it was?"

"Papa did. He said he once heard an earthquake in Virginia *grumbling*."

Evidently I mistook the word *rumbling*, which I did not know, for *grumbling*, which I knew quite well, and was never allowed to indulge in.

"Any one else?" inquired Auntie.

"Yes. Peter Parley says in his book about the West Indies that the sea was lashed into foam by an earthquake, and how could it do that without a very big tail indeed?"

"Well, it does sound like that," observed Auntie in a meditative mood. "I never thought of it in that connection. Is that all?"

"Only what you said yourself," I replied serenely.

"Me; why, what on earth did I say?" asked Auntie in haste and some confusion.

"Don't you remember what you said about that very wise old man down East who knew everything, so he said, and how the boys brought a very big sort of mottled skin to him and asked him what it was? And he said he never saw anything like it, and couldn't think what it might be, unless it was the skin of an earthquake."

"Yes, but did not we all laugh at that story?" asked Auntie.

"Oh yes, and I never could think why," was my final answer.

Never a word said Auntie, and not a shadow of a smile illumined her imperturbable gravity. Our reading lesson went decorously forward. The story, however, got loose, and my father explained some time later the nature and customs of earthquakes to me, all without reference to my complete theory on the subject. In after years, however, I got well accustomed to hearing Auntie telling this story, and then I became aware of a curious phenomenon. The women who heard it used to exclaim, "Do tell. Well, I never. Who would have thought her so stupid? She doesn't seem so now. She must have improved."

The men, on the other hand, were invariably

delighted, and used to slap their knees and say, "Splendid, what a magnificent example of sound and correct reasoning from incorrect premises. The old Greek sophists could not have beaten it."

Other listenings to men's talk had less humorous results. One such even now sends shivers down my back when I recall it. Blanche, that quiet lady's nag, had one fault—namely, she lost her temper sometimes when driving cattle, and if I did the same and cut her with the whip to make her execute a rapid turning movement, say, to head off a sudden dash by a wickedly minded steer, she invariably backed. It was a maddening trick that cost me many a desperate gallop to catch up my lost prey. Once a man, who was working with my father, referred to a similar vice of jibbing in a horse he had, and told how he had cured him. It seems the horse can only be cured by a sudden shock, which he associates in his horsey mind with the act of backing. This is accomplished as follows: A place is selected over a river or pond, where a sheer fall can be found from a projecting rock as high as the rider dares to attempt. The horse with his rider is placed standing back to this drop, and the former receives a cut of the whip, which sends him, of course, backing hard towards the river. The climax should be reached in less than ten steps for fear the horse should catch sight of the water, and form

decisions of his own. The whip is plied faster and faster. It does not last long. Over goes the show —horse and man falling over head and ears into the water. The depth should be pretty good, to obviate all chance of injury to the legs. Now this was the cure for jibbing I resolved to apply to Blanche. There was a suitable spot with river and a rock, the one about ten feet deep and the other about five feet over the surface of the water. I went again and again to this strange "water cure," and looked at it and thought my plans out deeply. Of course, Pluto would be there; he always was everywhere with me, so as to come home and tell them if anything should happen to me. That is how I put it to myself. Of course, nothing was to happen. Accordingly, one fine day, with half a score of steers looking on, I said now is the moment. There was certainly a something that jumped into my throat as I kicked my feet out of the stirrups, let go the reins, gave Blanche a fierce cut of my cowhide whip, and instantly clasped her round the neck, twisting my fingers into her thick strong mane. We'll sink or swim together this time, I muttered. I don't know what the steers thought, nor Pluto, but I certainly heard myself scream as we went over the edge of the rock. We spluttered, we kicked. I don't know if we rolled over or not, but eventually we came to the surface, with me

still on top, and scrambled out a good bit higher up the river, completely cured. Blanche never jibbed again, no matter what her duties nor what punishment I chose to inflict. As time went on I began to realise what a fool I had been to do so reckless a thing, especially when quite alone, and unable therefore to get any help in case things did not go according to plan. I never told any one about this exploit, and as I was not inspected on my return to barracks, no explanation of my wet clothes and saddle was required of me. I clearly was not such a meek little girl as was confidently thought by those in authority.

MY ABSENCE CATTLE-HUNTING CAUSES ALARM.

Now although I could do such foolhardy things and yet not be found out, I was in reality kept very carefully under observation. This was accomplished by means of two forces working in combination—namely, my habit of the strictest obedience to the orders given by my father, and Auntie's extraordinary long sight. When giving her mind to it she could see farther than any one

I ever knew, and when not giving her mind to it she saw less than any human being not completely blind. Here is an example of how anxiously I was looked after.

It was sometime late in May. The corn was up and was being tilled by the two-horse cultivator. I was told to take our bunch of cattle to the spring and water them, and I was not to go farther than the spring, but to bring them straight home again to the pasture field. That was all very well for me, but the cattle were not told anything. As soon as the first half-dozen had drunk, taking their time over it according to the habit of cattle, the younger ones found this very tedious and immediately set off down the trail towards the river. Pluto and I, on the alert, raced around and headed them back. This we accomplished satisfactorily for the moment, but if cattle imagine there is any fun on hand in which there is a chance of getting the better of a human being, they immediately become possessed of the devil. No sooner did I get the half-dozen deserters back to the spring than the others looked for a chance of mischief, and soon the whole herd (about twenty-five) laid its nose to the ground and stampeded. Now Pluto and I, left behind, knew that once those animals got among the brushwood of the creek and had drunk their fill, they would skulk there in hiding for days and maybe

weeks. The grass was tall and luscious down in the bottom lands. There was nothing for it but to gather them up while still drinking. Therefore behold Pluto, Nellie, and me in swift and relentless pursuit! The creek was two miles away. However, we were not far behind, and in we splashed, shouting, barking, and slashing. The cattle, many of them sedate mothers who knew they were setting a bad example, came swiftly back to a sense of decorum and started for home, up the rocky trail we had just come down in such fiery haste. All this took time, far beyond what was allowed to me to water the cattle at the spring.

Meanwhile my father came home to dinner and was told that I had gone to the spring and had not returned, nor could I be seen anywhere from the observation platform at the end of the house. Auntie had been up to look for me again and again. My father leaped on the bare back of the younger of his two horses and set off at a gallop towards the eastern side of the farm to ask at the Weddells' house had they seen me. He was just on the crest of the little rise of prairie that separated our farm from theirs when I emerged from the bottom land and saw him. I saw the flash of the chain-traces as they banged against the horse's flanks, and the wild sweep of his straw hat as my father beat the horse desperately with

that fast disintegrating piece of head-gear. I knew at once what it meant. He was afraid that some accident had happened to me. I had been so long gone; in fact, I did not know how long. My father's horse even in his wild rush had caught sight of me and my cattle. Down they bore rapidly on me, my father's face, even under the tan, greenish-white. Was it anger? I was frightened, but I said as steadily as I could—

"They ran away from me, and I had to follow them to the creek before I could get them under control."

"Are you all right?" he asked brokenly, and a shudder seemed to pass over him.

"Yes, quite all right. Was it wrong to follow the cattle? I never could have found them if I had let them scatter in the bottom land."

"Yes, yes, but I could not think what had happened," he said hurriedly.

Auntie had got a bed ready and hot water and things in case I was brought in hurt. My father did not go back to work that day in the corn-field. He did not feel equal to it. Auntie afterwards told me never to follow the cattle again, but to let them go anywhere rather than be out after I was told to be back. I did not at the time understand why; my decision to bring home the cattle had seemed so sound to me.

It must be remembered that I was only nine

years old, with a mind of the same age, and a memory that held only two images of my mother: the one of her dressing my doll for my birthday, and the other, a few days later, of her lying in her coffin with the little waxen baby on her arm. I did not realise that my poor father was ever haunted by the fear that I, too, should be taken from him. I was a fairly healthy child, but he could not trust to that. The others had seemed very healthy also, yet my little brother had died of scarlet fever, and my mother and my infant sister had died of diphtheria, a new disease of which no one had ever heard before. I was all that remained to him of his small world, and in the wild life of Kansas he was trying to keep me from danger of infection, while fortifying me against any possibly inherited weakness of constitution. That was the reason of my seemingly unlimited licence in riding and of my employment in cattle-hunting. I was given the best of ponies, and carefully instructed in every possible precaution against known dangers. Above all, I was not to stray beyond my range, and I was to keep my eye on the sun so as to be home at the appointed hour.

As time went on it became obvious that I was an exceptionally good little horsewoman, and then I was given my head, as it were, more and more, till Auntie at last came to consider me the safest

whip she ever knew, and was satisfied to let me decide everything where horses and animals were concerned. Having so much opportunity of observing the habits of cattle, I began to understand the workings of the cattle mind and to know what they would think of doing under given circumstances. How to cut out the two-year-olds from the general herd with only Pluto and Nellie to help would have puzzled many an older cowboy, to say nothing of a nine-year-old cowgirl, and it was only because my two companions knew how to help so admirably that I could manage it. I got all the credit of the operation, as a general does for the victory which is mainly the work of his troops. For example, did a very obstinate steer refuse to come out when he was ordered to do so, Nellie and I dashed straight into him and began to run him out. She was swift and accurate as a polo pony, and could turn on her own hind-legs, but that was not enough; steers require sharp lessons. The pair of us came up to the animal we were driving, and I laid on my small cowhide whip. But what was my cut of a whip a little over two feet long and an arm only nine years old? A mere nothing. Nellie's weapon was far more effectual. She used to bite the steers on the hip-bone, just where she could get a good grip of the skin between those wicked teeth of hers. A steer that had got a good bite

of Nellie's teeth when she was angry used to stop and think about it for quite a while afterwards. That was the real explanation of my extraordinary skill in cutting out the youngsters from the general herd. I was doing it one afternoon in sight of the house, and so attracted the notice of our hired girl, a bright-eyed young woman from a neighbouring farm, who sometimes had the job to do at home herself. She was deeply interested in my proceedings, and stood at the window looking at me. At last she said to Auntie—

"That child do ride outdacious. She do beat anything I ever seen."

MY FATHER VOLUNTEERS IN THE WAR.

Although I seemed immersed in my own small proceedings of cattle-hunting and calf-finding, plus dish-washing and lessons, still it must be remembered we were on the borderland between a slave state and a free territory, with war raging around us, and not far away either. All the men around us talked of war and nothing but war once they left aside the daily occurrences of

their life. Of course, we children also talked of war: our dread was always the same, dread of the father being drafted to fight. As it was in England in the Great War, after the rush of the Volunteers came conscription to sweep in the remainder. It was never explained to us how and when and why certain men were drafted and others left. So we each and every one expected our father to be taken next. In some respects we suffered under disabilities because my father was Irish. He was supposed to speak "crabbed-like," because the voice and words of an educated European were different from the diction of a native-born Kentuckian, say, of the Weddell type. I must have been about nine and a half years old when I first realised that the foreigner in America had advantages as well as disabilities. My father therefore was not liable to be drafted, not being an American citizen. My relief from the constant dread that oppressed me was short-lived—he volunteered.

The autumn of 1864 saw the war at its height, and though the end was perhaps visible to the keen eyes of the commanders, it was not so to the multitude. It was then we had our first and only big raid. There were two well-known leaders who had been harrying the border dwellers, and who dealt their blows chiefly along the Missouri line. These were Quantrell and Price. The first-

named was a purely guerrilla leader, and we have seen how he operated in Lawrence the year before. General Price was a regular officer, and his troops were in uniform, and therefore must be considered a more serious foe. There was, however, precious little difference between them in their proceedings. These raids, rapid and ruthless, consisted in laying waste the country through which the raiders passed as completely as possible. Sherman's Black Belt through Georgia was the greatest and the widest of the Civil War. He boasted that he had left the women nothing but their eyes to weep with; and when Lincoln saw him first time after he came back from it, he said, "General, I fear you have done a fearful thing. The whole world is horrified at you." Sherman replied laconically—

"Mr President, war is war and not damned popularity hunting."

Now in the Indian summer-time of the year of 1864 we went to Leavenworth City for our winter shopping. The name Indian summer is associated in our minds now with the soft hazy time, warm and delicious, which comes with the changing colour of the trees. In reality the name is derived from the practice of the Indians, which was to attack the white settlements at that period of the year as was the best for their kind of fighting. I found this explanation of the term in one of the first of my father's letters after he arrived

in Virginia to work on the Richmond and Danville railroad line. News travelled slowly in the old emigrant days. We set out from our house, and made the first two camps without meeting a soul. We were but an ordinary waggon of moving farmers, and if seen by any one hunting cattle, no notice would be taken of us. At the crossing of the Big Sugar Creek there happened to be no one else; and we always made for an open camp on the high prairie in fine windless weather. My father preferred it to a more sheltered one in the bottom land, since the shelter could conceal horse-thieves as well as keep off the wind. As we neared Leavenworth, however, we met people and disquieting rumours: martial law was declared, said one; all the shops were shut, declared another; our horses would be seized by the military authorities, said a third. General Price, with an army of thirty thousand men, had made a raid northward as far as Wisconsin, and was now on his way south once more, leaving a trail of desolation behind him in the way of burning houses and ruined crops.

The first thing my father did was to offer his horses to the commanding officer if they were wanted. They were declined with thanks, and an order to let them and their owner pass was given. This was fortunate, since some nervy subordinate arrested my father as a spy—possibly

owing to his "crabbed" speech, who knows? We hurried out of Leavenworth as fast as possible, and started for home. The few houses we passed were tenanted only by women and children, a sure sign of impending trouble, as it meant that all the men were called away to their stations.

"What news, stranger?" was the universal greeting between wayfarers.

We met men on horseback here and there, no waggons anywhere. The men were armed with every and any sort of weapon. They were all going to join their various volunteer or militia groups, where rifles would be served out to them.

One man said, "Hear'n tell, Price was gwine to wipe out Mound City." That was our market town and the centre of our little world.

"Then Company E is bound to be called out," remarked my father, and for the first time I understood that he, who was not obliged to serve, had volunteered. And I realised that men had other ideas from little girls, whose only thought was how it might be possible to keep one's beloved father safe amid all the surrounding dangers. He belonged to Company E, and had been attending drill along with some of his neighbours for some time past. I knew nothing of it, of course. I was told nothing about this, and was not to know of it till the time came for me to act. That time had now arrived.

WE WOMEN PREPARE FOR FLIGHT.

I was given my orders, and so was Auntie. I was to keep the pair of horses left with us harnessed both day and night and in the stable, feeding and watering them to be ready any moment for instant flight at the first hint of danger. The danger would be made manifest to us by the burning of the houses round about us to the east, and since Mound City was due east of our farm, there I must look for the first signs. Auntie must see to it that the waggon was provisioned for one week for the two of us, with bedding as well as food, and some corn for the horses, who could graze picketed close to the waggon. We were to drive due west from our house one full day, and camp in the rolling prairie where we could conceal ourselves completely amid the hillocks, and on no account whatsoever to light a fire, for that would betray out presence. If the fight went against us, and he did not come back, we were to make our way to Leavenworth City, and there we should find safety. The time would be short, for General Pleasanton with an ever-increasing army was known to be moving fast in Price's rear, and the two were in contact at every little check such as

a river-crossing or any other impediment to quick marching.

We arrived back from Leavenworth on a Saturday evening, and all Sunday was spent in careful cleaning of rifles and settling up affairs as far as possible. Things move rapidly in war-time, so by daybreak next morning we were off, my father to report at his station and Auntie and I to bring home the horses and waggon. Mound City was swarming with men, soldiers and civilians. The confusion to our unaccustomed eyes seemed utterly hopeless, nothing but yells and shouts, and nobody apparently doing anything but rushing about, or so it seemed to me. There was order, however, in spite of all, for very soon my father appeared amid a throng of men whose faces were familiar to me. "This is my company," he said; "now you be off home as fast as possible. Good-bye, and God bless you!"

Of my own feelings at this moment of what was in reality supreme anxiety, I have no recollection. I was utterly bewildered by the scene around me, and this although the thing which was a constant terror to me had now come to pass—my father was in the war! One fact was impressed on me, but only because he and Auntie spoke of it, and she smiled. Our neighbour, Mr Hunt, was among the men in the ranks of

Company E with a rifle over his shoulder and a revolver stuck in his holster. Now Mr Hunt in ordinary life was a non-resistant and, moreover, a fierce uncompromising one.

I used often to hear him and my father arguing about the theory, and I remember how angry he used to get at my father's very decidedly different views. "No one should take life on any account," he used to declare, and so on and so forth according to the well-worn theory of the non-resistant, and he seemed quite impervious to all the arguments brought against his own opinions. Yet here he was in Company E. Theories went by the board when it came to leaving his wife and children in their home in danger of being burnt out by the enemy. If a rifle-ball well aimed by himself at a rebel could make that danger less imminent, he was ready to fire it.

Of course it was quite absurd for a non-resistant to be out on the plains at all in the old emigrant days, when every man should be prepared to defend his life and property, because there were so many around who were prepared to take both. However, we who went out there in those old days never took any thought of what was sensible. We believed a new world was before us, and we just went forth with our eyes fixed on the rosy clouds of our imagination.

Auntie and I returned to our desolate home to

take on again the meaningless duties of daily life, at least they seemed meaningless now that we had nothing to think of except a restless sort of inquiry into possible sounds from the east in the Mound City direction. At length the sound came. At first faintly, gently, not unmusically, vibrating on the warm hazy air. We had never heard it before, but we recognised it instantly.

"Yes," said Auntie quickly, catching my hand, "that's it. 'Tis far away."

"Beyond Mound City a good way," I replied with matter of fact precision. "There again; that was two."

And hour after hour that gentle booming went on, and we stood near the house-door listening. I suppose every woman and every child within the sound of the guns also stood listening that day. The firing of cannon was new to us. None of us had ever heard it before, and we had not got hardened to it as did the inhabitants of Europe in the Great War, where the sound went on until the very crack of doom seemed to be echoing in their stifled ears. Two long days we spent together in silence and in solitude. As we were the last house on the prairie, no one used to pass our way unless cattle-hunting. There were no cattle-hunters abroad now; they were all gone to another kind of cattle-hunt. On the third day that gentle booming that was not unmusical

had ceased. Now came the moment for that action against the coming of which the waggon was provisioned and the horses kept harnessed. But what should it be? That was the question. Clearly it would be absurd to flee to the western prairie and hide if our side had been victorious. Yet had it been victorious? We have all laughed over Joe Sedley's ridiculous terror when trying to escape out of Brussels, and Lady Bareacres sitting in her horseless barouche, offering great but unaccepted bribes to any one who would put horses of any sort into the empty traces. Waterloo had not yet been decided, or at least they did not know how the fight had gone. The cannon had ceased, 'tis true, but that did not tell the whole story. It is not a bit funny when you have to find out in reality who has won. This was now my job.

I GO SCOUTING FOR NEWS.

Auntie dressed me most ostentatiously as a little girl, with skirt and white pinafore and flapping sun-bonnet, exceedingly visible as far as eye could reach. If stopped by strange men in strange grey uniform, I was to say I was going

to see a neighbour, and to ask her if she knew whether there had been a battle. I was nine years old, but looked younger, being small for my years. I was fat, with a face as round as an apple and cheeks redder than any apple they ever saw, and I was mounted on a large bay horse, which the enemy would undoubtedly take from me. I was therefore not to go beyond Mrs Hunt's, since her house was only four miles away, and I could easily walk back from it.

Such being my orders, I made my way not in the open by the ordinary upland track, but, like the little wild Indian that I was, by the bottom land through the low-growing scrub there. I could skulk under cover as well as the wildest, and I had eyes untroubled by reading or sewing, and that could rival a hawk's, while I knew by heart my horse's power of hearing and his keen scent; and if it came to hard riding, few could pass me with any other horse. Therefore, creeping along the river bottom I saw no one except a few negro children hiding among the wild grape vines. They could or would tell me nothing, or were too frightened to speak, and seemed to melt back into the earth as soon as they found my eyes fixed on them. No doubt their fathers and mothers had warned them against speaking to any white person, for the negroes fared badly at the hands of raiding Southerners.

I reached Mrs Hunt's all right, but she had no news.

"There ain't no tannon," said the baby in an aggrieved voice.

"Oh, baby, don't, don't!" said the poor mother, stopping her mouth with her hand.

But the baby, all unknowing what she did, put her curly head on one side as if listening, and again informed me of there being "no more tannon."

The eldest girl, and my contemporary, took it away to come and see the chickens.

I sat on my horse listening also. No, they had no news of any sort; they had not seen a soul, and had heard nothing since the firing ceased. I found myself wondering how it was I never had noticed that Mrs Hunt had such a green-looking face; her eyes were red and swollen with weeping, poor woman. I used to like looking at her face; now it was painful to do so.

The son of the house, aged about eight years, observed that the firing had stopped about an hour after sundown.

"Has there been no sign of houses burning?" inquired I. "That's what we are to look for."

"None at all," was his answer.

"We would see Mound City from here, at least the smoke, if it was on fire," I remarked, trying to pierce the wide belt of timber that lay between the Hunts' house and the town.

We all looked anxiously in the direction of the town, but saw no smoke.

"Why, there's Pluto!" I cried suddenly, as I espied the little white figure appearing over the rising ground along the road from Mound City. I rode forward to meet him, calling to him joyously. He had stayed behind in Mound City when my father joined his company, and we could find him nowhere when we came to go home. He was evidently bewildered by the swarm of horses and men, and could not pick up the trail of his own waggon and horses, or else did not want to return with us. He did not answer my call, did not wag his tail, did not even look up, but came on at a hard gallop, as if bent on some desperate errand, tongue hanging out and eyes bloodshot. Mrs Hunt offered him water, and then milk, but he would touch nothing, though clearly exhausted. Sadly we turned towards home, and then I saw some small purple spots on him. Gunshot wounds they were, but they seemed so small I could not think they were dangerous.

We passed two of the houses where we did not visit. The women and children rushed out to me. All feeling of standoffishness was gone in the common fear and anxiety. I might be Irish and talk "crabbid-like," or have any other objectionable peculiarity; all was forgotten in the hope that I might also have news.

"What had I heard? What had I seen? Had there been a battle?"

"Nothing." I could tell them nothing. I had seen no one from the front, I could not see any burning houses, nor did my horse smell any smoke or seem at all suspicious of anything unusual. There was only Pluto back from Mound City, and he was wounded. That was all.

They, too, fetched water and petted him, but he only lay down and refused all drink, keeping his troubled eye upon me. Then they asked what was I going to do. I repeated my orders about going out and hiding on the prairie, and then inquired of them how they were going to act.

"Pipe said we 'uns was to follow you 'uns," was the answer I got. "He said you was the only one had come down the trail from Leavenworth, and knew where the ford was now on the Big Sugar Creek, and you'd git us over if any one could."

This was another duty laid upon my shoulders, aged nine years and a half. It did not seem strange or unusual. Nothing was unusual; each thing had to be done as it turned up and demanded attention.

I explained my small plans. Our house was only a couple of miles away, and plainly visible. If we started by daylight, a large white sheet would be hung against the dark side of the house;

if by night, two candles would be set, one in the north and one in the south window of the kitchen. They could not fail to see these signals. Let them keep a sharp look-out, for we should start as soon as possible after making them, because it would mean we had got news of our side being beaten, and "the Secesh Butternuts" coming down on us. I would wait for daylight at the ford of the creek, as it was axle-deep on the day we crossed, and none too sure on the bottom. At the next house, a half-mile farther down the road, it was the same story over again. Their father on departing to the war had bidden his family to follow "that 'ar gal of ole man Richards"; she was the only person apparently to lead the fugitives safely over the river and to Fort Leavenworth. My knowledge of prairie tracks and river currents was their only hope, and the skill I possessed in managing horses at difficult moments, in doubling teams and driving the lot through deep water, might be their only chance, and it could be relied on. Thus before I got back to our house I had on my mind a band of women and children, some fifteen or twenty all told, to lead into safety one hundred miles across the war-racked prairie, and not one of them could harness a horse. The wives and small children of the early settlers were a rather helpless lot, especially if they hailed from the Southern States, where

negroes to do the heavy work and men to do the fighting abounded in an unusual degree.

I watered and fed the team of horses, just looked to see that the lariat ropes, pins, and mallet for picketing were in the waggon, took off my boots, and lay down on my little pallet-bed, ready dressed for instant action should it be necessary. Pluto, utterly exhausted, lay on his mat under my bed. He seemed very ill, and occasionally stirred and moaned. Auntie sat with a book before her pretending to read, but really listening. There was not a sound anywhere, and in two minutes I was asleep.

THE FIGHT AT MOUND CITY.

A FEW hours later, if poor stricken Pluto had retained his usual acute sense of hearing, he would have raised his head and wagged his tail. For at that moment my father was stealthily creeping up to the lighted window. He had a cocked pistol in his hand, and every now and then he stopped and listened intently. He was coming home from Mound City. His company had been dismissed at sundown, and he was permitted to go home at once. He thought it

possible that his house might be in the hands of the enemy, for stragglers from a raiding force often spread a long way on either side of the main route in search of loot. He therefore tied Brown Bess to "the Bars," and approached the house in that cautious manner.

There was much to talk about, for those three days that had passed with us in complete silence were crowded with incident in Mound City. My father, being admirably mounted, was sent forward as vedette in the supposed direction of the enemy's advance. His companion, a younger man, was intended to be a help in the duty they were to perform—namely, to listen for the enemy and fall back and give instant notice if they heard suspicious sounds as of men moving. They were posted in a river valley surrounded on all sides by woods and scrub, just the place for a surprise, and therefore the utmost vigilance was enjoined on the vedettes. This being so, what was my father's amazement when his comrade announced that he must have a nap.

"Good heavens, man!" he cried, horrified, "you can't sleep at your post in face of the enemy. It might mean the loss of Mound City and the destruction of our whole force. If you were a regular, you'd be shot for doing such a thing."

"I'm a gwine to," replied the other doggedly; and forthwith he began to loosen a few buckles

so as to make himself more comfortable, and handing his horse's reins to my father, intimated that after his sleep he would be ready to hold Bess's bridle for him to take a turn of rest.

"Thank you," replied my father; "I've too much regard for my life to do any such thing."

"I could not sit on my horse—no, not for ten minutes," said the other. "I'm dead beat. I've been in the saddle for two days already. A man can't die more than once."

He lay down in the mud, which was ankle-deep, and was asleep almost immediately. Looking at him with some contempt, my father took one step nearer to him, so as to be able to kick him awake without making a noise.

"I hope to the Lord I shan't break his ribs if I have to kick him up," muttered my father, and then he began to watch Bess's ears. A horse has remarkable hearing, and, helped by a very acute sense of smell, can and will give notice in the dark of any one approaching long before the rider or driver can detect any object.

At length as dawn was approaching Bess began to be interested in something. She looked towards the ford, where the daylight was beginning to trickle through the trees, and whinnied softly. She moved one foot and then another. My father kicked his comrade very gently.

"The guard is coming to relieve us," he said.

"Wal, anyhow, I'm going to live through this day, an' won't die for want of sleep," observed his comrade cheerfully, rising out of the muddy road and stretching himself. "Pity you didn't take a little snooze, too. Makes a man feel sort o' spry."

"I never felt less like sleeping than on this guard," replied my father.

As they got back into Mound City the day was fully come, and looking up towards the rising ground over the town, towards the east, my father saw some heads moving about somewhat vaguely.

"I did not know we had men posted up there," he remarked to his companion. The latter, his eyesight being perhaps cleared by his late sleep, cast one glance upwards, and replied—

"We ain't got nary man up there. Them's Secesh." At the same moment a spluttering burst of rifle-fire broke from those woods.

"Then this is the battle of Mound City begun," said my father, looking at his watch. "A quarter to eight. I wonder if we shall be alive to mark the end?"

"I bet I will," answered the other with a wink, and my father, remembering his companion's sleep in the mud while on guard, thought he probably would. At that moment a small battery of light guns dashed by them with a terrific clatter.

"Why, where did those come from?" said my father. "There weren't any guns here last night."

"I reckon *they* did not sleep on the road, anyhow," replied his companion, absolutely unabashed and grinning from ear to ear.

Behind the guns came a troop of cavalry in the well-known blue uniform of the United States Army. Men and horses were muddy and looked tired, as if they had ridden far.

"Wal I swan!" exclaimed the philosopher of the mud. "If them lads is here and there's many more o' them, we fellows of the militia won't have anything to do, only fry bacon and make coffee for them. What d'ye think?"

"I don't think General Pleasanton, if he were wise, would give us much to do that mattered if we didn't do it," was the reply.

"You bet he won't. I guess nobody could tell the General anything he didn't know already about militiamen," was the answer of that casual member of the force.

More troops and more every minute, the bobbing heads disappeared, and the cannon began to sound, at first slowly, then faster and faster.

"That'll be near Mine Creek," observed one of the soldiers. "It's a rearguard action. We've been having them nearly every day since the dance turned south after we caught them up in Wisconsin. I wonder how far we are going, anyhow?"

"To Vicksburg!" shouted the militiamen, at which there was general laughter. That was Grant's great and resounding victory in the West, and if mentioned at all appropriately could always be relied on to make Union men merry.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

After the battle and the frenzied efforts to kill men, came the more leisurely efforts to heal them. The wounded began to arrive in Mound City, where they were received in private houses, in vacant cattle-sheds, or wherever they could be sheltered from rain and weather. There were no hospitals, no surgeons, no forward dressing-stations, nothing of that Red Cross organisation which formed so prominent a feature in the Great War. A "Secesh Raid" was a hurried operation, where fighting and burning men only were wanted. The disabled could be left behind to fulfil their mournful destiny. There were not, indeed, many casualties at the battle near Mound City. It would not be called a battle in any written account of the war, only a slight action, such as took place in many a spot on that wide war front. For some hundred

or so it was, however, the last action of their lives.

The waggon so carefully provisioned, and the horses so sedulously watered and fed, to carry Auntie and me, if necessary, to a place of safety, were ready to take us all to Mound City next morning almost as soon as I opened my eyes. My father, who had been over the scene of the fight and had noted the numbers of the enemy lying wounded on the ground, determined to devote his stores and comforts for the wounded exclusively to them. He felt sure that they would need them most. Feeling ran very high, and was very bitter among the civil population. People, young and old, wanted to kill the raiders who had frightened them so dreadfully. It was not easy to stem the flood of hatred all in a moment, and become once again a kind and Christian fellow human being. Horrid acts of vengeance were perpetrated by ordinarily decent men. One case occurred in the presence of one of our workmen who was appointed to go out and collect the wounded. They were coming in with a load which consisted of rebel wounded. One unhappy man, probably in delirium, suddenly raised his arm, and, taking off his cap, feebly waved it aloft and cried—

"Hurrah for Jefferson Davis!"

"You'll not say that again," exclaimed the

driver savagely, as, drawing his pistol from the holster, he shot the wounded man through the head. Nobody seemed much shocked. People only remarked that enemy wounded had better be quiet or they would not get many to help them. My father, on account of his foreign extraction, and also perhaps because of his connection with the South, felt very pitiful towards the wounded enemy, and therefore made his request that all his comforts should be devoted entirely to them. To their credit, be it said, those in authority most carefully carried out his wishes.

If there were crowds and confusion in Mound City when we went there before the fight, they were ten times worse when we reached it after the fight was over. There were the stragglers to increase the crowd, and the numbers that streel after an army to add to the confusion. Yet in the midst of all this crowd of men there are only three whom I remember—three who did not move or speak, but whose silence has left a deeper impression on me than the utmost noise the others could make had power to do. They lay by the edge of the road with their blue cloaks thrown over their faces, and their pale nerveless hands beside their swords: three young officers, there in all that furious uproar, silently waiting for some one to come and bury them. No one knew anything about them, no one even noticed them,

as far as I know, but for me they are an abiding memory, and one that comes back to me whenever I think of a battle.

On our way to Mound City on the well-known road a novel incident occurred. A man appeared among the trees riding. Instantly my father espied him, and, seizing his rifle, sprang from the waggon, saying, "Take cover. Don't let a head appear. Lie as flat as you can. He may be an enemy." I watched the two men approaching each other, my father slightly crouching as he approached the opposing figure. It made one think of the gait of a panther. The man took off his cap, and twisted it slowly over his head. They approached again. Auntie and I looked and held our breaths. Would they fire at each other? We knew which was the better marksman. Was not my father famous for his arms and his use of them through the length and breadth of the prairie? They again crept towards one another, and then the other man put his cap on the end of his rifle and slowly turned it round and round until at last we caught sight of the red rosette on it. That was the only mark of uniform the militia had; and whereas he could see the rosette on my father's cap as he faced the sun, his own was entirely obscured by the shadow of his head. Friendly waving of hands and lowering of rifles closed the incident.

We passed the Hunts' house, all cheerful bustle now, Mrs Hunt smiling and her pretty self once more, and Hunt appropriately at work on non-resistant corn, loading up with his son's help the full of a waggon for the wounded. Of course, Hunt's inconsistent conduct provokes a smile, but the truth is, no person and no nation can be much in advance of his or its surroundings. It is only to invite disaster to go far ahead of one's peers.

THE DEATH OF PLUTO.

My faithful little friend and companion, my poor Pluto, was very ill when we got home after the expedition to Mound City, and his sufferings were more important to me than the misery of the wounded whom I never saw. A child feels intensely what it sees, and has no imagination for anything outside itself. Imagination is but the result of experience; that is why children seem callous and cruel at times. They have not learned how to feel anything except through their own senses. They told me Pluto would die, but I could not realise it; could not picture to myself what it would be to have no little friend

to frisk around and rejoice over everything with me. When on the fourth morning after his return from Mound City I awoke to a completely silent room, and not a moan came from under my bed where the poor animal lay, I knew he was dead. Then all of a sudden there fell upon me, with a sense of utter disaster, the knowledge that I should never again run about and play with him. He was buried just behind the stable in a small grassy space where we often went for our frolics, sheltered from the north wind and away from the house, where our noise disturbed no one. There at length my father found me lying face down on the grass, weeping bitterly. He spoke to me in all affection: seriously and lovingly he told me that such excessive grief for an animal was wrong, that never even when my young mother had died did I show such despair. He did not say anything about himself, not one word of how strange it was that I could think only of the dog, and not rejoice that my father had come back to me out of danger. I knew he hated to see me weeping; he always did, so I choked down my tears as well as I could, and said in explanation I was not weeping because Pluto was dead, but because there was nobody any more ever ready to play with me, and that I was very lonely. Confused as was this explanation, I think it was really the true one. Pluto was my

companion and my equal. We were sufficient to each other in all our amusements. I never felt lonely if he was there to talk to. He could sympathise with everything I said or did, and I needed no other company. I might be a silent little child in the house, but out-of-doors with my dog I was cheerful and noisy enough. I think my childhood fell away from me for ever on the day when Pluto died. I have had many dogs since that day just sixty years ago, and pets that I was very fond of, and who were very devoted to me, but never one that was just like Pluto to me. One can have but one first love, and Pluto was mine.

THEORIES OF ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

It may have been some recollection of my despair at Pluto's death that made my father about this time begin to teach me to play ball. He had been a first-class hand-ball player at his school, and he now arranged a suitable place at the end of the workshop and gave me lessons. I had a fairly accurate eye, and I was quick in my movements, also I was trained in certain

gymnastic exercises by him, so that fingers which were hostile to sewing needles and suchlike foolish weapons, became agile enough in gripping and holding hopping balls. We had many games together, and I learned to keep my eye on the ball quite early in life. Sometimes we had a sort of game of rounders with bean bags, a reminiscence of water-cure exercises that doctors had tried to introduce into their invalid establishments, but these required more players than our family could often muster. A family characteristic of very strong arms began to illustrate the power of heredity in me, and this delighted him not a little, and in consequence a climbing-pole was got for me, and also a rope dependent from the workshop rafters, up which I used to go hand over hand to his very great satisfaction. All these contrivances and amusements were the frank despair of Auntie. What with the riding and cattle-hunting and ball-playing and rope-climbing, there remained but scant time for lessons. In those days lessons with Auntie meant things learned out of books only, and by means of printed words—all else was wasted time and opportunity. Poor Auntie! She was frankly ashamed of me. I was a little savage, she said, and so I was I imagine. If she had been obliged to show me among other little girls she would have been disgraced. I couldn't read a page of

print decently. My spelling was a bizarre production that had as little relation to the accepted pattern as Cubist pictures of men and women have to the human form. My father only laughed, and declared roundly that I would come all right in the end, that there was hope for me since I could turn a screw the correct way straight off, and did not first have to turn it backwards and forwards to see which way it would go. This was a bitter thrust, as poor Auntie never could understand a screw, and my father often tormented her about it, saying that the way of screws should always be taught to children at school before spelling. As an engineer he was continually annoyed by the ignorant usage of tools, for instance, by the chipping of his screw-drivers by people using them wrongly as cold chisels. I was therefore given good knives and tools within my powers and very carefully instructed how to use them. I was taught, in fact, how to turn screws, drive nails, and whittle sticks. "I don't want her to practise on her fingers. It is much better to learn at once and know how to do those simple things the correct way": so my father used to remark when reproved for wasting lesson-time in such trivialities.

LINCOLN'S ELECTION, 1864.

About a month after the raid there came the Presidential Election of 1864, when Lincoln stood for his second term of office. I recall the day exactly, because it was a remarkable-looking day. It was a clear sunshine morning following a hard frost, which followed upon a quick shower overnight. The result was a *verglas* of the most superb completeness. Every blade of grass and every leaf of a weed was coated in shimmering silver and flashing diamonds. It was almost too painfully bright and beautiful to look at. This was the first time I had ever seen the result of these atmospheric conditions, and it was the most beautiful I ever remember in all my life. Of course, in after years when I came to live in Paris I was not unfamiliar with the *verglas* and its operations in throwing one down at the slightest provocation, but frozen slush in town is very different from the glittering beauty exhibited by frozen rain on the prairie.

That was the day Lincoln was elected for the second term of office as President. He was nearing his end, but we did not see that. It is curious for one who remembers the talk that went on in those days about Lincoln, and what he did

and what he left undone, to consider the extraordinary place he has come to occupy now in the mind of English people. With their talent for hero-worship, they have made him the embodiment of the sense and virtues of his race. Can any find out what Lincoln said and did under given circumstances, then all that it is necessary to do is to twist the circumstances into whatever shape is most likely to fit England at any moment to find out what the latter should do. The men who saw Lincoln at close quarters were not so certain of his being the only man who could fill the post of ruler. Seven of the States which had voted for him in 1860 went against him in 1864. Of course, it was the tragedy of his death coming so soon upon the end of the war which has made his figure stand forth and seem so heroic. It is the scaffold that exalts Louis XVI. above all his ancestors on their thrones. Had fate decreed that the Prime Minister of the late Coalition Government should have perished spectacularly immediately after "his winning the war," he might have been deified by the English nation, and his aphorisms collected into a sort of Koran from which to rule the country for evermore.

THEORIES OF FOOD AND DISEASE.

In the late autumn of that same year we had a first hint of what Kansas could do in the way of starting diseases. We held the idea then that disease was something inside us, and that it had to come out in some more or less disagreeable manner, and, moreover, that disease existed only in people, and was entirely due to some fault, generally obscure, in their conduct. If this theory were correct, then new countries would be entirely free from disease. Kansas was new, absolutely new; therefore, it would follow, free from disease. The papers said it was, and we thought it would be. There were no old settlers to tell the newcomers, so we expected to be quite healthy. We certainly led the most Spartan existence, eating food which was simple and very sustaining, but which had no amenities. Some families had trained themselves out of all use of salt, many were meatless, and others eschewed tea, coffee, and soda-bread. It was held that soda, which made the bread look yellow, was responsible for the extremely sallow skin of the white women and children. I do not know if there is a shadow of truth in this notion. Certain it is that they ate soda-bread all the days of their lives, and

were the colour of old buff leather. I did not eat soda-bread ever, and was as red-cheeked as an apple; but then I was an exception, and did not keep to the customs of humanity in many ways. Thus I had scarlet fever, diphtheria, and typhoid fever before I was ten years old, caught mumps and measles from my children, and chicken-pox from my youngest grandchild when she was three years old, and I was sixty-five nearly.

What did we eat, anyhow, if all the recognised foods of the neighbourhood were forbidden to me, as might appear from some of my preceding remarks. We had plenty of chicken meat both winter and summer, also pemmican, as already stated. Then we had salt beef, of the ship's ration type, and during the summer a series of vegetables that even now live in my memory as the food of the gods. Of fruit we had none, either tame or wild. A peach orchard was planted the summer after our arrival, and it says a good deal for the growing rate of the plains when I could sit under the shade of those trees within two years; but their fruit did not come in our time. Down in the river valleys there were wild grapes, very small and very sour, but I ate them; however, I ate everything, or at least sampled everything. There cannot have been anything poisonous that grew anywhere within my reach, or assuredly I should have poisoned myself. A large and squashy

kind of fruit hung from a fairly high tree and was called "paw-paw," clearly an Indian name. I did not like it, owing to its sloppy texture, and in after years I could not bear to eat green figs, because they reminded me of paw-paws. Such is the power of imagination once it is aroused into action. There must have been blackberries, for I remember a reproof and an apology I received from my father concerning them. There was a dish full of the fruit, and when Auntie held it for me to take some I helped myself to a couple of table-spoonfuls; and, as every one knows who has handled stewed blackberries, the very darkly red juice runs all over any flat plate, and makes a great show. It did so on this occasion, and my father happening to look up, noticed it, and said gravely—

"Greediness is a most disagreeable quality, and looks especially bad in little girls."

I was stricken to the heart, but said not a word. I was taught never to "answer back." Pretty soon Auntie, who perhaps was on the look-out for developments, saw two large tears drop into the blackberry juice and make two salt-water pools in it.

"Oh, but she didn't take too much. I saw her, and it was only two spoonfuls. See, it is only the juice which deceives you." And she mixed up the juice and my tears to illustrate the truth

of her words by showing how thin the deceptive black juice was.

"Doaty, I apologise, and take back my words completely," said my father, getting up quickly and kissing me. "I should not have spoken without being sure, but I did not like to think you were really greedy."

I do not know whether melons should be called fruit or vegetables. I should be inclined to call them necessaries of life on the plains. We used water-melons as drink, and had them in unlimited quantities. They used to be brought into the kitchen in a wheel-barrow and dumped on the floor beside the table, and we ate them in quantities that would be amazing to people who have not worked in a cornfield in a Kansas summer during a dusty gale. Concerning water-melons, it may be said that the power of eating them in great quantities is not necessarily confined to the dusty prairie. Two youthful brides were on their honeymoon in Venice once upon a time. They were dining in an open-windowed room over the Grand Canal, for the season was September and the weather was hot. One hailed from New Zealand and the other from Kansas, and their bridegrooms were both Irishmen and old friends from Dublin and Trinity College. There was a fair-sized water-melon for dessert, and one of those misguided husbands helped his wife to a delicate

slice; the other did the same to a still more delicate one, since his wife was the smaller of the two ladies. A second slice, extremely delicate, not to say minute, was offered and accepted. The men ate their pieces in silence, and then began to talk about pipes and matches and things, while half a water-melon reposed on the dessert plate in the centre of the table. The Kansas bride raised an eyebrow inquiringly at the New Zealand bride, and she gave the suspicion of a wink in reply. Instantly the water-melon was cut into two equal portions, and each took one on her plate and devoured it with satisfaction.

"They don't know how to eat water-melons," said one lady to the other, pointing an indicative finger at the amazed husbands.

"I suppose they have no experience of them in Ireland."

A lifelong friendship began that day between those melon-eating brides, and has subsisted ever since without a break. I know, for I was the Kansas bride.

A VISIT FROM INDIAN BRAVES.

A TROOP of Indian braves, one hundred strong, once visited us, and all for the sake of our water-melons. They appeared suddenly over the brow of the rising ground between us and the Weddells. We were going to dinner and we were dreadfully frightened at the sight of them, for it was not two years since the Sioux rising in Minnesota had taken place, when over a thousand people had been massacred with hideous cruelty. The chief of the little band came up to our house, while his men stayed with the ponies around the spring, a little way off but well in sight. He was a glorious vision in full Indian war-dress, eagle feathers, mocassins, and beadings of the highest order. He carried a bow, a quiver full of arrows, and a scalping-knife, and he was painted in warlike colours, but not extravagantly. The colour showed off his fine features, but did not disfigure them. He at once handed us his warrant in English, signed by the Commander at Fort Scott, stating that he was one of the allies of United States on the western front and was marching towards Fort Riley, and was to receive exactly the same assistance as if he commanded white troops.

He was offered a seat at the table to dine with us, but he grunted a sort of negative and pointed his hand vaguely to the eastern horizon with a sweep, and then more minutely indicated the pile of water-melons on the floor. At once we handed up one and began to cut out a plug to get the juice for him. Again a grunt and a sweep of his hand towards his troop. All the time he stood like a picture, the very embodiment of savage splendour towering over us, the puny white invaders. At length we understood that he wanted water-melons for his men. They were going to cross the dry land between us and Fort Riley, and wanted to make sure of having some drink on the way. Some one must have told them of our half-acre of water-melons, for we were not on the direct road between the two forts, which constituted the bounds of his march. They got over a hundred water-melons, we were told; every man had one in his forage bag, and the chief accepted some bread and pemmican. He would not dine with us, but he let me put my fingers on his beaded belt and feel the beads along the quiver border. What a pity the American Indians are so impossible to civilise, for certainly they are magnificent men to look at and great fighters!

THE CLIMATE OF KANSAS.

Of the climate of Kansas it may be said at once that it was bright and severe. The year emphatically divided itself into four very equal portions, and one could not mistake which was in force any given day, as is so often the case in England and nearly always the case in Ireland. Winter was winter with a vengeance, and summer made no mistake about burning its presence into one's mind. Winter usually arrived in November with "a cold snap," as they called it. Preparations had to be made for it in good earnest. We choked up our frost-proof cellar with all possible food that had to be saved from freezing—carrots, parsnips, potatoes in ample measure; if there was any milk "coming in," as they say, it came in there; eggs also had to be preserved very carefully. A frozen egg bursts on thawing, and as eggs were a most essential article of food to us we were very careful about them. One year's experience of the trouble that ensues on the milk supply falling off made Auntie set to work to neutralise it. I remember her boiling milk in a huge clothes-boiler day after day in the summer flood-time of milk, until she at length obtained some crumbly yellow substance which was very

sweet and toothsome and which my father declared a great success. This crumbly stuff was put into bottles, and later on when we had no milk it appeared in the milk's place as a somewhat pale and blue substitute. After this Auntie was regarded as a still more wonderful woman than before. The idea of trying to cope with the limitations of nature by extra exertion on her part was new to the average Kansas settler's wife in the old emigrant days.

Auntie's contemptuous and all-embracing criticism of the settlers from the South being only a shiftless set, came into requisition often. She was a desperate worker, and when well never spared herself, and her mental energy never failed, either sick or well. Some of the winter work fell to my share, and was at times also severe enough. Foddering of cattle and horses in which I took a hand was particularly irksome to me, because the armfuls of tall cornstalks just overtopped my small head, and in the shaking they got when moving them from the stack to the fence where I pitched them over to the cattle the frozen particles of snow and ice from the leaves used to fall down my back inside my clothes, and no arrangement of muffler around my neck could prevent some of the smooth icicles from successfully sliding right along my warm skin.

As long as the prairie remained open the cattle

could graze successfully and look after themselves, finding shelter among the trees of the bottom lands; but when snow came, then difficulties arose.

Once a "Dakotah storm" struck us, and then it was a wild struggle to save the cattle. We had plenty of corn and hay, because we farmed on the old European plan of having a half-year's food in sight when the winter approached, but the cattle considered they should have shelter as well, and this we did not provide. In after years I heard my father say the thermometer was minus 24° and a gale blowing, so when under those conditions we found the cattle all huddled together waiting to be fed beside the fence in the morning, he declared the only way to save them was to drive them down to Little Sugar Creek and leave them there. The snow was up to their knees already, and very soon they would be dead. He and I set forth together for the job. He was very anxious about me, but he thought once the cattle were fed and realised they were going down to shelter, it would be easy for me to follow in the path they would beat down for themselves. When we got out it was found that I was the only one, besides Pluto, who had no exertion at all to make. The packed and frozen snow held us upon the surface, and while he and the cattle broke through and were

absolutely exhausted by the time we reached the river, which was only two miles away, we two skated and slithered about to our hearts' content and came back as fresh as when we set out. We lost no cattle, who once in shelter had the sense to stay there till the storm was over. A Dakotah storm was what we called the cataclysm now known as a "blizzard." The Indians from that region knew about them, and had told the white men how they came down from the North, and how no one could live in them, but that men died as they walked, and that the snow fell like soft dust. But the superior white man snorted his contempt of the Indians, until one day the blizzard got savage and came down from Dakotah and whirled across the States until it reached New York, and taught the white man something of its power right along the whole way.

Of course fire was the great danger in cold weather. We had an iron stove, and an iron stove-pipe right up through the house and through the roof from our stove, through the floor above to the open air. When it is remembered that we burned coal and that our house was built of wood, including, of course, the shingles on the roof, it will be realised how the danger of fire was very real and how the dread of it was pretty nearly always present to our minds, at least to the mind

of my father. I remember one very cold time in January when all the family slept in the kitchen, where the stove was kept going full blast. When I say slept it should be noted I alone slept; Auntie sat in her rocking-chair all night, and my father and an immensely strong negro man named Cæsar sat beside the fire watching it anxiously. Suddenly a great shout awakened me. What they had been watching for had happened, the chimney-pipe had caught fire. Sitting up in my bed I saw that big negro, enveloped in hissing steam and holding a dripping sack in his arms which he had wrapped around the stove-pipe, lift the iron pipe straight up sufficiently to enable my father to insert a shovel between it and the top of the flaming stove. The room was, of course, instantly filled with fumes and steam, and through all I heard my father's voice saying—

"Well done, Cæsar; I never saw mortal man lift a heavier load. You have saved the house."

"I wouldn't have wished to be out of a house on this night," replied the negro. He knew what it meant to face a driving snowstorm with a burnt house behind him. We read afterwards of how a whole family in Wisconsin, just north of us, had perished in the snow that same night, owing to their house catching fire and their trying to reach a neighbour's house for shelter. Such

a fate, however, could not have been ours, for our house, so to speak, had become a small village by this time. There was, besides the dwelling-house, my father's workshop, a large building, the horse stable, the corn crib, where the negro man slept as a rule, and the henhouse. All these were of wood naturally, but each was isolated, so that not all would be involved in destruction supposing the house did catch fire.

The passing of the wild geese always informed us when the winter was really and truly past and summer had come. These birds in immense quantities went over us at a great height in compact triangles with the apex foremost and the base cut out, as perfect in their formation as if they were fastened together by wire. The leader at the apex uttered at frequent intervals a loud squawk, which was waveringly echoed by the sides of the triangle. Each family travelled separately, about eighty and a hundred in number, and though they travelled at a great height they were plainly discernible to us, looking about the size of wood-pigeons, while the noise they made was quite extraordinary. Pluto used to bark at them, and was immensely puzzled.

Sometimes, before the season was quite settled in its mind, there was a quarrel between the rival winds from Mexico and Dakotah respectively, whether it was winter or spring. I remember

once when my father went to get a load, he was driving home with his coat off and his shirt-sleeves up because of the heat, while the horses in their thick winter fur were manifestly distressed. Suddenly he felt a chill, he rolled down his shirt-sleeves, he put on his coat, then his overcoat, then he wrapped his buffalo robe about his knees, then he jumped down and walked beside the team and began to beat his hands alternately on his shoulder, holding the reins in the free hand. Then the horses' feet began to crackle through icy puddles on the road, then the wheels began to bump over freezing mud, and before he reached home the horses were covered with frozen rime, the road was like iron, his cap was tied down over his ears, his breath was frozen to his beard, and he found the thermometer had dropped from 60 in the sunshine to minus 10 in the starlight, and all in the space of four hours.

The spring months were really pleasant, and for quite a long while. There was little rain as a rule, not enough for the needs of the farmers, but they struggled along as best they could. Farmers always do, whether trying to sow their potatoes in a bottomless swamp or plant their maize in sun-baked earth devoid of moisture, and when failure supervened they accepted the universal abuse of the rest of mankind for their want of efficient organisation.

With May-time came the summer work in full tide. Corn was planted and grew apace, also the garden. The growing season was fierce while it lasted. Things shot up out of the ground. I now think that rapid growth in plants does not make for beauty in the plant nor interest in the grower. There could be none of that greatest of the gardener's pleasures, the watching for the coming of the flowers. The gentle unfolding of buds, the slow turning of the green lily bud into the many-tinted petals of the full-blown flower, is not for the Kansas gardeners. I cannot say beyond a few gorgeous annuals what flowers we had. Certain it is that nothing delicate could have grown on that open and wind-swept high prairie, where the Dakotah storms tore down upon us unchecked in the winter, and would have split furrows in the land, only it was too hard frozen for anything to tear it. Perhaps when trees are planted in abundance as shelter the flowers may venture forth under their protection, but the prairie, as I remember it, was devoid of flowers. There was only one noticeably blossoming plant, and that was a large vetch which crept in and out among the grasses. Weeds only appeared when the land was tilled and then abandoned, as already mentioned in the case of the prairie fire. We never did any weeding in the garden. That sounds an impossible statement,

but I am certain 'tis true. The garden seeds were sown as soon as the tilth was got ready, and they came up at once and grew fast and furiously.

They had no handweeding, but were cultivated by horse tools till they had taken hold of the land, which they did with surprising speed. I know there was no handweeding done, for if there had been I should assuredly have been roped into it, and I never was. A hoe such as negroes use in the cotton plantations was employed for earthing-up and scratching out weeds. The soil was very dry, and a little expert hoeing would kill all weeds, while earthing-up preserved the moisture left by the tremendous dews which drenched the prairies every night and kept the air somewhat cooler than would be expected by those who had read the thermometer and had been baked alive during the day. The dew so welcome to plant life got a bad name among the first settlers. It was held to be responsible for ague, the disease of all others so dreaded by the emigrant in the old days. They had correctly observed that ague attacked mostly the men, and particularly the young ones, those who went out in the early mornings to catch horses and oxen for work, and every one who lived in the river valleys. Therefore, it was argued, the disease was derived from dampness. So it was, only the disease

came *viâ* the mosquito, but this we did not know. I was therefore never allowed out until the dew was dried off the grass.

MACHINERY IN THE NEW WORLD AND THE OLD.

We had an amazing collection of agricultural machinery for our little farm. Engineers turned farmers generally show a marked preference for machinery over hand labour. The same peculiarity has shown itself in the farm which now for some quarter of a century it has been my destiny to work in this land of my fathers. I was standing in the field not long ago watching two of my men and a pair of big horses working a very complicated piece of farm machinery my son had induced me to invest in. There was something strangely familiar about the thing. I felt as if I were in a dream looking at an object I had seen in a previous existence. I seemed to know it, and yet that machine was the only one of its kind in my neighbourhood. How could I have seen it? On the side there ran the legend in large letters "John Deering—Ill." (the official abbreviation for Illinois).

I had seen that before, and in a previous existence, it might almost be said. My father had a two-horse corn-planter in Kansas, which had the same legend on it. He had bought it from "John Deering, Ill.," just sixty-two years ago. The war stimulated the production of agricultural machinery to an enormous extent. The great firms in Illinois and Wisconsin turned out machines in their thousands to do the work which would have fallen upon the young men to do, only they had gone to fight instead.

Among the very earliest recollections I have of my father was one in connection with machinery and whirring wheels. It was a sewing-machine. Probably it was the first one that came to America. At all events, it was very mysterious to me, and I know now it was exceedingly expensive. It was always kept locked, and was only brought into action when an immense pile of clothes were ready for him to work up. Then it was that I was permitted to sit on the floor beside him and hold in my hands sundry bright little toys belonging to the machine: these were the steel shuttles and bobbins carrying thread. It had been ascertained that my little fat paws were similar to his large hands in that they possessed the power of brightening steel; for they, like his, were dry, firm, and slightly oily. Thus our bunches of keys have always been as bright as

burnished silver. Damp hands rust steel in an extraordinary degree. My second recollection of him is also with machinery as a background—huge, inexplicable, terrifying machinery, deep down at the bottom of the sea, so I thought; for we went down, down iron stairs, he gripping me tight and I shutting my eyes so as not to see the awful depths to which we were descending. There were black and oily men around us, very amused at seeing me. They told me not to cry, and that it was all right. It was the engine-room of the *Great Eastern*, then lying in dock in New York after her first voyage to America. I must have been about four and a half years old. My chief feeling was terror at being there at all, and then delight when once up out of the darkness and into the light once more.

But the very first recollection I have of myself as of a thing existing in a world where other people and things existed is in the middle of the Niagara River below the Falls—a curious spot assuredly for the mind of a little girl to wake up from the sleep which ushered her into the world. Of course, I have no idea of how I got there. But there I was amid the roar of falling waters and the crash of a world going to pieces apparently, and I was trying to creep into my father's coat and be buttoned up inside him, as being the only spot of safety for so small a creature

in such amazing surroundings. He told me afterwards I was very frightened when brought on the trip below the Falls in the little steamer, the *Maid of the Mist*. This boat made, and possibly still makes, the trip in the only smooth quiet part of the waters—namely, just below the Falls, where the waters seemingly are too frightened and perturbed after being thrown over the ledge of rock to do more than simmer round for a bit before gathering themselves for the next uproar at the whirlpool farther down. At all events, that is where the *Maid of the Mist* made her little trip, and it was only upon seeing a photograph of some friends last year in the waterproof suit which is always furnished to the tripper who sets out on the deck of the *Maid*, that the first recollection of my life again came back to me, and I remembered how frightened I was. It must obviously have been the same afternoon I saw another sight, which was less appalling, of course, but which occurred so near the time my mind first woke up that the same vivifying process has preserved both images. This was the rope that Blondin was going to walk upon across the Niagara Falls. I clearly remember being lifted out of the carriage and put standing on the slack end of the rope—an immensely thick and long one, which was wriggling all around on the ground—and carefully held by my hand, and bidden to

look at it swinging gently over the river. A crowd stood on the opposite bank, and a minute black object at the far end of the rope was Blondin. It was carefully explained to me what he was going to do, and how my father would never do so foolish a thing nor allow his little girl to do it either. Perhaps it was the soothing effect of this assurance that made my small mind go to sleep at once and not wake up again for a very long time. I remember nothing more, at all events.

FURTHER PECULIARITIES OF MY EDUCATION.

Living as I did for the first years of my life entirely among grown-ups, I missed the training that my peers in age would have given me, though I gained much that they could never have bestowed. First of all, I would put the taking of everything *au grand serieux*. I never realised the element of truth in Talleyrand's biting sarcasm that speech was given to mankind for the better concealment of his thoughts. My father was an extremely grave man. He meant what he said and said what he meant, and I feebly tried to

follow in his footsteps. No one around me chattered just for the sake of chattering without really having anything to say. I chattered to Pluto, Nellie, and my doll, indeed, but that was a very one-sided affair, and I got no opposition and therefore no correction from them. Having had this summer the training to be obtained from the slow convalescence of old age after severe illness, I observed with interest how my two granddaughters, aged nine and seven years respectively, are educating each other in worldly matters. They talked incessantly both together, each asserting her views upon all their proceedings with the utmost firmness and precision.

Thus the elder to the younger: "No, Ann, you mustn't. I want the pram for my dolly. Give it to me."

"But I didn't have it before, and I want it now. It's my turn, Jane."

"No, it's my pram always; you may have your turn in the wheelbarrow, 'cause that's ours both; but I'll lend you my pram, and you must lend me your motor-car."

In this way these two children taught each other the sacred rights of property, the amenities of partnership, and finally, the advantages of a fair exchange. And so it went on for ever. They never ceased arguing or explaining the whole day long with perfect good-temper and complete

fairness, and to the entire satisfaction of each with the other. I, on the contrary, never argued with anybody. I received orders, and obeyed them or shirked them at my peril and to my eventual disaster, or I gave of my royal pleasure what I chose to bestow. I was a little savage queen, ruling despotically over my kingdom of animals, whom I deeply loved. I lacked an equal.

I was allowed to ask any questions I chose, and I was answered clearly and completely. I might ask once again the same question, but if so I was obliged to repeat from the preceding answer as much as I could remember. This revealed how far I had understood what I had been told before. There was no third trial allowed. This stimulated an already very active memory. "I forget" was not accepted as an excuse for delinquency, or if it was, it had penalties attached, as, for example, the "forgetting" on the part of authority of some promised pleasure or treat. Such training does teach one to be careful; and yet I was forgetful, or rather, I should say, heedless. I did not pay the same strict attention to Auntie's orders as I did to my father's, but then she used sometimes to do things I considered unfair. Children are very quick to see and keen to note the small lapses from the highest standard that may occur in the exalted ones.

Once Auntie, probably overtired by work, com-

pletely lost her temper with me, and this is what she did. I had been sent to leave the pony in her pasture, and was told to come back as fast as I could, because she wanted me for something in a hurry. Now when I off-saddled, it occurred to my infant imagination that if I was wanted in a hurry, the best way to compass this was to make myself into a pony and gallop the whole way back to the house. Accordingly I put my saddle over my shoulders (it was a little pad only, with two dangling stirrups dependent therefrom), the bridle I put over my head, and giving myself a good whack with my small whip I started to gallop left foot foremost in correct style. This proved so exhilarating that I soon added further horsey attractions. I shied at a stone, and was brought up to it a couple of times so as to pass it quietly. I then kicked at Pluto, and had to be severely punished for my ill-behaviour by punitive galloping and soothing "so-hos," and finally smelling over the dog. By this time I had completely forgotten what I had been told about hastening back to the house. All the time Auntie was looking at me from the kitchen window. I jibbed at the bars (movable sticks that did duty for a gate), and had to be brought up to the jump again and again. Finally I cleared them, and then charged full tilt up to the kitchen door, jumping and slinging around in grand style.

Auntie met me with her temper at boiling-point; and no wonder! She had seen the whole steeplechase, but had felt none of the fun. She took my whip from me, and laid it on my head and shoulders in good earnest. Few horses coming in to the winning-post get a more severe punishment than I did.

THE END OF THE WAR AND THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.

Price's raid of 1864 was the last flutter of the war on our side of the Mississippi. Of course at the time we did not realise that. The war seemed to us as if it would go on for ever, especially after General Grant had gone East. He was, of course, the hero of our part of the war front. We had found him not only a good soldier but a successful general, and after he took Vicksburg on 4th July 1863, his name stood very high indeed in the West. Historians who were not born then appear to make great fuss over his drinking habits. We who knew the men who fought under him for years never heard them speak of it. They gave him one nickname and one only—it was "Butcher Grant." Also it was said he smoked

prodigiously long cigars, and at the battle of Shilo a prodigious number of them. The story of Lincoln's retort to the man who complained that Grant drank whisky, "Tell me his brand, and I'll send a keg of it to every general I've got," was, of course, known and laughed at through the length and breadth of the land. I do not think that if Grant had been such a drinker as to be incapacitated in the slightest degree for his work, the knowledge of that fact would have failed to leak out. We literally had hundreds of his men in and around our part of the country always talking of him and what he did, and how much greater he was than any of those Eastern swaggering generals that the flatterers called "New Napoleons." I remember in the early days of the war my father snorting contemptuously over that soubriquet when applied to M'Clellan. After four years of war a good many men could express their opinion of generals, for they had got experience of blunders made by often over-praised men. But Grant never boasted, and he had taken Vicksburg and made the Mississippi a Union river from St Paul to New Orleans. If he did drink to the extent that modern historians would have us believe, then thousands and hundreds of thousands of men conspired to keep the fact hidden from those who would have been most interested in knowing it.

The whirling years passed over our heads making no impression upon me, except the change of the seasons, and I did not realise how fast I was being carried away from what I knew as my world. Our last trip to Lawrence was in April 1865, but we had no suspicion it was to be the last. My father had remarked in my hearing that he wondered what the newspapers would have to write about now, as the war was over. This was in the first week of the month, and I instantly imagined that as the newspapers had nothing further to write about they would therefore cease to exist, and I would no more ride to Mound City to fetch the post once a week, a job I dearly loved.

We were camping in the Waukarusa Valley, and I was running about collecting sticks for our camp fire to cook supper, when I observed a man on horseback coming towards us. He paid no heed to me, but when he saw my father who was picketing out the horses, he called out—

"Say, stranger, did you hear the news?"

"No," replied my father. "We've come up from Linn County. I've heard no news."

"Well then, Lincoln has been shot."

My father fairly shouted, "What, shot!"

"Yes, shot dead at the theatre last Friday night. News just come through to Lawrence."

It seemed to me that my father and Auntie

must have talked all night long over this strange and amazing news. They were talking hard when I dropped asleep beside the horses' feet in my bed under the waggon, and they were talking hard in the morning when I awoke to find Auntie cooking breakfast. When we drove into Lawrence we found it in mourning. Every door-handle had a bit of crape tied to it, and in the poorer streets a bit of black calico. Lawrence was always keenly free-soil, and this tragedy made it universally so. At a moment of almost panic excitement like the present, it would not be safe for the inhabitants of any house to have a door-handle devoid of its symbol of mourning.

My fear that the newspapers would now cease to appear, since the war being over they would have nothing to write about, was quite groundless. The papers broke out into an explosion of rage and anger, and in this they voiced the people. The pride of victory, the joy in peace being come, seemed all lost in a blind rage against the South who had planned this counter-stroke in revenge for the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. One might almost imagine that the North was going to war again to punish the assassin of the President, who in the frenzy of the moment was multiplied a thousandfold so as to include a horde of bloodthirsty murderers. In the quietude brought by the passing years we now know that there was

no vast conspiracy, it was only the crazy revenge of a few men of weakened intellect who thought to redress the balance against their defeated country by killing its most formidable opponent. A stroke was also to have been delivered against Seward, the Secretary of State, and some sort of an attempt was made on his life, even though he lay at home on a sick-bed. Grant also, it is believed, was to have been removed, only he had unexpectedly left Washington. The stroke against the President alone succeeded. He was shot in the presidential box as he was witnessing a play, and died in a few hours. The murderer, an actor named Wilkes Booth, escaped for the moment by jumping from the box on to the stage, and though he broke his leg in so doing he was hurried away by some confederates. Eventually, however, he was tracked out and shot.

Wilkes Booth's bullet placed Lincoln upon a lofty throne of honour and distinction, from which history has not decreed he should ever descend. The long and wretched history of the reconstruction period was the work of Lincoln's successor, Andrew Johnson. In the opinion of those who supported Lincoln he could never have made such blunders and committed such crimes against the lofty ideals of the North. Lincoln reaped the glory won by his generals, and was spared the

mistakes made by his political friends in the carrying out of the peace. Success in war has been found to be the easier of the two, by others besides Lincoln. The Great War took four years to win. That was eight years ago. Can any one be certain that peace is even yet finally assured ? One great and resounding virtue Lincoln had which history has not taken from him—he was truthful, and this in a politician who was out for votes seems now almost incredible. He had not the art of saying things which could be turned into having two meanings exactly opposed to each other.

" SHARK'S TEETH."

It was in the summer time of this year, I being just ten years old, that I was given some money to spend just as I liked. The sum was five shillings approximately, and I was given a free hand, always, be it understood, I was not to buy anything to eat. Now I had begun to like bright things; my earliest known remark had been, " Petty 'tars, petty 'tars ! " with an evident desire to possess myself of their sparkling re-

flections in the pond. We had as hired girl a big negress whose neck was adorned with two necklaces of glass beads, one yellow and one bright blue. Occasionally she had allowed me to hang them around my own neck, when we both admired them greatly. I resolved to spend my five shillings on two such necklaces for my own adornment. My father stopped on seeing me thus bedizened. He smiled slightly, tapped my chin, and said, "You are a woman after all. Shark's Teeth!" He always spoke of any ornament worn by a woman, which could not fill any useful function whatsoever, as Shark's Teeth. It was the first time he ever used the phrase in reference to anything of mine. I held to my necklaces, however, for I had been told I might get whatever I liked, and wore my beads for months. He never commented on them again, and he did not say "niggar necklaces," as many another father would have done under similar circumstances; for that would have been not playing fair. He knew they were "niggar necklaces," and as such not to be worn by white girls for a moment, and if I had learned the fact I would have torn them off instantly. So I wore my first Shark's Teeth in complete complacency and ignorance. I have had many necklaces since then, and I still possess and occasionally wear for the delight of my grandchildren some ruby red-glass Venetian beads, which always

give me pleasure and awaken memories of far-away days when "niggar necklaces" attracted my wandering fancy.

SOME OF MY DUTIES.

Although I paid no heed to the flying years, it was far otherwise with those in authority. Talk began to reach me of going East, of school, of seeing people again whom I only faintly remembered. The young girl whom I had so alarmingly driven ahead of the thunderstorm had already gone, along with her mother and two sisters. I did not, of course, realise in the faintest degree what it would mean to me. I was still full of my duties as they came to me out of my life on the plains. Chickens there were to rear, and in this my last year I raised one hundred and thirty-five, all to my lone hand. It says a great deal for the real healthiness of Kansas that I could do it at all. But we were disease-free as far as chickens were concerned. We had no chicken cholera, no pip, no gapes, no dying in the shell. Let the chicken-rearers of to-day think enviously of our luck. All eggs hatched out

except those broken by rude hens fighting over their families. There was an ample henhouse, as yet quite free from infection, and there were two storeys to it, with separate entrances for the laying hens and the hatching mothers, each one of which attended strictly to its own affairs. Though we had foxes of sorts about, they had not yet learned to attack henhouses, and anyway a few shots let off at night kept them at a distance. This was chicken-rearing in Kansas in the first years of my life.

As a contrast, let me give the numbers of my last attempt at chicken-rearing. Eight dozen eggs, bought from two chicken stations advertising as members of the Poultry Society, and keeping only one pure-bred stock, hatched out 50 per cent of scandalous mongrels, showing traces of a dozen different mixtures in cross-breeding. Of those hatched, 20 per cent did not survive to produce wing feathers. Of the remainder, ten birds were killed by a homicidal cat that invaded the brooder by night. At the end of the season I had twelve indifferent chickens, thin, undersized, and hopelessly behindhand in the race for the dinner-table, and this after six months constant attention in feeding and care.

The other night, being wakeful and impatient with the weariness bred of long illness and slow recovery, I reached out again and again a languid

finger and pushed a button. Instantly the room was flooded with light, a light so vivid and searching that it sought out every crack and crevice on the wall, and showed up each picture and print hanging thereon. Of course, it was the electric light I turned on and off according to my sick whim. Then there flitted across my memory the light of other days. What sort of light did we have in Kansas? Just tallow candles, and I had to make them. It was a job I sincerely loathed, from the boiling of the fat to the extracting of the finished candle out of its mould, scalding my fingers and scratching them with jagged tin every step of the way. There was not a redeeming feature in the whole business, except that we had a twelve-candle mould, and since for at least six months in the year we got up at sunrise and went to bed at sunset, we did not require very many candles for that period. During the rest of the year candles were brought in with ceremony, and used with discretion. I, for example, was never entrusted with a match during the whole time I was in Kansas; they were too dangerous. There are no rules for deciding what is dangerous for children. Some things are dangerous to some children and some are not, and there's an end of it. Only you have got to remember what sort of child it is you are dealing with.

Thus I was permitted to go alone into the

stable, feed the horses, climb up and over and under and around them any way I chose, so as to get their harness on and buckle it tight, to bring them out and put them to the waggon, single-handed. No one paid the slightest heed to me, well knowing that no matter how many times I fell off the pole when trying to sling the housing over Bess's big back, I would eventually bring the waggon and the two horses correctly harnessed to the door, and myself, hot and angry maybe, victoriously seated aloft, reins in hand and whip securely deposited at my feet. That was well within my power; but to strike a match and light a candle was quite a different thing. I was supposed not to be capable of doing it safely until after I was twelve years old. Such is the force of early training, however, that there remains with me to this day a feeling of anxiety when anybody else is lighting lamps and candles, so that if I am talking at the moment, the words hang on my lips, and I begin to watch the process of match-striking to be certain it is safely accomplished before I continue my remarks. I suppose one never forgets the things one really learned in childhood, hence the vividness with which I recall the four years of my emigrant life.

AGUE LAYS US LOW.

If Kansas was disease-proof in regard to chickens, it was far otherwise with human beings. Until this year of 1865 we thought it was, however, and we went happily forward in our work. The summer was excessively hot, and the heat was so great that it was almost impossible to hunt cattle, for the shimmering of the over-heated air prevented one from correctly estimating distances or recognising objects. Once in his buffalo-hunting days my father carefully stalked a small buffalo, as he thought, when after about twenty paces it rose up and flew away as a buzzard. I never had quite so striking an example of the deceitfulness of the shimmering air, but I was often deceived as to whether certain wiggling specks were horses or stock, or if either whether they were half a mile off or four miles away. The hot winds from the alkali regions were fearful. It seemed like the breath from a furnace. One could not go out nor work horses when these fire gales were on. The only thing to do was to shut all doors and windows, and throw water on the floor and lie down in the dampness before it was all steamed off into the burning air. How we longed for the night with its darkness and its dew! People

who were obliged to journey over the prairie did so at night as far as possible, and camped beside as large pools as they could find. The creeks had become mere strings of pools, for the water as a continuous stream had ceased, and a water famine seemed at hand. We had a thirty-foot well beside our house, which never failed and was always cool. It had been dug some two years previously, so personally we had nothing to dread. The horses coming in from the field used to stand beside that well and drink bucket after bucket of water until one thought they would burst; in fact, the only limit to their drinking was the patience and muscular power of their driver. After thirty buckets drawn up by a windlass out of the well, most men's strength began to fail.

In the high midsummer of this blistering year my father went to Leavenworth. Neither Auntie nor I accompanied him. It was thought too hot for us; besides, he was going to travel a good deal by night, when it would be cool, and rest in the shade of some river-bottom near water by day. It seemed a good idea, but he followed it to his undoing, and all because we did not then understand the nature and deeds of the mosquito. In Mexico the natives called flies the "arrows of death." My father used often to speculate on the expression, and wonder if the Indians had any reason for such a saying. He

was one of the first party of engineers who went there before the war to survey for the new line from Vera Cruz to Mexico City. That was in 1853. Afterwards, when he had become older and wiser, he used to say it was a mistake for the new-comers to a country to sneer at the wisdom of the natives. Better listen to what they said, at all events. He told the following story in reference to bridge-building for railways. A party of engineers were planning a railway bridge over some damp pebbles, and they were speculating on the necessary margin to allow for spring freshets.

"We'll ask these natives where the river rises to," observed one.

And the natives pointed to the tops of the adjacent trees.

"Stuff and nonsense," retorted the foreign engineer. "He doesn't know what he is talking about."

But he did; it was the engineer who didn't know, until some of the timbers and sleepers and things were found hanging from the topmost branches of those trees when the waters subsided after the spring freshet was over.

Now this Leavenworth trip, which seemed so successful at first, began to have bad results very soon. The hot weather broke in a series of fearful rainstorms, at first so refreshing and then so

impossible to provide against in a country where there are no bridges. The large rivers had steam ferries near the cities, but the smaller rivers—and there were many—had become raging torrents, and travellers had to wait until the waters rolled by. When after great delay my father did indeed return, he was manifestly ill with shivering fits, followed by fever, and including dreadful headaches and occasional fainting fits and delirium. Neighbours came in and condoled and offered advice. One said it was Kansas fever, which was "pretty bad this year, and they hear'n tell heaps o' folks up to Ossawattamie had it bad. There was a right smart chance o' children sufferin' around with it. They'd set round in the sunshine and feel cold, though it was hot enough for well folks, and then one morning they'd not get up, and wouldn't eat nothin,' and in a week's time they'd be dead."

My father seemed to get much better after a couple of weeks, and began to go out again with the horses and do some work. Then I fell sick. It did not seem chills and fever, rather constant low fever. Neighbours "'lowed I'd got it, sure enough." This decided my father, and he determined to leave Kansas this very fall, and not wait for the maturer decisions of next year. My health was the most important consideration to him ever and always. It is impossible for me to

tell about this sick time in Kansas in the year 1865, because a sick person is quite different from that same person when well, and in memory how shall I be able to tell which was which. There is no one now alive who can correct my false impressions. I am the last survivor of those emigrant days. Even this summer during illness I found the difficulty of separating my delirious self from my sane self on various occasions. Thus one night I entreated my smooth and uniformed nurse to go with me to an auction, a most important auction, where I wanted to buy a few acres of land for a special purpose. The nurse glibly assented, thinking to quiet me, but no, that only excited my cupidity all the more. I must get up at once, so as not to be late. Matters looked serious, and nurse, somewhat perplexed, explained she must consult about trains, and for this purpose must summon my husband. He was fetched, and to his extreme amazement was bidden to get ready at once, so as not to be late. But we can't start now; it is the middle of the night. Well, we must get ready now and go the moment it is light. So it was arranged, and I promised to sleep a little. Nurse settled pillows, and suavely inquired whose was the auction; was it at the Rectory?

"No, certainly not."

"Whose, then?"

" Mrs Tighe's ; who else could it be ? "

" Oh, to be sure," from nurse, in complete agreement with me.

Next morning with the daylight there came a quiet time to the frantic patient, who was told about this all-important auction. Mrs Tighe's name gave the needful clue. She was dead eighty years, but I was told about her when I was twelve years old by my grandmother, who had been dead over forty years. Does one never forget anything, I wonder ? Must every word be registered in one's mind to turn up some time to the bewilderment of the household ?

It is registered by others that we were ill with ague for about six weeks. Now the Kansas specimen of ague was the two-day sort—that is to say, a chill of an hour or two, which called for all the blankets in the house and bags of hot salt to try and warm the patient, to be followed by fever and delirium for a period varying from two to eight hours, according to the severity of the attack. This was the truly dreadful time. Then one whole day and night of quietude, stupor, sleep, and rest, during which one ate a good deal of food, after which the weary round began again. This routine of the disease was called " aguein' around," and it was " tolerable smart," or " kinder sufferin' only," in proportion as the delirium was violent or not. Mine was the " sufferin' " sort,

when I would lie for hours perfectly still and silent, so it was difficult to say if I were asleep or insensible. It was during one of these long silent spaces in my life that I sold my beloved pony Nellie, as described in an earlier chapter, when they had been in doubt as to whether I had understood what I was doing.

Of the Kansas ague it used to be said in my day that it ruined the health of strong vigorous men and improved that of delicate women. We certainly found it so, for after this dreadful attack we had in 1865, my father, from having been a man of most extraordinary vigour and strength, became an invalid for many years, unable to resume his walking, in which he had excelled; while Auntie, who had been very delicate, became more and more robust, until in 1888, when she undertook her travels in the desert, nothing could tire her.

In the period of this our greatest need in Kansas, we had the luck to be in the hands of a devoted, kind-hearted, hard-working negro woman. I can imagine no greater blessing: a white woman, no matter how good and hard-working, would not have been so loving-hearted. There is in the heart of the really affectionate negro woman a fund of love to bestow upon those she wants to help that no white woman feels free to deal out. The good negro woman becomes the mother-nurse at

once, the "mawmee" of childish years, and gives of her love in unstinted measure. With patience inexhaustible she bids her honey-child to take this or that supposed remedial draught; she assures one that the poor head will ache no more, until the over-spent nerves give out and the weary head seeks rest on that faithful heart and in those never-failing arms. We had Amanda —the blackest of negro faces was hers, and the wooliest negro hair, as tight in curl as the fleece of a small black lamb—for our one and only servant at this time of most dreadful need. She had been with us for a long time, she and her little boy George, a mulatto of a light molasses tint. He had none of his mother's charm and few of her virtues, but he was all the world to her. When first she came to us we used to be alarmed lest she should do the boy some harm, her threats against him were so fearful. Desirous of having her kindling brought in betimes, she would stand at the kitchen door and thus apostrophise him—

"Geo'ge, come hyar yo'; Geo'ge, come hyar dis minute. Yo' hear me! Come 'long den, else I take axe an' cut off yo' head."

Or again, to vary the phraseology somewhat—

"Yo', Geo'ge, come hyar dis bressed minute, or I'll stomp yo' two eyes into one."

THE POISONED WELL.

So long as Amanda was with us, the worst had not happened. To be sure, both my father and Auntie were in full grip of the ague, and I was ailing, but our food came regularly on the days when we could eat. There was worse to come. Amanda fell sick, and she vanished from our sight for evermore, she and her boy George. She was to come back when she got well, but she never came. I heard afterwards she had married a very intelligent good workman of her own colour, and had a large family. George died young; he had the defects of the half-breed. When Amanda had left us we were indeed in a bad way. There were then but the three of us, and my father was dreadfully ill. I used to be so frightened when the delirium came on, and there was no one to do anything for him but me, for Auntie's delirium orbit coincided with his. I had water for them to drink, and I had a peacock's feather fan for the flies, and that was about all the medical appliances we could boast. Neighbours came as often as they could. I am sure they cooked some food, for the fire was the utmost we could manage, and that only on alternate days. One day, when it is impossible

to say, a neighbour rode up to our house and stood a dark shape in the open door; my poor father, in the height of the day's fever, was roaring at a sulky team and driving them desperately down the bed-clothes, his eyes bloodshot and his voice hoarse with shouting. I was waving my feather fan to keep the flies away.

"Jehosephat!" said the man in the doorway.

I looked up, and began to cry. "He can't drink the water; it is so full of smell."

"Does your pa go on like that every day?" inquired the man.

"No, only the between days, when the fever is coming on, but he is always calling for water."

He smelled the water standing on a little bench beside the door.

"Bah! I don't wonder. Where did you get that?"

"From the well," I answered. "I let down the small bucket. I can draw it up myself."

"There's some dead thing in it."

"Yes," I replied hopelessly.

He rode away and passed on the news.

"Those folks up there on the high prairie must not be let die," was the result in words. In acts it took the form of Mr Adams' arrival in person on the following Sunday.

Mr Adams was the blacksmith from Moneka; he was also an Englishman, and a very strong

man. My father, who liked him very much, used to speak very highly of his strength. Now it came to our aid. From early morning till late afternoon he worked with inexhaustible energy, and drew up hundreds of buckets of water out of the well, until it was completely empty; then he got the ladder and went down into it, and collected thirteen dead and rotting moles out of the bottom of the well. He finished this, the best Sabbath day's work he ever did, just as the dusk of a bitter November evening was closing around us, when he drove home eight miles. We never forgot his great act of kindness, and to this day I (the sole survivor now) recall the look of him pouring out the water, bucket after bucket, till it seemed to me the very world itself must be running dry.

WE PREPARE TO QUIT OUR PRAIRIE HOME.

How long after this it was I am unable to say, but Ayre's Ague Cure came in bottles, from a friend in the East. I cannot say if there were any doctors in Kansas in those days or not. I

only know that we had none, and that my father thought but poorly of medical skill.

"I do not believe in doctors," said my father, "but I do believe in Henry, and I will take his medicine and see what it will do for me." This was in reference to the bottles of black stuff which had come out express from Lowell, Massachussetts.

I certainly expected something startling and sudden as I watched him swallow it anxiously. Auntie likewise swallowed a dose, but I had none, not being so full of ague as the others. Nothing happened that day, and we ate our chicken pie in some degree of hopefulness. The chill and fever were due next day about eleven o'clock. We watched the clock and each other as if it was an execution that was due. Auntie felt sure the chill was shorter than usual; my father admitted it was no longer. Fever followed, however, but we had something to think about, and at any rate we had good water to drink again. Bless Mr Adams and his strong arms and his kind heart. By the end of the week, there was no doubt about it, the chills and the fever were both abating. Auntie missed out one whole chill, and my father almost did the same. They both felt strong enough to get cross with each other and with me. By another week he was strong enough to make a beginning about selling off our place. Of the

business proceedings I know nothing, of course, and of our feelings on the subject, I suspect, I know as little. My father was anxious to be gone so as to get well at a water-cure in Cleveland, Ohio. Auntie wanted to get away from a place always hideous in her eyes; anyway, she was tired of it. As for me I had made a slight beginning towards a feeling of home. It is a feeling very seldom experienced in the United States. There nobody ever lives in the house where he or she was born. Each human rabbit makes its own burrow, and leaves it without compunction.

Once, many years afterwards, it was permitted to me to see into the heart and mind of a young man returning to his home after his first year's service with the colours. It was on the frontier of France, and it happened in that beautiful time of sunshine and peace which now seems for ever departed from Europe. People were frankly happy in those dear departed days, and looked confidently forward to being still more happy. That soldier boy was the only one of his race in the railway carriage; all the rest of us were summer holiday trippers returning London-ward after a month in Switzerland. He was carrying full kit, and seemed about twenty years of age. For some time he sat among us like a graven image, not moving a finger, only looking out of the window with intent gaze. At last he

could contain himself no longer, and pushing his kepi back over his wiry hair he almost shouted—

"I am going home."

The carriageful of London trippers received the exclamation in stony silence, all except one, who caught it up and said: "How splendid! I hope you will stay a long time."

"Ah, madame, yes. I have three whole weeks counting from this morning. You see I caught the train last night, so I have twelve hours more than if I had slept in barracks and started this morning."

"What a good plan. Now where is your home?"

"Just there, look. We slow down for the tunnel, and then we whistle to prepare the station for our arrival. When I was a boy I used to hate that whistle, for I had to get up and fetch the cows. Ah, but now——"

"You rejoice," said the lady, "for you know it means home."

"Precisely, madame. One is passably foolish when young. Listen, there it is."

It was a most commonplace railway whistle, but in his ears who knows what tones of silver trumpet it held for him.

We emerged from the tunnel, and on the road beside the railway there walked, or rather ran, a swift young woman of exceedingly common-

place appearance, neatly dressed, of course, who glanced quickly at the train.

"Behold Marie!" fairly yelled the young soldier, springing to his feet with a clatter of accoutrements. He caught me under the arm and jerked me to my feet and fairly thrust me towards the window. Our excitement was contagious: all the Swiss trippers looked up from their books and papers and began to smile. As for me, I was laughing with joy.

"What a pretty girl is Marie," I exclaimed, delighted. "Your sister, no doubt."

He glanced at me with shining eyes, and then said "Non!" short and sharp, like a word of command.

"Voilà, papa!" he exclaimed, and putting his great face on my shoulder he bawled in my ear, "Eh le père, me voici!"

But papa went forward at a wolf trot and never looked up.

"I don't see la maman," cried the soldier, now fussing himself into straps and buckles with terrific speed.

"The mamma is at the station already," said I. "She has been there full quarter of an hour waiting; that is what mothers always do."

"Eh what, bien sure, madame? Thus I embrace the maman the very first, before the father or, or, even Marie," replied the boy, throwing

all disguise to the winds. The whole carriageful was now on its feet hoping to catch sight of some of these happy people.

" Ah, madame," said he as the train slowed up and he got ready to pick up his rifle, " felicitate me, I am home once more. Ah, la mère ! see yonder, she is waiting. You said she would be."

I thought he was going to kiss me, too, in his ecstatic joy, only one of the London trippers had the door open ready for him to descend.

" What joy, home ! " he cried, looking back at us smiling, and he put his great arms around a little shrivelled old woman down whose cheeks the tears were running, and kissed her with two sounding smacks. That is what she had been waiting for. The platform gathered round him, and only the rifle made us know where he stood. The village had come down to greet him. I craned my head far out of the window to where Marie probably was. But I only saw the rifle hurrying down the platform towards the wicket-gate. No doubt Marie was shaking the dust from her best frock. She was running hard when the train came out of the tunnel.

The London tripper who had opened the door for the soldier to get out, now pulled me back into the carriage and said—

" You'll fall out if you lean over any farther."

But the glow of that boy's home-coming had warmed our hearts, and we talked about him and his demonstrativeness and how attached mountaineers seemed to their homes, and became quite friendly and altogether unEnglish for the rest of the way to Paris.

It cannot really be that the love of home is in any way connected with the physical confirmation of the earth. Why should mountaineers love their homes more than the dwellers in the plains love theirs? But the fact is patent to all. If it is a scientific axiom, then we must wait for its explanation till some unemployed Newton gives thought to the phenomenon. The prairies were certainly the very reverse of mountainous, and Auntie cordially hated them; but then the place in New York where she was born was mountainous and beautiful to the last degree, and she left it without a backward regret to go to Ohio. In after years when she came to travel in the desert, where one would not expect much beauty, she seemed to find a good deal in the mere play of light and shade.

OUR WINTRY FLITTING.

The last scenes of the breaking-up of a home are certainly very sad. My father left us some time before the auction, as he did not seem to shake off the effect of the ague even when the chills had ceased. Auntie and I remained for the auction in mid-December. I remember a feeling of pride and satisfaction at the sight of all those horsemen and waggons full of women converging on our house for the day of the auction. The prairie seemed teeming with people, and all coming to our house to buy our things. Never had there been such an auction on the prairie before in its short life of seven years. For were we not famous for our "heap o' truck"? and all now for sale without reservation. When the affair was over we stood in our bare and desolate house without bed or bucket. The large prairie waggons had absorbed all our belongings, and were going off with them. We remained a couple of days there quite alone. The stove was left with us by agreement, because the weather was turning bitterly cold. We did well enough without our beds, for we had plenty of dry fodder to scatter on the floor to sleep on, but we were without water, as the bucket and windlass rope had gone. How-

ever, a chance neighbour with a couple of reins passed by, and got us some water up out of the well, so we were not obliged to have recourse to our spring for our last drink of water. The usual result of an auction happened to us as happens to every one not hardened to those functions. Auntie had two horses to sell, her pony Blanche and Blanche's little six months' old daughter. Now it chanced that when Miss Blanche was sold there were no bidders present, only a couple of children, of whom myself was one, and our nearest neighbour, Mr Hunt. Of course, he got the foal, and for the proverbial song. Now Auntie did not know this was one of the invariable results of an auction, that your friends pick up bargains "all unbeknownst to you." The explosion that resulted when Auntie was made aware of this truth fairly frightened me. I did not know that she had such command of language, and Mrs Hunt cried bitterly. It was well Hunt was such a staunch non-resistant, for I really was at one time afraid he was going to strike her. It was very unpleasant, for the arrangement was that he was to drive us to Leavenworth, our nearest railway station, a matter of three days. Hunt made a good deal out of us one way and another. He carted a large proportion of our famous "truck" into the country, and was paid well for it. He bought our things cheap at the auction, and he carted the last of

us out of the country, and was paid well for that too. During these stormy days I was reminded of my father's often-repeated remark, that he wouldn't try Hunt's principles too far. He was afraid they were not built to stand very much strain. Auntie used to be very frantic at this, and declare she wouldn't be so suspicious for worlds, to which my father used to reply that she had not had very many business transactions with Hunt, and they brought out a man's real character in a wonderful way. Of course, Auntie had never before dealt in horse-flesh until this day of the Kansas auction, and she did not know what unexpected kinks horse-dealing discovers in the characters of the most upright of persons. The prairie settlers of those days had not the name of being very particularly punctilious in their business transactions, but I heard my father declare in after years that he was not cheated either of interest or principle by any Kansas man. He was a financier in a very small way, and, having a little cash to operate with, he used to lend small sums at good interest to a few of the people round about. Money was very scarce. Every one had plenty of land and to spare, but capital to develop it was the crying need, and this was where my father's spare cash came in. After ten years of prairie business he could say he never lost a red cent at the hands of one of those much-maligned

Kansas men. So friend Hunt's small effort at sharp practice in regard to Auntie's little foal may well have passed without such severe comment. Although very angry with us, Hunt never failed in his trust. He took the greatest care of us, and kept us as warm as it was in his power to do. The weather turned very cold, and only that he was an expert frontiersman we should have frozen solid, I think. We camped the first night in the bottom lands of the Ossawattamie, and succeeded in finding a spot completely sheltered from the wind. Hunt bent down some small saplings, and drove them into the ground with the lariat pins, and over the framework thus constructed he drew a buffalo robe very tight and fastened it to the saplings, leaving half the construction open to the sky and the snow. In this opening a huge fire of logs was lighted, which cooked our supper, kept our feet warm all night, and roasted our breakfast in the morning. The breakfast was hot roasted chicken, already half boiled by Mrs Hunt before we started on our journey, so that a very few minutes of the camp fire was sufficient to make the food both hot and thoroughly cooked. When camping, there are only two meals—one in the morning and one at night; no precious daylight may be squandered on eating in the between times. If anybody is hungry, there is always corn-bread to

be gnawed, and a little of that goes a very long way.

Quite early on the third day we reached Leavenworth, and closed our life in Kansas. I have never been back there since those old emigrant days, and I have never slept on the ground since that December night in 1865, when friend Hunt, in his anxiety to keep me safe and warm, made so big a camp fire, and spread over me so many and so thick blankets and buffalo robes, that I got so hot that I kicked everything off again and again, and had to be tucked up several times. Auntie, on the contrary, has often slept on the ground in the sand of the desert, both when it was hot and when it was freezing, but she never again had a buffalo tent over her, and never had the snow falling on her face as we did that night in the Ossawattamie valley.

We remained a short time with friends in Leavenworth to recover from the fatigues of that journey, and then started East. When we got to St Louis we found out how cold it was. The river steamers were all frozen in, and we crossed the water in omnibuses, which ran on a road of the corduroy type laid on the ice, which was six feet thick. No wonder Hunt had been anxious about us that night when sleeping under our bush-made tent in the Ossawattamie valley. The thermometer must have been round about zero for many a long day.

BACK TO CIVILISATION.

Those who have come with me so far on the road of my young life, and have followed me through the wild days on the Kansas prairie, must now turn their eyes eastward if they care to go any farther along that road and with that companionship. Of course, I did not know I was a half-wild little thing, but everybody else did, including the head waiter at the hotel in St Louis. Auntie said I might order what I liked for dinner, and I, calling up names that had lain dormant for four years, but that still meant something to my memory, said I would have beefsteak, mashed potatoes, and ice cream. Ice cream, and the river frozen six feet thick! What a mixture! It is significant that I recall the heavy loaded waggons crossing the Mississippi on the ice, and nothing of the cold in the hotel, for example. Probably all the pipes and fittings there were also frozen, but what went on in houses concerned me not at all. My whole attention was bestowed upon what went forward outside—the steamers frozen into the river, and the horses moving across it on ice-bridges. I heard afterwards that the break-up of that ice-pack was very disastrous when the spring rains came down-

stream. Those steamers all rose in one flight, and some of them roosted on the roofs of the warehouses on the wharfs.

Some days and a night or two in the train landed me in the centre of Ohio, amid a warm circle of my most devoted aunties. There never was a child so surrounded by aunties as I was—some real and some pretending ones, but all the most fond and loving of relatives.

MY FIRST MUSIC LESSON.

A LETTER from my father awaited me on my arrival at Yellow Springs. It told of how the doctor in charge of the water-cure was battling with the ague, and in especial of what my father wished done with me. I was to be taught music and dancing, beginning at once. As the days of my wild life were over, I was to begin that other life as soon as possible. I began on Mr Fessenden, that long-suffering man, my first music-master. Now I was in my eleventh year, and I had never yet seen a piano much less put my daring finger upon one. Auntie took me to the house of the enchanter and explained my

requirements. Had I ever played on the piano? Never. Did I want to learn? Oh, very much! That was hopeful; so I was left with Mr Fessenden for him to begin my education. I returned home in great joy, and told Auntie how I had made a lovely noise, and all by myself. I am certain I made a noise, but if Mr Fessenden's face did not belie his feelings, it must have been a sight for gods and men. One day when I was practising, and had been in action about twenty minutes, he came running downstairs in his dressing-gown, his hair rumpled, his face puckered up, and a look of horror in his eyes.

"What do you imagine you are doing?" he inquired fiercely.

"Practising my lesson," I replied, with a sense of righteousness not sufficiently appreciated.

"Do you know you have not yet played one single correct note this morning?"

No, I didn't know. In reality I had imagined I was getting along famously. I certainly made a lot of noise and all by myself; but I was performing after the manner of the player on the bones, banging loudly and in time, but quite regardless of the notes I struck. My musical education, thus begun, was carried on in a desultory way in many lands and by many teachers, but it was not really and thoroughly undertaken until many years afterwards, when my children,

being in need of an accompanist, began seriously to take me in hand. Then it was discovered that I had quite an extraordinary sense of rhythm and time, and that really it did not matter much what notes one played, within reasonable limits, if one could be trusted always to come in on the beat. The very first notes of music I ever heard were played on the flute by my father. I was greatly interested, and he taught me some Irish airs, but mainly the bugle calls of the United States Army at that time in use. Some of them I learned and some I did not. The best ones I passed on through the medium of whistling to Nellie and to Pluto. They learned to charge all right, for if they did not, and smartly too, Nellie got a sharp reminder from my spur.

THE PROFESSOR TAKES NOTICE OF ME.

Yellow Springs, so called from some mineral waters which bubbled up containing sulphur sufficient to colour the rocks over which it fell, was further noted for the presence of the College of

Antioch. All Auntie's friends and relatives depended on, or had some sort of tie with, the college, and I surmise that in her letters home she had very freely told of our wild life on the plains, and of the particularly wild little specimen of a girl she was trying to bring up amid those unusual surroundings. My name had, in fact, preceded me to Yellow Springs, and had awakened the interest and curiosity of one of the senior professors. As soon, therefore, as we were settled in our new surroundings, Professor Russell came to call. I was presented to him, of course, and at the end of the call he asked me to come with him for a walk in the Glen. This was a charming natural park, with water both running over pebbles and falling over rocks, with lofty trees and flowering shrubs, and every sort of pleasant spot to be enjoyed by ramblers. I was too inexperienced in worldly matters to realise that senior professors turning grey do not as a rule invite strange little girls of eleven to go for walks with them; but then I was very ignorant, and took it all in the day's work and play. Moreover, I very much liked talking to elderly men; they were always so patient and pleasant with one, and never jeered at my foolish remarks, but seemed, on the contrary, always ready to explain things most clearly. So Professor Russell and I became great friends, and were frequently to be

met with in the Glen, chattering and laughing together on a perfect equality.

"What do you two talk about?" asked one of his most eminent pupils. "People don't as a rule find him easy to talk to. And I heard him laughing the other day. I didn't know he could laugh."

"Oh yes, he can laugh," I assured my companion. "The other day he laughed because we were trying to hit a snapping turtle, and he missed it every time, but I didn't. I told him to aim in front of it so as to meet the moving head of the turtle, the same as if he were aiming at a man that was running across his line of fire. He simply lay down and roared with laughter."

"You are the most amazing little girl I ever met," said the eminent pupil of Professor Russell.

In after years, of course, I realised what an anachronism I was, and that was why the professor was studying me. It was as if the Neanderthal skull should borrow a pair of sturdy legs for itself and install an absolutely fearless tongue into its vacant head, and then be invited by an anthropologist to go for a walk and a talk about the Neanderthal people it knew in its distant youth of twenty thousand years back. Would not any one jump at such a chance of seeing what a really primitive human being was like? I know I would give anything for such a chance

now. The dear professor kept track of me, though I never guessed such a thing, and, to say the truth, completely forgot him, for he shortly afterwards left Antioch to take up a much superior post in Cornell. When I was at school in Paris he came to see me, but I had felt the touch of the civilising finger of France, so was shy, self-centred, conceited—in fact, everything a village schoolgirl is, and should not be, in the presence of a wise man who is kind enough to take an interest in her. He did not tell me so, either then or afterwards, and so another few years passed. I paid a visit to the professor at his home in Cornell, and saw for the first time his houseful of sons and daughters, and played games with them, and realised that they did not at all talk as freely with their formidable sire as I used to do in the old Antioch days. He invited me into his well-furnished library, and said that I might perhaps care to look over his books. I do not think I did particularly care about books at that moment, because I was acutely conscious of a boisterous game of "I spy" awaiting my assistance. However, I could not well refuse so distinguished an invitation, so I sat me down and was soon lost in a French historical work which I knew of, but had never hitherto come across. So absorbed was I that I failed to notice the luncheon gong, until the professor's quiet "I think we had better go now,

or those omnivorous boys will leave us nothing, I fear," brought me back to my surroundings. I was quite ashamed of my rudeness, but the professor was radiant and very chatty all day. I never saw him again, but when 'Perfection City,' my first book about Kansas, came out, he wrote to me so nicely. He had never forgotten his small companion of the walks and talks in the Glen at Yellow Springs, and he went further and said he knew the book would come, and he often speculated on what it would be, that he was so glad he had found me again (through my publishers), and that now he wanted to hear all about me. Of course, I wrote and said many of the things I should have said years before had I but known and understood. One more exchange of letters there passed between us, and then the Great Silence fell, and he is only another memory of my childhood, the delightful companion trying to hit snapping turtles, and making the high trees in the Glen echo with Homeric laughter when he failed, and I instructed him how to hit a moving target.

A CHILD'S CREATIONS.

Every child who lives much alone is driven sooner or later to create a world of its own to serve as a background for its mental activities and adventures. Now this mental world must be inhabited by all sorts and conditions of men and women, some good and some very bad. The bad ones generally are the most active, and have the most to do. They also must have names. In my case I gave the name of a real person to my evil genius: it was Sophie Hatch. Now this lady, a well-known and most estimable person, lived at Yellow Springs, and was intimately acquainted with Auntie's family. However, it pleased me to endow her with many evil attributes, founded on so slight a reason as a passing feeling of annoyance on Auntie's part at her refusal of an offer of marriage which she (Auntie) considered should have been accepted after so much flirtation. That was, I verily believe, the whole story of the difference of opinion between these two ladies. The name and fame of Sophie Hatch grew in my mind into a perfect legend. Every evil deed possible to fallible humanity was attributed to her, and my doll was instructed to look the other way if ever Sophie Hatch crossed her path. The

idea of so abandoned a creature crossing my path never entered my mind. Shortly after our arrival at Yellow Springs I found one day a visitor in our little sitting-room, a strange lady of bright and pleasant appearance, who was talking with much animation to Auntie.

"Come, my dear, and kiss me," said the bright and pleasant lady, drawing me to her. "I have been hearing such a lot about you," and she kissed me warmly.

"Yes," said Auntie agreeably; "Sophie Hatch thinks she would like to go and live in Kansas. Do you think she would?"

I felt as if the world were crashing about my ears. Was this the Sophie whom I had hated so long and so needlessly, the Sophie I had exalted into the supreme position of execration, and kept there with such fatiguing zeal for years, only to see her topple down into a mediocrity of goodness at the end? It was misspent energy, and most perplexing. Not only was she tolerated, but she was bidden to come again and often, which she did. I had to get reconciled to the fact of her existence, but early beliefs die hard, and I could not really ever like Sophie Hatch. How could I give the lie to all the things I had said about her to my doll, that blank, staring, unwinking witness of my thoughts and deeds, whose voiceless criticism of my own shortcomings

was sometimes very difficult to bear? I had no natural outlet for my feelings, no recognised channel for the relief of feelings, else it would have been easy to banish the whole accumulation of ill-feeling with a petulant "Don't you hate Sophie Hatch? I do."

"No, I don't. Why hate her?"

"Oh, I don't know; because she will wear that horrid green ribbon, and I hate green ribbons."

Thus the ordinary little girl, through the proper medium of words, meaning nothing; but I had no one to take on my words meaning nothing. There were only Pluto, Nellie, and Dolly to talk with, and my words always meant something to them.

SOME OF MY IMPISH TRICKS.

I CONTINUED to grow up, and the time began to draw near for taking me across the ocean to Europe. I fancy that it must have been noticed that too much of the Kansas soil was sticking to me. Certain it is that I did not accompany my father to his home in Ireland, but waited after him for over half a year. We spent a delightful autumn time in the Adirondak Mountains, and had a driving trip to Fort William and along the

shores of Lake Champlain. I was deeply interested in this region because shortly before I had made acquaintance with 'The Pathfinder' and 'The Last of the Mohicans,' and believed in them all. We were on a visit to the house of a particularly beloved Auntie whose home was among the mountains in that wonderful region. There were apple orchards round about, and a number of children in the scattered homesteads. I do not know which interested me most, the apples or the children. I had never seen either in such numbers before. My hostess Auntie did what was quite the usual thing to her. She invited the children to a party to meet me, and we had tea and cakes and sweet things, of course. It was the first party I had ever seen, and I was nearly twelve years old. I cannot say what the children, some fifteen or so in number, thought of me, but I was completely overwhelmed by them. I did not know anything about what they did, nothing about their games. I had to be told and explained everything as if I was about five years old. All my knowledge of scouting or cattle-hunting was less than useless, even how to hit snapping turtles did not come in. It was a dreary party, and I felt bitterly humiliated. It was only at tea I knew what to do, and could hold my own with the best. I have said that our hostess was one of my most beloved of Aunties.

I therefore felt called upon to right her wrongs. Of course, I felt absolutely certain I knew exactly what were her wrongs, and by whom inflicted. I feel far less certain now. However, I never lacked for confidence in my own opinion in those days, so I set about the punishment in solid earnest. Auntie's oppressor was obviously her husband, a gentleman who always addressed me in a loud severe voice, and never by any chance either laughed with me or at anything I said. The very antithesis of Professor Russell, therefore he was to be punished, and by my hand.

I always had good sharp pocket-knives, and knew how to whittle sticks quite expertly. This was all I needed. The ground was soft and squashy owing to the freezing and thawing of early frosts, also the orchard was full of the most lovely apples, only just beginning to drop. My luckless victim had one especial tree of apples he wished to keep for himself, and mentioned this fact at dinner one day, saying he intended mending a hole in the fence very straitly, so that his neighbour's pigs should not get a taste of those apples, since, if they did, nothing would ever keep them out of the orchard after that. I shaped and carved the bottom of two sticks so as to leave in the muddy ground a track like unto that of a hilarious pig running around after very sweet and toothsome apples. I ran around with my carved sticks,

and the tracks would have deceived the very mother of the pigs. Rage and anxiety puckered the brow of my host. He said how he had mended the fence again and yet again, but to no purpose. The pigs were in fresh each morning, and there was no knowing how many apples they had taken. Auntie tried to comfort him, but that only made him all the more angry. Of course, she did not care about his apples, &c., which made me all the more angry with him, and I took him a fierce and a muddy hunt afar over the orchard, and over a slippery streamlet, across which I hopped safely and into which he slid in his haste, as I fondly expected he would. During the ten days I stayed beneath his roof I never gave that luckless man an hour's peace over the pigs that were after his pet apples. I wonder he never found me out. He must have been stupid, I think, because he constantly saw me running about with my sticks in my hands. But then I looked so quiet and demure that, I suppose, he could not imagine my appearance could be so deceptive. Anyway, he never did find me out.

So we passed on to Elmira for a brief visit at Dr Gleeson's water-cure. I had been there before, when first Auntie had taken charge of me, and where I made my début as a public criminal. I was so small and so young then, barely six years old, that I was supposed to be incapable of doing

any harm to any one. Accordingly Auntie left me to go where I pleased, I and my small companion, the doctor's son, aged five. We had the run of the huge establishment, the gardens, and the Glen, except when the water was making a great roaring, for that meant there was a dangerous flood on. Now two small children obliged to speak in whispers because the patients were supposed to be asleep and resting from twelve to two o'clock, and creeping about noiselessly, got on the nerves of the little boy's mother, and she rashly said we might go and play in a certain garret where there was nothing we could injure, and we might dress up in the clothes we found there. Those old things did not matter. Very soon murmurs and whispers began to creep around among the menials of the establishment. An Irish cook was heard to lament over the wickedness of "them childer," and then some under-gardener was understood "to admire the cuteness o' thim, and they that innercint like." Finally Auntie was boldly told her little girl was in possession of jewels of gold which she was dragging up and down the stream in the Glen. Of course, Auntie was indignant; her little girl couldn't do such a thing. Well, let her go and look in such and such a pool. Sure enough at the bottom of the pool shining on the gravel lay a lady's gold watch, with long gold chain attached.

Auntie said she almost fainted, she was so shocked, but she did not lose control of herself, and maintaining the inalienable right of the Anglo-Saxon to be held innocent till proved guilty, she sought me out as I was returning from one of my piratical expeditions to the Glen. I had a small tin bucket in my hand.

"What have you got in your bucket?" asked Auntie.

I held out my bucket in all innocence for inspection and remarked, "We couldn't make the watch swim, so we left it in the pool."

The bucket contained bracelets, brooches, and gold scarf-pins.

"Who gave you those things?"

"Muffer did," said my small companion.

"Mrs Gleeson gave you those?" inquired Auntie of me.

"She said we might have them, and dress up," I replied.

This was too much. Somewhat swiftly Auntie took our hands and without a pause haled us before Mrs Gleeson.

"These children tell me you gave all these jewels to them, and there is a gold watch and chain at the bottom of the stream as well," said irate Auntie.

"Well, I never," began Mrs Gleeson, as well she might.

"Yeth, you did, muffer. You thaid we might dreth up in anything we liked in the garret," announced Eddie, with vast confidence and his usual lisp.

A cheerful laugh was heard outside the door, and a delicious voice called out, "So you did, muffer. But you didn't know I had put all my trunks in there last week, and they weren't locked."

"Zippy Brooke, come here and explain to me what has happened."

Zippy Brooke, Mrs Gleeson's younger sister, came in, a vision of beauty that remains with me to this day. One glance of her dark eyes and one smile of red lips could, and did, explain everything—men's senses out of their heads and hearts out of their bodies. Zippy made it all right, and we went our way rejoicing, and what is more we had not lost any of the jewels, not even the gold watch which wouldn't swim. In years to come I often looked at Zippy's picture, and marvelled again over its beauty. It used to hang in the Pitti palace in Florence, on the wall next the window of the fifth room on the right of the entrance. It was not called Zippy Brooke in the catalogue, but Judith and Holofernes, by Allori. It was her face and features, however, the dark flashing eye, the bright red lips, the tight black curls, and the wonderful transparent

clear skin—all those marvellous features which played such havoc with the patients at the water-cure in Elmira. It was popularly said to be the case that every unmarried man in the establishment fell in love with Zippy, and if he did not, then all I can say is, he must have been stone-blind indeed. When last I heard of her she was still Zippy Brooke, and men were falling in love at the rate of half a dozen a week.

MY FATHER'S UNPLEASANT HOME-COMING.

My father returned to his own land in 1866, the week before Christmas. It was a period of stress and trouble. If any should care to inquire why, I refer them to the history of the period, where it will no doubt be duly set forth; but the trouble I particularly wish to refer to is that caused by heavy rains and high tides. Now it will be remembered that he had been gone since '61, and the family place had come to him in that period, and I was known to be alive and following him in a few months' time—I, the foreign-born daughter of the house whom it had never seen. There

was, however, first the returning master to welcome, and the season was Christmas-time, and the weather was damp and chill, and the hour was the first of the night of a wild and cloudy day. The circumstances were not favourable for a comfortable drive of thirteen miles towards the mountains where lay his home. He told me of that drive long afterwards, when he thought I was old enough to bear it without being made panicky. On landing from the river steamer which came to the final small town up-stream where the road for home started, he greeted the groom who brought the trap, and was not surprised to find he had encouraged his feelings of delight in the usual way, and was very maudlin and happy over his congratulations. Two miles out of the town, where the road sank to the edge of the river to prepare for crossing a small tributary or pill, as it was called, he noticed some very dark pines against the sky, and, looking up, he mused how singularly they were like funeral plumes, and further, that the number seemed right for him, should they adhere to the old ceremonies. He was not given to morbid fancies, but he had been ill for a long time now, over a year, and did not seem to get better, so he mused on the funeral plumes till his eye caught the flash of water in a place where he did not expect it.

"What's that water?" he inquired of the groom.

"It's the new bridge, sir," replied he. "They haven't finished yet. We has to drive along the causeway by the stakes, 'count of the tide bein' that high. It's all covered with water."

"Stop a moment," cried my father at the edge of the water; and he proceeded to rapidly remove his overcoat and woolly vest, his scarf, gloves, and hat, and stood upright in the trap, a slight active figure, 5 feet 8½ inches, scowling under keen eyes at the swollen waters tumbling between the stakes of guidance.

"Lord, sir! you'll catch your death o' cold," cried the horrified groom. "Whatever did you do that for?"

"I might catch my death easily enough," replied my father, "if I entered that water buried in overcoats. Drive on now, and mind you don't miss the posts, as you value your life."

He drove on, and in two minutes was outside the line of posts.

"Mind! your right hand!" yelled my father; but he was too late, or was it perhaps the groom did not know which post to aim at. Anyway, the car turned over. My father sprang or was shot clear of the vehicle. He came around in time to see the horse kicking, but being pulled down by his harness under the cart, and the man going

under too. My father was an expert diver and a good swimmer. He made a dive for the man, and succeeded in catching him by his coat-collar. Knocking him smartly on the head with his other hand, he dragged him backwards towards the bank exactly opposite the door of the public-house which caters for the needs of those that go down to the river in horse-carts. He sent up a shout for help to the public-house, but his cry met with a reception which could hardly be experienced in any other civilised country. It appears that natives of Ireland are reluctant to save those in peril of drowning, for they still hold the belief that the demon of the water will claim their own lives instead. In this case the men heard the cries for help and came to the door, when they must have been aware that some one was struggling in the water, but they turned back and shut the door.

"Oh for one hour of prairie-settler's help!" groaned my father. "No man out there would cry in vain for help on a winter's night when he was saving a man's life single-handed, and ten men stood in a door not ten paces off. No, not between the Kansas border and Pike's Peak!"

The poor horse was drowned, but my father succeeded in saving the groom, who made no effort to save himself; and now that there were no more lives to rescue from the water-sprite,

the keeper of the public-house supplied some dry clothes and a car to bring my father over the eleven weary miles that separated the place from his home. But though immediate steps were taken to recover his trunks, it was found that they had been opened and some of his things pilfered. Such was my father's home-coming out of the wilds of the prairie back into the civilisation of the Old World!

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE "OLD COUNTRY."

I FOLLOWED exactly six months later, arriving on Midsummer Day, being then twelve and a half years old. It took me a long time to learn that I had come into a different world from the one to which I had been accustomed. It was not easy for me to realise that we did not understand each other's language, for example. I got on better with grandma's little dog in the matter of language. All I had to do there was to retire into myself and understand what the little dog wanted: Pluto had taught me so well. We did not come straight home from the steamer, but

made a little trip in Wales. It seemed an opportunity of showing me a couple of mountains and what they could do, or perhaps what I could do—who knows? At all events, we went up Snowdon. Auntie loved mountains, and so did my father. He had done a good deal of mountaineering in a mild way, not as a climber but walking, and loved it. They stood looking at the scenery somewhere half-way up, and expressed great delight. I was quite able and willing to express my opinion when I had any worth publishing, and did so on this occasion.

"Yes, it is lovely, beautiful," I exclaimed with energy.

"Now you see," said my father under his breath to Auntie, "she has some appreciation of the beautiful. It only required to be brought out. This is really the first mountain the child ever saw."

"Yes, that's true," agreed Auntie with some hesitation. "I certainly never observed the least sign of her noticing scenery before. Most gratifying."

"Do you think I might catch it?" I inquired blandly.

"Catch it. What do you mean? Catch what?" asked my father.

"That darling little foal. I would like to feel its funny ears."

Auntie crammed her pocket-handkerchief into her mouth, and my father ejaculated, "Well, I declare!"

"I never saw anything so nice, and its ears are as long as its tiny body," I went on with delight.

"Oh, you need not worry, we have some like it at home in Ireland," remarked my father in some contempt.

"I am glad," replied I with enthusiasm.

"Yes, quite a number; meanwhile Snowdon may wait a little."

"Oh, let's go on up the mountain," I remarked with politeness. "We can look at the foal again coming down"; but my father only tweaked my ear and said nothing. Auntie, however, seemed amused for quite a while at something.

We spent some time looking at the Menai tubular Bridge. It was an engineering feat that still held the imagination of the younger generation of civil engineers, and as far as it lay within my power to understand, my father explained different points to me. Of all the points explained to me that day but one really sunk into my mind and remained there, because I was at the stage to understand it. Talking to the guardian outside the entrance of the bridge, my father remarked that he heard it was held by engineers that the vibration caused by the passing trains was slowly

but definitely altering the atomic structure of the iron plates, and that some considered the bridge would one day suddenly collapse under the strain put upon the weakened texture of the iron. In after years when I came to live in London, and consequently used to cross backwards and forwards to Ireland every summer with my children for their holidays, I do not think I ever rushed on to the Menai Bridge without calling to mind that talk with the guardian so many years before. Little scraps of isolated knowledge, like sand in the bearings, don't do much else but scratch and leave scorings by which one can sometimes trace their presence.

In the very first days of my life in Kansas I got turned around, as the saying is, in my small head, and somehow felt mixed up as to which was east and which was west. I recollect asking my father, was east always east ? Did it never become west and look the other way, at dusk, for instance, when there were not any shadows to help one ? He assured me the points of the compass had long been fixed, and that they never varied. Of course, I believed him, but privately I tested the accuracy of his statement and walked the half-mile from the spring to our house with my arm sticking straight out towards the setting sun. I recall to this day how my arm ached, but I did not falter, and kept the obstinate little arm pointing

to the west until I reached the kitchen door, and thus verified the compass. Now, on the eve of going to Ireland, one midsummer night he again directed my attention to matters astronomical. It was half-past eleven at night by the ship's clock, and we could still see to read large type on deck. This fact kept me interested and employed for quite a while, till after we got across to Ireland, where I found it dreadfully cold.

"You will have to get accustomed to that," observed my father. "It is always cold there, even in summer-time."

"Blessed country," murmured Auntie, who never could stand any heat.

What did Ireland look like to me when I came here just fifty and eight years ago? Very full of people; the streets of the towns seemed swarming with people, crowds and crowds of them, and all doing nothing and doing it complainingly. One arrived at the railway station to be met by a string of beggars, each calling witness to his or her ailments in loud and often violent language. I had never seen any beggars in the streets of the few towns I had been in hitherto in my life, and was amazed. Auntie, true to a practice she afterwards carried with her to Italy and elsewhere, expostulated audibly and declared she would be ashamed to beg; she never heard of such a thing, and so forth, most ineffectually.

I must have come with a pretty empty wallet of knowledge to Ireland, as I remember myself in the year 1867, not that I realised it at the time, but from the books that I read when I first went free of the family library. It was not an extensive one, as we came afterwards to count libraries. There had not been any children in the house for some time. They are often absent from Irish homes. The chain is broken so often, and in the usual way—by a disturbance. My great grandfather fled from our house in 1798 owing to the then Rebellion, and stayed away for twenty years. Just as a century and a quarter later my grandchildren took flight, and for the same reason, the period of their exile being not yet fulfilled of fate.

Now, such being the history of the house, it followed that I, born and nurtured in war and a civil disturbance, took to the life as a duck to water. There always were Irish questions, and they used to be finally settled about once in ten years. The trouble with them is they never stay settled. We shall see now if things are more settled under the new order. To this old and grim-looking house came I, full of turbulent life and energy and unhampered by much knowledge. My relations, whom I had never seen before, were much surprised at me, I feel sure. Grandma, who was sixty-seven years old, was more nearly

my age than any one else. We liked the same things, and loved dogs. We were both to go to the Paris Exhibition together, and were wild with joy at the idea. She could speak a little French. I did not know there was another language besides the flat American tongue I wielded to my own complete satisfaction. Meantime she wanted me always with her, and made a tremendous pet of me. She never had had a daughter, and a little girl who made her way straight into all the dogs' hearts—and grandma was devoted to dogs—was a prize indeed. No one loved the dogs as we did. I climbed up the moors behind the luncheon trap after the men with the guns, and rolled over and over down the sconce while waiting for them to come in, while she sat in the heather watching me, and marvelling that out of that far-away strange prairie should have come to her a little girl after her own heart, who didn't find dogs either a bother or disagreeable, but who used to put her arms around them and kiss them. This was the little playmate who had come to her in her old age, and we were going to Paris together that very year. Wild ? Yes, she was wild, rather after the manner of a healthy strong boy. She did not gabble, and that was a comfort. Grandma hated chattering, gabbling girls. She did not know what she would have done with an incessant chatterbox.

I had such an odd incomprehensible way of calling everything in the house by an unknown name. It was a source of much bewilderment, and certainly not being able to send me on a message was annoying. Indeed it was confusing to more than grandma, as I found out the first time I entered a shop in Ireland. I felt as if I had got into a madhouse. I could not get hold of anything I wanted, and when I came home and told grandma of my disasters she said with such kind intent—

"Now, my dear, whenever you are in doubt about any name of things being different from what you are used to, you ask me beforehand and I will tell you. It will save you many mistakes and much mortification."

I laughed so much at darling grandma for this well-intentioned, if impracticable, offer that she got quite huffy, and I had much to do to pacify her.

A sailor cousin, who was on the Atlantic route from Liverpool to New York, came to inspect me, and I was in great delight. He would tell me what it felt like to be a real sailor; but all my joy was dashed when I overheard him say to my father, after being shown how splendidly I could swarm up a rope and shin down it with one hand to hold on by, my chief trick—

"Ned, my boy, what a sailor was spoiled when she was made a girl!"

It was, I think, the first time I realised the limitations of my sex.

I got on better with my nearest neighbours at the Rectory, where, I suspect, I was sent on approval. At all events I appeared, and was at once surrounded by a host of children and all sorts of strangers. Of course, it made me shy. I was acutely conscious of a great difference in speech between us. The little girl nearest my own age handed me a kitten to hold. Now kittens are as good a test as babies—you can hold them if you are fond of them, and you can't if you don't care for them. I can't hold cats, and the little girl saw that.

"Oh, perhaps you'd rather come round to the stables," she said politely.

"Yes, I would." Here was something more in my line. I could speak intelligently about ponies. Possibly there might be one to ride. I hurried around with her towards the yard. She opened a door into a small room. I saw nothing but a couple of boxes.

"See," she said, "these are two dormice, and here are my four guinea-pigs in this box."

Ye gods and little fishes, what a come-down, mice and guinea-pigs, when I was looking to see a pony! I must have made a grimace, for she hastily covered up those rodents and said perhaps I would like to see little chickens instead.

I said no, I did not like little chickens. I had too many to look after in Kansas.

Did I look after chickens? how very exciting! How many did I have?

"Last year I hatched and reared 135, and helped to eat them too. I don't think I shall ever like chickens again," was my reply.

One overwhelming moment of silence followed, and then we compromised on tea instead. However, we came to terms on other things, and have stayed there during all our lives ever since.

MY WORSHIP OF NAPOLEON.

THE most enlightening visit I had was by way of a very commonplace gentleman who had been a playfellow of my father's when he was a boy, and had lived unchangingly in the same house ever since, about six miles away from us. He was the son of a Peninsular officer, who had married a lady who entered Paris in the wake of the Allies after Waterloo.

"So you are going to Paris," he observed to me. Every one said that to me. Evidently the habit of going to Paris had been broken in these

later years, people were so astonished at our going. "Then you'll see the Emperor Napoleon." I stared at him, and the moment he left the room I demanded of my father what did he mean by saying I would see the Emperor Napoleon.

"Well, just that. He is in Paris, and we can make a point of seeing him one day."

"The Emperor Napoleon died at St Helena," I observed with severity.

"Bless me, this is Napoleon III. who reigns now in France."

"Do you mean to tell me there is an Emperor Napoleon now alive?"

"Of course I do. Did you not know?"

"No. How could I. I thought the Emperor was dead and forever lost to France. Who is this one?"

"Why, he is the nephew of the first Emperor."

"Then he is Hortense's son?"

"Yes, I believe that was his mother's name. But how came you to be such a Buonapartist? I never dreamed you cared a button about the whole lot. Who told you anything about them?"

"Nobody told me anything about Napoleon, but I have read the 'Life of Josephine,' by Abbott. I think I know it by heart."

There it was, my first book. Some one had given me the little volume, and I had devoured it with the famished eagerness of the over-hungry

child. It was written strictly for the use of *la jeune fille*, most discreetly, and there was nothing in it to blush about, as there might well have been. I could freely worship everybody, and I did so wholeheartedly; hence my familiarity with the ramifications of the family of Napoleon, and my ignorance of the fact that his nephew occupied the throne of the Buonapartes. My father, who had a good deal of familiarity with contemporary history, was not at all inclined to be worshipful of them, either from the political or the personal point of view. This I perceived at once, so forbore to press upon him my ecstatic delight at finding a scion of the wonder race upon the throne of France. Not so grandma. She was only a woman, and like myself must listen to people's rhapsodies, and put up with them. Here I was met by further difficulties. Grandma proved to be a Legitimist, a Bourbonist of the bluest hue. What was I to do? It was clearly the guillotine that occasioned this. Grandma could not stand that. Napoleon could look after himself; at all events he could and did look after most of Europe for a good many years, but what about the poor king and his queen, Marie Antoinette, pathetically standing beneath the glittering knife which shed its baleful gleams upon their heads! No throne has given so great a lustre to any sovereign of France, and there they will stand for evermore

enshrined in the pitying hearts of mankind. Pity endures, but hatred dies.

The next book I read in my newly recovered old home had likewise a great success with me. It was a book of fairy tales, the ones the human race was nurtured on, but which was forgotten to be put into our luggage when we went emigrating off to Kansas in 1862. I sat me down with 200 fairy tales, and took them at a dose: Cinderella, Jack and the Beanstalk, the Three Bears, Little Red Riding Hood, and the rest. In after-years when my son was old enough to take me to the Christmas pantomime, he used to declare that when he wanted a rousing laugh over a silly joke that everybody knew, there was nothing for it but to take me. I could be depended on to laugh at everything, and that my laughter was certainly infectious. Kansas had not spoiled my pleasure for me, and I was not *blasée*.

WHAT I NOTICED IN LONDON.

The summer passed swiftly on, and since the Exhibition was to close at the end of October, we were in September to make our leisurely way

to Paris, by way of London, of course. We had such a lot of time in those days, and spent it freely in journeys. We used to leave home at six in the morning and drive thirteen miles to the steamer, time two hours. Then a very leisurely trip down the Barrow River from New Ross (another two hours) brought us to Waterford. There we had all the time in the world, for the English boat did not start till eight o'clock at night for Milford, and it took till next morning at four to get there. Already we have consumed over twenty hours from our door. To London was another half-day, and finally we were dumped dirty and tired at Paddington about noon. Thirty hours and over since leaving our house in Ireland. Grandma used to say her brother took nine days to get from his home in Tipperary to school at Eton: then, of course, that was all done by coach and by sailing packet. In my childhood we moved rapidly, as we thought, and got to London within two days. Last summer my grandson, returning to school, left us after dinner at eight o'clock and was in London for breakfast. I wonder how much faster we are going to make it in the next couple of generations? We must be getting near the speed limit if we are to keep inside the influence of this planet.

I recall a few of the first sights of London,

and particularly the jam of people and vehicles on London Bridge, for we stayed at an ancient hotel on the very corner of London Bridge, with which my father had some old associations. The ceaseless string of human beings and vehicles wearied me, and I soon tired of looking out of the window of the coffee-room. There was no variety, I complained, it was always the same. I evidently could pick out nothing to fit my taste. Also I was dreadfully afraid of getting lost, so I used to trot close behind my father and grandma and Auntie, keeping them well in view. Moreover, the flagged pavement was a great bother to me. I was always looking down at it, what for I cannot say, except it was to avoid snakes, and the intersections of the side streets were a constant worry. I feared to fall off the pavement, I suppose. All this tended to make me look down a great deal. One day as I was thus following my leader, as it were, I became aware of a pair of gigantic shiny black boots under my nose, then rapidly elevating my astonished vision, I saw a pair of white leather legs, a gleaming red coat, white fists with gauntlets, a silver corslet, a golden helmet, a pair of blue eyes, and somewhere floating in the upper ether a white streaming plume. I sprang forward, seized my father's hand, and jerking him around, said in my shrill American accent—

"Say, whatever is he?" and pointed an indicative finger at the wonderful vision.

"That," said my father, looking up at the sky and the clouds sailing overhead, "is one of the Life Guards. He is doing sentry go." Then dropping somewhat nearer earth he remarked to the lamp-post: "She has just come from America, and never before saw so magnificent a uniform, nor a more magnificent man in one."

The wonderful vision showed twelve wolf white teeth behind his golden chin-strap, and no other emotion whatsoever. It was the first time I ever encountered the perfect discipline of the British Army. In all the years that I lived in London afterwards I never remember hearing these magnificent troops spoken of except in a tone of delicate irony. How they got quite exceptional tips from nursery-maids for the privilege of walking with them, and so forth. Nobody seemed proud of them, and when I expressed my boundless admiration of them, it was considered a sign of my Irish-American tendency to extravagant phraseology. I often tried, and never succeeded, in getting any one to agree with me. And yet deep down in their shy self-conscious English hearts they thought precisely as I did, but would not say so. That was the whole difference between us. I heard one man and one woman speak of the Guards as ordinary properly constituted people

should, and this was during the Great War. The Englishwoman was reading the newspaper, and suddenly dropped it in her lap and said "Oh!" with a sort of blank unseeing expression in her eyes.

"What is it?" I asked, for it was October 1914, and we were always looking for the worst.

"It is very bad," she replied.

"What is?"

"Out there."

"How do you know?"

"The Guards are ordered out."

"And that means——?"

"Something dreadful that only they can put right. The Guards are our last hope always."

Those superb troops, that they pretended to laugh at, were their last and best hope.

Now for what the Englishman said. He was a wounded officer whom I met convalescing at a friend's house just four years later, again in October. I had met very few fighting men, living as I did remote from it all up in my distant mountains.

I asked him what exactly "coming through you" meant when used of a fight.

"Well, you lie flat down on your face when you hear the order and make yourself as narrow as you can, and the relieving troops run up in the spaces between you and the next man, and you

are no longer in the front line, and you have nothing further to do but be thankful you are alive. The last time they came through us, it was the Guards. My! but we were glad. When it's the Guards you know you are safe, quite safe. We had an awful time after the passage of the Lille Canal with water up to our armpits, and on the far side there was nothing to shelter us from the enemy guns. Then came the order to let the relief through, and it was those gigantic guards that came thundering past us. When we saw who it was we nearly choked with joy."

So, after all, there was not so much difference between us in our appreciation of those wonderful troops, only I expressed myself more promptly and more forcibly than their countrymen did.

One day grandma told me she wanted me particularly to come with her to Trafalgar Square; she wanted to show me something that would be gone the next time I came to London. It was Northumberland House, which was going to be improved out of existence, and off the face of the earth where it had been placed by those who built it. There it was fair and square across the beginning of Northumberland Avenue, with its stiff lion trying ineffectually to straddle the whole space, but only succeeding in looking a very small lion indeed beside the huge ones couching in the square.

"I do hate improvements," remarked grandma. "Why can't people leave buildings alone where they always have been, and go and build in the open spaces of the world? There is plenty of room. Wasn't there plenty of room in Kansas?" she asked me with a twinkle.

"I don't like old things pulled down," I hazarded. "There soon won't be anything left to show you how it used to be."

WE GO TO PARIS.

I HAD not in the least realised how it was going to be when we got across the water. A black hood of complete incomprehensibility fell over my head, sudden and all-embracing.

"Do you understand a word they say?" I inquired of grandma.

"No, my dear, not these people (we had landed at Boulogne), but I expect to understand the Parisians," replied grandma hopefully, and I noticed she put on her spectacles and kept them on, from this time forth. She was very near-sighted, but she was in the habit of helping herself

along through life by the aid of a single little eye-glass. From the moment she went abroad she put on her spectacles and kept them on.

My father, somewhat more limber in his tongue, began to talk a little with a young naval officer who travelled to Paris in the same carriage with us. He seemed a likely victim for my propaganda, so I told my father to tell him that when I died the first person I was going to search for in Heaven was Napoleon Buonaparte. While this elaborate doctrine was being translated I looked as intelligent as I could at the sailor man and nodded my head affirmatively.

He acknowledged me and my theories with a correct naval salute, and made answer and said to my father: "Tell mademoiselle, your daughter, it will be useless to search Heaven for Napoleon; she will not find him. Let her try down below; she will have better luck," and he gave another naval salute, and pointed a meaning finger at the floor of the carriage. Clearly not all men in uniform were Buonapartists, even in France.

How many visitors have arrived in Paris just as the evening was falling, and been decanted out of the Gare St Lazare into the cheery street to find iron tables and chairs and dining-people all over the place on the pavement? It is not a bit like a railway station; there are cabs, of course, and porters, but these are by the way. The main

business when you come in by the late afternoon train is dinner, and that as soon as may be.

"I suppose we can sit down here and dine also," remarked my father. "It seems the cheerful custom."

"Had not we better get some hotel and creep into a room with basins and soap and towels?" asked grandma, who is the best of travellers, but still has prejudices in favour of old-fashioned ways.

"To be sure. That is a good idea." And so it was.

The rue d'Amsterdam absorbs all travellers the first night, and for various reasons does not keep them long. It took us and our trunks in, and we took ourselves out to dine on the pavement as soon as possible. A fine evening in the early autumn was ideal for warmth and balminess, and people cling hard to the fast vanishing days of summer pleasantness.

"Now this is what I like," said grandma, genially surveying the stream of people walking past us as we sat at our iron table.

"This is what I call seeing the Parisians enjoying themselves." Grandma's eldest sister had come to Paris in the wake of the British Army after Waterloo, and during her childhood grandma had heard bright stories of how the Parisians enjoy life and themselves, and now at last, when

she was near three score years and ten, she was going to see the sight with her own eyes. She was the youngest of a string of sixteen children. I don't know which child, she or I, was the more delighted over that first dinner on the pavement outside the Gare St Lazare.

THE PENSION OF MADAME LECOUR.

NEXT day we started house and school hunting. The instinct of the mountaineer made us go uphill. We had no other guide, so we went up the rue d'Amsterdam and found ourselves in the Boulevard de Clichy. That is not a fashionable quarter, and very few foreigners getting to Paris either for a short or a long stay establish themselves in that neighbourhood. It is not either good enough or bad enough. It is just commonplace, and so it exactly suited us. We were not prepared to dive down into the Quartier Latin, nor rise into the lurid heights of Montmartre. We established ourselves in mid-respectability at Clichy, in the pension de famille of Madame Lecour.

It is well to be the first in the field. English people were no novelty in Paris later on, but I

verily believe we were the only ones in the October of 1867, in the neighbourhood of the Boulevard de Clichy. I certainly never saw any others during the four months we lived there, and I heard of no others in the conversation that went on among the other boarders in the pension. There was one foreign lady, a Dane, who had fled out of Schleswig when the province was sold to Prussia in 1866, and who remained in France or Switzerland cursing her country's despoilers till her death in '85. We often came across her again in various pensions. She was a veritable pension Bedouin, always on the move, always somewhat dissatisfied, but very agreeable to her fellow-Bedouins. She took to us and we to her. She was an admirable linguist, and spoke good English. I used to sit in her pocket in the salon in the evening in the hope of being able to pick up a word, in the flashing back and forth of the talk between her and the French people there assembled.

Madame Lecour, the boarding-house keeper, was a woman of talent; she made her house a success. It was always full, and her boarders were contented. She was a plump woman with black eyes, good teeth, and red lips. It is remarkable how useful she found her personal appearance in the course of her business. Intending boarders, looking at her well-filled cheeks, drew therefrom

the happiest auguries as to the quality of the soup and the quantity of the *rôti*.

"Monsieur," she would say at just the right moment, "I have no private sitting-room of my own. I live with the family, I breakfast with them, I dine with them invariably."

And since it was evident that madame had dined well for a number of years, the intending boarder, upon hearing this speech, nearly always fixed a day for his arrival. The pension Lecour was full before we came, or so it seemed, and it was merely fuller afterwards. The noise at the breakfast table could not possibly have been greater. French people do not talk fast, but they talk very loud, and their practice is to make conversation general, so that one has to pay attention if one wishes to pick up items of interest. Of course, I was one great question mark from the first day of my arrival, and happily I was seated beside a stout well-favoured lady who I conceived to be of the right age—*i.e.*, the age to have made it possible for her to have seen Napoleon. As I was only a tongue-tied child, the oblivious boarders did not take any notice of me, little imagining how I was scanning them with appraising eyes to judge of their age so as to sort them as useful to me or the contrary.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1867.

Of the Exhibition, the very reason and essence of our going to Paris, I retain only the briefest recollection. Exhibitions were not then made playgrounds for children, as is the case nowadays. They existed for the grown-ups, and children were frankly bored, unless they took strange interest in odd things, or unless, like me, they were made the recipients of the singular tastes of other people. My father haunted the newest rifle, cannon, and Krupps' exhibits of mortars. "Mr Krupp," as we called the showman, spoke very good English—was English, I opine,—and showed us the mortar several times, allowing so intelligent a pair to come inside the circumvallating rope which marked him off from other exhibits. I poking about found little to interest me, except the fact, always acceptable to me, that I was looking at the same things as my father. I succeeded in getting my chin over the edge of the mortar, but was not able to look into it. Mr Krupp lifted me so that I could look down into it, and my father, going one better, lifted me over the edge altogether, and set me down in it for one breathless moment. When, three years later, the Prussians were shelling

Paris, we used to speculate as to whether it was my mortar did the worst damage.

The King of Prussia had visited the Exhibition in the June before we did, and his aide-de-camp was a Major von Moltke, who used to ride out before breakfast all around Paris by the fortifications. Was he placing his batteries, I wonder?

The chocolate 'bus, drawn by brown horses, used to run from Batignolles to Odéon, straight across Paris, and they started from the end of our little street, just opposite the Mairie. I was delighted to find them there still when a generation later I went to spend the winter in Paris. They came down from their heights up towards Clichy, and, for the sake of old times, I used to tap them at the Palais Royal and go across the river somewhere. Now all is changed, of course, because motors have no memories, or souls, or anything spiritual about them. I remember an old-time sailor once saying to me that no man could love his ship if she were driven by steam. I wonder if this is the case. He was a sailor of thirty years' service, and seemed to think the soul of a ship resided in her sails. Certainly, as regards movement on land, I do not think any one could care for a motor as one did for horses. If a motor breaks down on the road it is, "Oh, the brute! what is one to do now? We shall miss the train," or whatever was the business in hand.

If a horse breaks down on the road, the annoyance of one's own plans being upset is nothing to the distress about the animal being hurt or injured. A friend once criticised a rider because she was only annoyed at losing the run when her hunter met with an accident: "Oh yes, she sent for the vet, of course, and I'm sure all was done for the horse that should be, but fancy not visiting him in his stable, and trying to comfort him. Treating a horse like a motor-car, in short."

Grandma and I loved the bright things in the Exhibition, and the queer people who came there and made noises on native instruments, but the caterers for the public had not yet understood what the public was and what he liked, and particularly what she liked. Eleven years later I caught a glimpse of another Paris Exhibition, and found that the French had learned their lesson. Half the place was used in reproducing old Paris in timber and painted canvas, and it swarmed with Americans. Of course, it did. That is what Americans were pining for. I remember one who was addicted to statistics giving it as his opinion that if the Bastille were only standing, Americans would pay off the Prussian war indemnity for the French, visiting it at a shilling a ticket. Such being the natural bent of young America, let loose in France for the first time, it may be imagined what was my feverish haste to

find the old things. And they baffled me at every step. Grandma and I were hard put to it to find the spot where the guillotine had stood, and where the tricoteuses, those carrion crows, sat with their knitting and watched the nobles of France die with grace and exceeding courage—no, not courage, but rather let one say elegance.

Then again there was the detestable practice of changing the names of places for no reason at all, except the childish vanity of the municipal authorities—a world-wide characteristic this, which bothers historians in Ireland as well as in Paris, Rome, Pavia, Florence. Pepys mentioned going to see the Duchess of Grafton who was in bed with her little son, a pretty baby a week old. This baby was afterwards Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and gave his name to the greatest shopping street of Dublin. I only found this out two years ago, and I feel sure, if the knowledge leaks out, they will now change the name.

MLLE. NIGAULT'S SCHOOL.

Madame Belhomme, the stout and genial widow of a charcutier long dead, was the first to hold out a hand to me in my unsteady progress into

the French language. I sat beside her at table, and she began a systematic enumeration of the articles destined for our use when dining. I soon got a fine parcel of knives and forks and spoons into my possession, and did not require to repeat the process, but when we got to the food I made many laughable blunders. However, hers were not the only lessons I had. I was going to school as well at a tiny day-school, such as exists in almost every street in Paris. Mlle. Nigault, having an aged mother and two young nieces to maintain, took a house with a couple of spare rooms and a garden, and announced that she gave instruction in the French language and sundry other things besides. Mlle. Nigault's system of teaching was the very best possible one for me; she taught at the top of her voice, shouting the words as loud as she could, and repeating them over and over again. If one's mind refused to hold such teaching, one's ears got possession of the words mechanically and held them for very weariness. I acquired an extremely good accent this way, and spoke like a native Parisian, but had not the faintest idea of grammar and very little of spelling. My companions, the little French girls, seemed to me to know nothing of anything on earth. They talked and gabbled during all their spare time, about nothing at all, but it was good French; they were not allowed

to clip their words, nor to use any slang. Also French people do not giggle. A nervous giggle, such as so often detracts from the talk of English girls, was always repressed. "Voyons," in sternest accents, "what do you laugh about, bête?" and this not by teachers alone, but by the elder girls. There were in our absurd little school two girls who were going to be married, after the mid-summer term. They were seventeen or eighteen years old, and the perfect gravity of their demeanour was something very charming to see. They used to walk around the tiny garden arm-in-arm, keeping an eye on their juvenile companions, softly talking over their more intimate affairs. We of the lower gang used to look upon them with awe, and we obeyed their slightest suggestion in the matter of our deportment with such excessive zeal that I fancy we must have thought we had but to follow in their footsteps to reach the same successful result. *Elles se marient* was the explanation offered in awe-struck tones, and with many a gratified nod. Their *futurs* we never saw. I suppose they duly turned up on Sunday for the promenade in the park, when we were not to be seen.

We had a small park all to ourselves, just behind the Church of St Marie, the Park of Batignolles, with a tiny lake in it, in two parts connected by a bridge, and a tiny mountain beyond, down

which ran a tinier path, which just took my hoop with great velocity. There were so few people in the park that my hoop and I had the mountain and the walk pretty well to ourselves. Most people, however, preferred the Boulevard de Clichy as a place of recreation. Here were to be had seats, sunshine, trees, and space, and above all, people in all and every action possible to the human frame and voice.

MY GLEANINGS ABOUT THE GREAT NAPOLEON.

We haunted the Exhibition during its last days, the weather being fine. Its life was prolonged another eleven days, and then we turned our attention to the sights of Paris. We went somewhere specially on Sundays and Thursdays, and encountered other schools doing likewise. It was the fashion to take girls' schools sight-seeing. They had no games nor sports, properly so called, and no drill such as boys enjoyed, so we used to go to the museums on occasion. As our teachers were utterly unable to make anything in museums interesting to young children, since they them-

selves knew nothing whatsoever interesting about them, it followed, of course, we were led at a hand-gallop through the picture galleries of the Louvre, and were finally brought to the relics, where Napoleon's tooth-brush and gold spoon, with which he ate his soup the night before Austerlitz, were set out, and his camp-bed displayed and also the telescope he used at Waterloo. These things were well within our comprehension, and the place was very popular too, crowded with soldiers and nursery-maids. One had to get one's turn to see the tooth-brush, for instance, and guardians of the relics had a busy time of it moving us on. Much encouraged by one of these visits I suddenly asked Madame Belhomme if she had ever seen Napoleon—the great Napoleon, I hastened to explain.

"No, my mother would not let me go. She went, poor soul, and never again ceased to weep."

"Ceased to weep; what for?" I inquired.

"Well, you observe, my little cat, that we women do not love Napoleon. The Emperor has killed over many of our men."

"It was the enemy killed the French soldiers," I replied.

"Without doubt, but he made them the enemy. See you, my father marched away with the Grande Armée to Russia, and we never saw him again. That is why my mother always wept, and would

not let me go to see the Grande Armée. Even I hate the Avenue, and never pass that way if I can help it."

"Is that why it is called Avenue de la Grande Armée?"

"Exactly, *ma fille*. It is full of the shadows of marching men to us whose fathers marched away to Russia and never more were heard of. My poor mother could never look again upon the snow. It is not white, she would say, it is streaked with blood, and dead men's corpses are sticking up through it. She always saw my father's dead face looking up at her through the bloody snow. Bah! we women of France have cause to hate Napoleon."

Madame la Comtesse did not like me. I never quite understood why, for I should much have liked her to be ready to talk with me, as was Madame Belhomme. I was obliged to pick up her story from our Danish friend, for all I could understand directly from her was the fact that she had saved the life of her mother in the *La Terreur*. This notable achievement was continually referred to. "Jai sauvé la vie de ma mère," said Madame la Comtesse with such firmness and clearness I could not fail to catch the words, and finally one day I asked out loud of our Danish lady, "However did she manage to do that?"

"It was under Robespierre, who did not put to

death mothers of unborn children. Madame la Comtesse had the filial devotion not to be born until after the tyrant was himself guillotined."

Madame la Comtesse was royalist, and had emigrated with the nobles and returned with the ci-devants, to be married at the Tuileries, and given away by the Prince de Joinville; and after a long life of going into and out of Paris with the varying royal families who were making history in France in those days, finally, in her extreme and bitter old age, she came to settle down in the pension Lecour at Batignolles, where all that kept her alive was the daily discussion with M. le Colonel and M. le Commandant over the campaigns of Napoleon.

"Agree, Madame la Comtesse, that Napoleon took the eagles of France into every capital of Europe," said the Commandant.

"Mais oui, monsieur, and brought into Paris in consequence a specimen of every nationality as its conquerors."

"Madame knows as well as I do, these hordes came in owing to the treachery of our allies," would reply the soldier fiercely.

"The kings of France never depended on such allies, monsieur."

"Madame la Comtesse selects her history and its kings with great skill," sneered the Commandant, turning on his heel with a bow. So

they went at it again and again, each accepting the other's challenge with great spirit.

Monsieur le Colonel, who next after Monsieur le Général was the most distinguished guest in Madame Lecour's select boarding-house, was a man of such perfect courtesy that even Madame la Comtesse could not squabble with him. Also, I even suspect, she secretly admired his devotion to his Emperor. There was something touching in it. The devotion which began when he was a little child and would end only with his life. He told us his story with perfect simplicity one evening when Madame la Comtesse was laid up with a cold, and had not been down for a week or more to the salon. I asked the Colonel when he first saw Napoleon, having been excited to do so by Madame Belhomme, who told him I was looking for some one who had actually seen the first Emperor.

"In October 1799, mademoiselle," said the Colonel, looking at me with kindly interest.

"And grandma was two years old all to two months," I observed, after considering for a moment my universal age rule.

"And I was all but eight years," continued the Colonel. "You will understand that our country was in great distress at home and danger abroad. Enemies there were everywhere, and our army shut up in Egypt, winning victories, no doubt,

but the fruit of the victories snatched from us by those English, a *maudite nation* which held the seas. It was after the Battle of the Nile, and our fleet was destroyed. My father was mayor of the town where we lived, and he said no one could save France but the General Buonaparte. He kept looking down the long road to the South. Would he come, and in time to save France from the politicians? So my father spoke each day."

At this period there was an opening for a most blushing account of the proceedings of Josephine, which, however, Abbot completely failed to take advantage of in the 'Life' which fell into my adoring hands. On the contrary, according to him, she ecstatically got ready a swift carriage and to rush down the Lyons road to meet her hero the moment she got word of his coming. Monsieur le Colonel's father got ready children with flowers, and rang bells and fired guns the moment he caught sight of the column of dust arriving from Montélimar. It was the General Buonaparte coming to save France.

The father of Monsieur le Colonel mounted into the carriage of the General, and the little boy, holding his nurse's hand, waved his cap and shouted "Vive le Général!" at his best.

Buonaparte at that moment was in great doubt about his own position, and how far France

desired to be saved. He had a quick eye for every possible chance, and noted the little boy.

"Who is that brave lad?" he asked of the Mayor.

"He is my son," replied the delighted father.

"Let him also ascend into the carriage."

This was done.

"Ah, my fine little man," said the General, taking him on his knee, "and wilt thou be a soldier under me?"

"Oui, mon Général," saluting as he had seen his father do.

"'Tis finely said. *Tiens*, I decorate thee here and now," replied the General, and taking the cockade from his own hat he put it into the boy's cap.

"This is to be his badge," observed Buonaparte. "I enrol him from this day. I charge myself with his future."

"Oui, mon Général," said the child once more.

"And thus it was I enlisted."

"And did you go to the wars?" I asked, fearing lest these compliments exchanged on the road from Frejus meant no fighting.

"That I did," replied the Colonel, smiling brightly, "from the age of sixteen on."

"Sapristi!" said the Commandant, "but he took them young, did the Emperor."

"And where did you first go?"

"I made the campaign of Prussia. I was at Friedland and Essling. One could choose one's country for fighting in those days. There was fighting to be had in plenty everywhere. I even had a taste of the treatment of the roi de Prusse. I was for a short while prisoner in Prussia. It is not gay, that."

"Eh! travailler pour le roi de Prusse," chanted the Commandant. "One has heard about that."

"I think the fate of the prisoner is always hard," remarked the Colonel. "I would not choose my own countrymen, if it came to that. I have no illusions concerning le Maréchal Davoust, monsieur."

"Non, par example," said the Commandant, and then as these two soldiers remained meditative and silent, I feared there would be no more recollections unless I poked up the fire, so to speak. So I did.

"Were you at Waterloo, Monsieur le Colonel?"

"Non, mademoiselle, we of the old army remained at Waterloo and were buried where we fell. It was the young conscripts, the boys, who knew nothing of the General Buonaparte, who wavered and broke. Also, was I not with Grouchy? Ah, Bon Dieu, we should have all been there. Then it would have been different."

The poor man got up and walked about wringing his hands. Ah me, I did not know there was

so much fire still there in that old heart, or I should not have stirred it with so thoughtless a hand.

And Madame Belhomme, how differently she had spoken.

Also at the Invalides I got another lesson. Our guide was manifestly an old Napoleonic soldier, white-haired and hard of hearing.

Very soon came the inevitable question—

"Monsieur, in what campaigns did you take part in your fighting days?"

"Hein, mademoiselle, you interest yourself in war and fighting?"

"I interest myself in the greatest soldier who ever lived, and do not you also, monsieur? He was your Emperor."

"Une jeune fille has other preoccupations, and should not allow her thoughts to rest on the killing of men. 'Tis a most deplorable job."

"But do you not feel great pride in Napoleon? I have done so since I was able to understand anything," I retorted with considerable scorn.

"Perhaps it is because you do not understand, mademoiselle, and I do, that we think so differently," he replied very courteously, and my father, suddenly intervening in the conversation with an emphatic "That is very probably the case," brought it to a close.

Monsieur le Commandant had but recently

retired from military service. He looked active, upright, and full of vigour, but he was frankly pleased to have some time to himself. He employed it valorously in playing the flute and learning English. He did neither well. I used to get on famously with him as long as he stuck to French, but his incursions into English always frightened me. He never could forgo the delight of the liaison in English, which had a staggering effect.

"Ee jetuppa feevo clock," sounded to me like Chinese.

The dinner at the pension Lecour was in striking contrast to our dinners at the boarding-house in Lowell, where we spent the previous winter. There we lived in the house opposite, and crossed the street to dinner. Now Auntie, ever the most sociable of beings, found it rather dull living shut up with a slip of a girl, with whom she had, moreover, spent the last six years; therefore she spoke to one or two of the men at the dinner table. Our landlady scowled. She began to bang around and hit her elbow against our chairs, and then our shoulders. The negro waitresses were instructed to inquire if we "weren't agoin' to take no more pumpkin pie" before we had half-finished our first helping. In her serenest and severest manner Auntie said she would see later on. Then the landlady stood behind me to jerk

my chair from under me the moment I had put the last mouthful into my mouth.

Then Auntie inquired what she meant.

"I mean this table's got to pay its way. It hain't let out fer talking. It's here for folks to eat at, an' it's got to take three sets of dinner during the hour. That's time enough to get it done."

"Do you wish us to leave?" inquired Auntie loftily.

"Well, if you can't eat your dinner like other folks, I do."

We went elsewhere, inquiring how many sets of eaters had got to be fed in the hour before engaging to come.

"I don't drive my boarders as hard as my next-door neighbour," replied the landlady gently. "There is only one dinner, and people may take their time over it."

THE PARIS OF NAPOLEON III.

What did we talk about in the boarding-house in Lowell? I don't remember anything. There was nothing, I fancy, and that is why we took to

Paris life with such avidity. We tried to help ourselves to civilisation by chunks. A morning's walk around the Tuileries gardens, with perhaps a peep along the Champs-Elysées—what a sight to think about and talk over! In all the world could there be so much history anywhere as in that little space? The Louvre, too, what had it not seen in the centuries that were flown? Each king had added another bit to the great pile. Louis XIV. had closed up the river-side, and the Emperor kept his horses in a long stable on that side. We all got permission and went to see the horses in their palace stable. It was stately and grandiose, the mean little dwellings that cumbered the place du Carrousel had been swept away, and nothing but trees, shrubs, and gravel is now left. Marie Antoinette trying to make her way through them to her coach, preparatory to the attempted flight to safety under devoted Count Fersens' guidance, could not get lost now that there is nothing to obstruct the view. All the sovereigns of France have taken pride in that pile of buildings. It belonged to them all. The Emperor of my childhood, like the older Bourbons, busied himself in beautifying it. His ambition was to close the rue de Rivoli side. The workmen were at the very last bit when I was in Paris, and stone-masons were making the little woolly-looking channels in the stones

which mark what is known, I believe, as rustic work. Napoleon III. was a good antiquary, and took the keenest delight in working out problems or in having them worked out for him by competent men. The past history of France was in good hands under him. Under his enlightened rule the correct reconstruction of a mediæval castle received the care of Viollet le Duc. He would, I feel sure, have delighted to rebuild la Bastille, only to demonstrate how strong old castles were made, but that overwhelming force, the ignorance of the multitude of St Antoine, would have risen in its bestiality and forbidden it, and this Napoleon knew right well. So he contented himself with connecting the long line of the Louvre and the Tuileries, and thus completing the work of Henry II. and Catharine de Medici. The Medici princess, coming from Florence, could not help being a builder. It is in the blood of the Tuscans, and is also a disease caught by people who come to live there. The present writer, when visiting Florence after an absence of a quarter of a century, was astonished to see the horizon broken by lofty piles of buildings, and frowning outlines of castles in places where formerly there were none, and inquired of a grey-haired vetturino what buildings those were.

"Ancient castles, signora," replied he suavely.

"But there is no ancient castle there," said the

signora, pointing to a remarkable object beyond the Porta Romana."

"Oh, signora, that is the Castel Guelfo," said the vetturino.

"There was no castle there thirty years ago. I know this city well. I used to live here."

"Ah, then, the signora is instructed. No, these castles have been built quite in these recent years, but exactly like the old ones."

"Who built them ?"

"The Americans. They like old things, and they have money."

But to return to Paris in 1867. France was still rich, and could do her own building, and had no need then of American money. So the Louvre and the Tuileries were getting their last touches to complete the design of kings of three hundred years ago; and in the dismantled Exhibition Mr Krupp was packing up his prize mortar to take it back to Prussia, against what time it should be wanted; and in Berlin Major von Moltke was looking over his notes of those morning gallops around the fortifications of Paris, and thinking his thoughts.

The kings of old France had one duty—war, and one pleasure above all others—the chase. Now their ancient castles were erected for one or other of these operations; a few of them were equally well prepared for either. The Louvre

and the Tuileries were at either end of an ever-widening parallelogram, while the gardens of the Tuileries at the broad end led to a large square with fountains and an obelisk, whence a great avenue fled away two miles up the Champs-Elysées, to the Arc de l'Etoile, the greatest triumphal arch in the world. Standing beneath that arch one could look along any of twelve avenues which stretched spider-fashion from the centre, Friedland, Essling, Wagram, and the rest. Queens in exile dwelt in some, great financiers in others, opera singers in others, while in the ever-widening spaces between these gigantic routes masses of wiggling streets and crowded houses were stuffed as tight as they could be. In the straight line made from the Tuileries, up the Champs-Elysées to the arch, was the avenue de la Grande Armée, and for five miles farther, with never a bend in the line, the avenue continued to the Rond Point de Courbevoie. It was an attractive site; a place to visit often was the Arc de Triomphe. There were no busses there, only nice carriages and good horses of rich people wending their way towards the Bois de Boulogne, the very heart and kernel of pleasure-loving Paris. We went there often because grandma loved walking down the Champs-Elysées, and I suspect that my father was considering the neighbourhood

from another point of view. There was plenty of light, air, and space around the Arc de Triomphe, and that is what he was looking for, so as to establish me there. The Clichy neighbourhood was much too crowded and full of human beings for me, coming almost direct, as I did, from the spaciousness of Kansas. We waited at the pension Lecour to partake of the New Year's Day banquet, which lasted three hours, from 11 A.M. till 2 o'clock, eating all the while, so to speak, with long intervals between the courses so as to let the food be cooked. Auntie was bored to extinction, there being a certain similarity of hustle between her and our landlady of Lowell last winter. I was highly delighted, for it gave me a splendid chance of talking with Madame Belhomme. The dishes, too, were exceptionally exhilarating as to nomenclature. "Apples of earth hopping" were particular favourites with me, but when they were "hopping at the butter," as to-day, they were more than usually delicious. Then there was "Laugh of the calf at the banker's wife," a dish no one could fail to like, and many another savoury dish. Compare this banquet with the feeds in Kansas, of salt pork and beans by the acre, and for universal sweet thing, pumpkin pie, washed down with gallons of very inferior coffee made of burnt wheat grains. Madame Belhomme found

it exceedingly droll that I could never explain to her the menu of the favourite *plats* that one ate at dinner in "the desert," as she insisted on naming Kansas. Now when we came to leave Madame Lecour's boarding-house we found what a very superior manager she was, and to our cost of some eleven francs. There was a spidery table in our sitting-room, which was an utterly worthless piece of furniture (so we thought, in our ignorance), even when in robust condition, but now more than ever incapable, since it had a broken leg. My father objected to it at first, but Madame Lecour said it could lean against the wall quite elegantly and would do for mademoiselle's gloves when she came back from school, so we allowed it to stay, and it served as an object of wrath to my father whenever he knocked it over, as he did about once a week. That table appeared against us in the final round-up of our affairs as "dilapidations" to the tune of eleven francs. I feel certain it appeared against every one who occupied that room, and who failed to enforce its removal before coming into occupation.

THE PENSION OF MADAME VEUVE ROUYÈRE.

As soon as we had completely recovered from the New Year's banquet we removed to Madame Veuve Rouyère's *pension de demoiselles*, which used to hang out its very evident sign-board over the gate of No. 20 in the rue St Ferdinand aux Ternes, not ten minutes' walk from the Porte Maillot, hard by the entrance to the Bois de Boulogne, and next the Avenue de la Grande Armée. It was a most admirable situation, fair in the midst of the great avenues of princes and kings and opera singers and palaces of France, and yet, being just off the line of utter splendour belonging to them by right of descent, in the cheap district of Les Ternes. It was beside the starting-point of the busses from Porte Maillot to La Bastille, which crossed Paris from west to east, while the chocolate busses from Batignolles to the Odéon crossed it from north to south. There I lived for one and a half years. I was in the *pension*, but not of it, so to speak. Since Auntie was living there with me she had full charge of me, and my goings out and coming in, and also of my health. Madame Veuve Rouyère took charge of my French only. She was a kindly

woman, full of the best thoughts and highest aspirations, only hampered by shortness of cash. She said we came to her in answer to an earnest supplication to St Joseph, who was her patron saint, and to whom she was making I don't know what sort of pilgrimage in order that he might appoint some way out of her difficulties, and lo! we came, and straightway she borrowed money of my father. I really think she was honest inside, but honesty so often depends on what other people do or fail to do. Madame had a son just growing up, about eighteen years old at the time we appeared in the guise of special providence, and I opine that he was of the sort who require many interpositions of special providences when they are brought up by widowed mothers. He was a harmless youth who used to go in for examinations, and appeared only at dinner-time, when the day pupils were gone and only the teachers and the dozen or so boarders were evident. He used to enliven our evening preparation by bringing in news of the town very often. It was generally of a bellicose character.

"There was excitement on the Boulevards."

"What about? Are they fighting?" These questions were usually put by me.

"Pas encore, mademoiselle," responded Monsieur Joseph darkly, "but there is great excite-

ment. They are chanting the 'Marseillaise,' and that means something always."

"I chant the 'Marseillaise' every day. I like it very much," I replied with emphasis.

"A young lady in a school of superior class, such as my mother keeps, may sing it as much as she likes. It signifies nothing. But when one hears it in the Faubourg St Antoine, it is very different."

AN INTERRUPTED REVIEW IN THE PLACE DU CARROUSEL.

It was sometime during my first three months in Paris that we heard about a coming review in the Place du Carrousel, and my father determined to go and see it, and to take me. It would be a nice little review of the Paris garrison only that could be held in so small a place. We would see everything and everybody most beautifully. We went early so as to get a place next the great iron uprights of the *grille* that shut off the elect of the garrison from the sinners of the Faubourg. We had a long time to wait, so we talked softly together about the attack by the sections on the palace on the 10th of August

1792, and wondered how it was the Swiss could not fend them off better, having that mighty strong paling as parapet, forgetting that where we stood was a maze of little hovels at the time. The place was only finally cleared by Napoleon I., who had an eye for a good fighting ground, and had witnessed that very onslaught by the *canaille*.

"Ah, here they are!" said my father, hoisting me to his shoulder. "Now grip hard on to the iron bars; there seems to be a tremendous shove behind us. We are lucky to be next the *grille*."

The Emperor in the midst of his glittering staff came out from under the archway of the centre of the palace at a very smart trot, and beside him a little boy on a very bright sorrel pony at a hand-gallop to keep up. It was the Prince Imperial, the very apple of his eye, riding his pony, Bouton d'Or.

"Isn't it like Nellie?" I said breathlessly in my father's ear.

"What? Who? I wish to goodness we were out of this. The pressure on me is tremendous. If I should be knocked from under you keep hold with both hands on the iron bars. Stand on the edge of the wall. Let nothing dislodge you. If you were once down you would instantly

be trampled to death. I don't understand the meaning of this pressure. It is not ordinary crowd curiosity."

He looked very white and seemed to have hard work to breathe. I felt very frightened. The imperial party were coming down a lane between cannon straight at us, and I was looking at the pony the little boy rode, the pony so like Nellie. Suddenly they turned on their hind-legs, some of the escort seemed to rear into the air, at least horses' legs appeared in front of their very noses in the air in the most extraordinary manner, and the whole party galloped back into the archway of the palace in a thick cloud of dust, while from out of the ground under our feet there seemed to come a long low growl, a sort of smothered thunder-clap.

The pressure suddenly ceased on my father, and he heaved a great sigh and said, "Let us go as soon as possible. That is not the way a review generally ends."

"What was it? What do you think——"

"I don't think anything here. Let us go."

So we went home very slowly and very quietly, and I began to chatter about the little prince and his sorrel pony, and to ask did he know the French always called sorrel "Isabel," and was not that a funny name for the colour of a horse.

And he said he heard it was on account of the Archduchess Isabel's vow at the siege of Ostend, how she was so anxious for her soldiers to take Ostend by the end of the week at latest that she made a vow not to change her body linen until the town had fallen into her hands, and how the siege lasted eight months, but she stuck to her vow, and the colour of her linen was adjudged to be the colour we call sorrel for horses, and the name has remained such ever since. A long time afterwards we heard why the review was so abruptly ended, in the way one does hear things in Paris—not from newspapers nor from books, but from *on dits*. There was a plot or a wild scheme that day to assassinate the Emperor when he got to the end of the line next the rue de Rivoli. Probably the tremendous pressure my father complained of was the massing of the supporters of the plotters, so as to help them to escape after they had fired their shots. Who knows ? At all events, he decided never to take me again into a crowd in Paris. The sections had not forgotten how to come in their masses from St Antoine, ready for any mischief that anybody had decided on.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL'S BIRTHDAY.

THERE was a boys' school next door to us, and our playgrounds were within sounding distance of each other, especially when they had an extra holiday that did not fall to our share. This happened on the 16th of March in the year 1868. The 16th of March was the birthday of the Prince Imperial, and all boys' schools had a whole holiday, but not the girls. Here was indeed an injustice that filled my righteous soul with wrath. The idea of girls submitting to intolerable tyranny such as this. A deputation was formed straightway of quite a number of the elder girls, and singular to relate, I, the only foreigner in the school, was chosen to lay our petition before the headmistress.

I did so briefly, urging that such palpable favouritism and partiality towards boys would result in all French girls becoming anti-Buonapartists (Madame Rouyère was an ardent supporter of the imperialist cause), and what a disastrous thing that would be for France!

"Parfaitement, ma chère enfant, but the Prince Imperial is the chief of the boys of France; it follows, of reason, that little girls do not concern themselves with him."

"Madame, if he were a *princesse imperiale*, would we then be accorded a holiday?" asked the spokeswoman of the deputation.

"Yes, I suppose that would then be the custom," replied the head, with a certain deliberation.

"Is it our fault he is not?"

"Assuredly no," replied madame, laughing.

"Then is it just to punish us?" I asked.

"Mais, non," answered madame, "you may have your holiday."

Possibly she reflected that "special providences," which she declared we were, should be granted all possible indulgences.

Some weeks after this satisfactory result of our diplomacy I was walking home from some distant part of Paris which led me along the hot quay of the North side, just after passing the end of the palace of Tuileries where the Prince Imperial's little garden was. To give the child some degree of privacy, and also to add to his safety, the strong iron grating was further secured by a boarding which rose to a height of some eight or ten feet. The sound of boyish voices and little noises attracted my attention, and in two seconds I spied a small crack in the board within reach of my eye, and I promptly applied my eye to it. I had not taken two winks and seen three little boys running about after each other, when there was a group of people shoving along behind me

and trying also to see what I was looking at, and in two more winks a serjeant de ville tapped me on the arm, saying—

"Pass on, mademoiselle, no one stops here to look through holes."

"Ah, monsieur," I replied beamingly, "it is because our school is so grateful to this Prince Imperial. We had a whole holiday on his birthday."

"Then demonstrate your gratitude by passing on and never stopping again here," he replied, with a very firm wave of his hand.

M. LE POMPIER AND M. PAPILLOTTE.

Two persons appeared in the school, I suspect, owing to my father's expressed wishes. They were Monsieur le Pompier and Monsieur Papillotte. Needless to say these were not their true names. Monsieur le Pompier was a fireman with a notable brass helmet and a wide webbing belt, and a ring at the back with which to hook him up and lift him out of danger if he should be caught by fire. We had little belts and rings at our backs for him to lift us up into position, supposing we got tied

up in our gymnastic exercises. I had a *succès fou* with Monsieur le Pompier, and for the very reason that my sailor cousin had commiserated my father on his ill-luck in that I was a girl. He was sorting us at the first lesson, and took us by height at first for position. I was fourth. A fat Spanish girl was No. 1. She could hardly put one foot before the other. She was deaf and she was stupid, no one expected her ever to do anything, but she was big.

"Now, mademoiselle," he addressed me with a military salute.

"What shall I do?" I inquired.

"All you possibly can," replied the Pompier.

Here at last was my opportunity. We had a sand-hole made for jumping, into which, with a brisk little run, I plumped, and out of which I scuttled as quick as a rabbit, and then up the rope, hand over hand—I was still a very light weight with phenomenally strong arms,—to the horizontal bar, round which I revolved with velocity across to the vertical one, down which I slid with feet decorously entwined. In fact, my whole répertoire was gone through for the benefit of Monsieur le Pompier. He was equal to the occasion. He took off his brass helmet with a sweeping bow that would have done credit to a courtier in old Versailles, and said—

"Mademoiselle, permit me to offer to you my

most profound congratulations," and then stepping close up to me, with his brass helmet ever in his hand, "May I inquire if you were, by chance, in a troupe of acrobats?"

It was even worse than the sailor cousin. Clearly I was not meant to be a little girl at all.

Monsieur Papillotte was the dancing-master; a former maître de ballet, and now fallen upon sad days, as teacher to a school of awkward girls—and they can be awkward. He slided and he chasséd and he pirouetted to no purpose. He turned out the toes of his thrice ill-shapen feet, and straightened his old back, and puffed out his shrunken chest, and shook his screwy little curls till he made one laugh in spite of oneself.

"Now, my beautiful infants," he would begin, pulling out of his coat-tail pocket a fiddle which was no bigger than a gravy-spoon, and upon it he played some wheezy old tune he imagined was sentimental. All the while we were shuffling into our places with the utmost *gaucherie*.

"Oh! but how ugly to contemplate from the balcony," he would exclaim, shutting his eyes in horror, as he no doubt recalled some dream-ballet of his youth, when young ladies invariably floated and swam into position without the intervention of their dreadful feet.

"And we would add gymnastics to our already overloaded routine! Mon Dieu, why not perfect

the grace of our curtsey," *révérence* he called it, "instead of trying to leap like boys? There is study for a dozen years, mesdemoiselles, in a curtsey. There is the grace of youth to begin with, the holding of the head, the lowering of the forehead, and the modest abasing of the eyes, and when to wink, not the bold wink of the brazen promeneuse, but the delicate lowering of an eye-lid and a swift glance to the right or the left as occasion demands, so as to exchange——" a general defiant laugh from the whole class, which begins to waver and lose its formation.

"Mesdemoiselles, we waltz," with immense severity from Monsieur Papillotte, as he sees Madame Veuve Rouyère enter the classroom.

"Ah, mes chères enfants, how beautiful is the valse. It came in, I recall, after the journées de Juilliet. Non, I am in error, the valse came in after the first Restoration. The polka arrived with Louis Philippe."

"Madame, what a marvel of a memory," says Monsieur Papillotte in admiration.

"Ah, monsieur, what a fearful number of memories we have who are of the French nation!"

MY PLAYMATES AND COMPANIONS.

THERE were in our little boarding-school two sisters, Marguerite and Jeanne, under ten years of age, whose sole and unique merit and claim to the notice of history was that they had a father in Japan. In 1867 Japan was much farther away from the world of European civilisation than it is now, and especially for Frenchmen it was at an unheard-of distance. Therefore to have a father in Japan was a very great honour indeed. Marguerite, who was a fair blue-eyed little maiden, and very reserved and ladylike in her manners, allowed it to appear in conversation that she had a father in Japan; while Jeanne was black-eyed, blustering, and boastful, and hustled her honours into one's face, as it were. Having arrived in the pension Rouyère *viâ* Ireland out of America, I was not in a position of inferiority as regards travelling, especially as far as means of conveyance were concerned. I considered that in respect of the discomforts of travelling I could very well hold my own as a passenger behind Buck and Bright, in their ox-waggon. But I found that ox-waggons were not unknown in the Midi in France, but were only patronised by peasants coming in with the harvest and the

vintage. One did not boast of them, as one did about having a father in Japan.

Into this small world came I from the Kansas plains, all unknowing how different I was from other girls, and with me came grandma, aged sixty-nine, all unknowing how different she was from every other grandmother who had ever come to Paris: so full of interest she was in everything around her, so full of vigour, both mental and physical. She was able for anything. I remember one day when we could not get a fiacre to drive to some show she was most anxious to attend in the Bois de Boulogne—a review, I think, it was—she proposed to walk there and back, and stand the while on her two active little feet. My father, supported by all the men in the boarding-house at Batignolles, where we were then, said it was absolutely impossible, no one could safely do such a thing. It would be ten miles if it was a step, and all the standing as well. She gave in for the moment to their united wisdom and objections, but next day did the expedition by herself, walking every step of the way, and standing for one and a half hours in the Bois to rest herself! She came home with her head in the air, and declared herself not a bit tired. Now such a companion as that to go out with was indeed a privilege. She had but to mention to Mme. Rouyère that she desired my

assistance in an expedition across Paris, as she could not understand the directions of the busses or what people said to her, though she could make herself understood in a sort of a way, for that lady to acquiesce beamingly, "La petite Adèle ? but yes, very assuredly she shall be summoned from her French lesson, *du reste* she has made great progress in her French. She is the only pupil I ever had who could pronounce her closed é, *accent aigue.* The others all open their lips and let the letter tumble out, but never pronounce it."

Our first objective was the Arc de l'Etoile and the Champs-Elysées, down which we would meander, tasting of the joys of Punch and Judy and merry-go-rounds by the way, and looking at the carriages and their occupants. I was always on the look-out for the blue-and-silver of the Bodyguards, *les Cent Gardes,* as they were called, with their pale blue and silver trappings, and could never quite make up my mind whether I most admired them or the red-and-gold of the wonderful vision I saw in Whitehall the first day I was in London. There was no doubt who it was I wanted to see driving in her carriage in front of the Bodyguards. Of all the fair and regal ladies who have driven up from the palace at the foot of the hill upon which stands the Arc de Triomphe, assuredly none have been fairer than

that last one of the long line whom I used so often to see and to salute with my waving handkerchief. I fancy she came in the end to look out for me, since I was so often in the identically same spot, by the central fountains, waiting on the curbstone, handkerchief in hand and a smile on lip, ready for my Empress. She often looked straight at me, and always smiled sweetly as she leaned forward bowing. It seemed to me strange that she should drive alone, never bringing her little son with her. It did not occur to me why. She was afraid of the bullet of the assassin, and did not wish to involve her son in any disaster that might overtake her, and so she sat in solitary state in her carriage, with only her lady-in-waiting sitting opposite, bowing to the enthusiastic admirer on the curbstone and—who knows ?—perhaps envying her, too, the freedom and cheerful unconcern of her existence. Those magnificent blue-and-silver guards could not ensure a tranquil mind to the beautiful lady entrusted to their care.

Our expeditions nearly always were rounded off by a cosy little refection in a shop in the rue St Honoré, where one found certain *gateaux crêmes* of a supreme excellence, which we consumed, saying to ourselves, this is how the Parisians enjoy life. I never saw any Parisians in the little shop, which was largely patronised by Americans,

because those *gateaux crêmes* were extremely small for the price—five francs was nothing for the two of us,—and when we introduced an American uncle and his two nieces to the shop, he said a whole handful of money would not give them enough *gateaux crêmes*, and he had to buy ten francs' worth to carry home as well. We carried nothing home, grandma decided against it, said in fact it would not do to bring back a very nice cake into a school of young girls.

We were both living in the school during the Lent term of 1868, and grandma found the Lenten food extremely odd. We girls liked it very much. Our dinner consisted of about a quarter of an acre of spinach—real spinach—superbly grown and admirably cooked, and a huge tureen of rich chocolate, with bread "at discretion." Grandma said she could not eat enough spinach to satisfy her hunger. She declared she at last realised the truth of the saying that a cow must eat its weight in green grass before getting enough. She saw now how cows have to eat straight ahead for dear life, else they would never get enough to be able to stop and view the scenery!

THE MUSLIN BRIDES IN THE BOIS.

On Wednesdays in spring one went to the Bois de Boulogne to see the little muslin-clad brides dance on the grass under the green trees. It was, of course, only the brides of the very *petite bourgeoisie* who did this, and who looked like glancing white butterflies as they flitted in and out under the green-wood trees. White satin brides could not do anything so pretty; the satin flowed between them and the happy dancing, and swept them back from it. One met those muslin brides at the entrance gates in small processions, the bridal pair leading, papas and mammas following, aunts, cousins, and troops of suitable children bringing up the rear, perhaps sixteen or twenty all told, perhaps only a bare eight or ten. No sooner did they step upon the grass than a little fiddler would appear magically out of the ground and begin, a little way off, to play dance tunes.

The suitable children instantly whirled into vehement activity, and then, daintily, the muslin bride and her groom. Soon the whole group would be dancing in and out among the green trees. And so their wedding day passed in the sunny spring days of long ago. Our school, all

La Sauvage d'Amerique.

Aged 12 years.

schools in the neighbourhood, took walks in the Bois. What more inevitable than that we should somehow join some of the dancing groups? We did, and greatly enjoyed the fun of it. We did not mix with the wedding guests, nor indeed speak to any of them. We only partook of their pleasures from the outside, and whirled delightedly with one another along the outer rim of the orbit of happiness.

LA SAUVAGE D'AMERIQUE.

By the middle of June these bridal feasts had become very hot work indeed; none but very active little girls would continue dancing in the middle of the afternoon, even under the shade of green trees. There comes up to my memory one especially hot afternoon towards the end of June, when the Bois was full of sleepily moving life, carriage-horses drowsing along with coachmen holding limp reins, while the great ladies belonging to them walked daintily over the grass, all very languid indeed. In a marble basin, presided over by a Faun who had ceased dancing for the moment, there came the fascinating sound of dripping water.

"De l'eau! de l'eau!" shouted the girls.

"Let's drink, it is sweet water, I know," said one of the pupils who came from the neighbourhood.

"Oh, we haven't any cup, and if you try and drink out of your hand all the water runs down your frock and not one drop into your mouth. We did that one day last summer, and got bad marks for coming out of the Bois looking like guttersnipes."

The united groan which greeted this reminiscence bore testimony to its truth.

"I'll make you leaf-cups," I remarked. "I often did it in America out of maple leaves."

It is a trick of native lore familiar to all dwellers in timber country. A broad and not very serrated leaf is twisted together, and the stem thrust as a stitch through both sides. A pointed cup results, which will hold water to the joining of the two sides, not very watertight, but it will go twice or thrice to the well, when a new one is constructed. I flicked a dozen or so together, and handed them filled with water to the girls. They shrieked with joy, and called for more and more. French girls are not backward in expression of delight at anything that pleases them.

"Mademoiselle, mademoiselle!" they called to the under-mistress in charge of us, "come, come, taste of the water from Adèle's wonderful cups.

It is the best water ever flowed from the fountain."

Mademoiselle was very pleased, and also partook of the water. The smaller girls were hopping around calling upon the world to wonder. One of the languid ladies from the drowsy carriages drew near. The little girls at once begged her notice. Little French girls are not awkward in addressing strangers; they speak well, politely, and exactly to the person addressed, not obliquely, as badly-behaved English children so often do, to each other over the head of the stranger, trying to be witty, which they so seldom are.

Jeanne put herself forward.

"Would madame be pleased to accept a drink of water from one of the woodland cups? Adèle would make one for her, and be very enchanted to do it."

I handed one to madame, and warned her against the leak. She took off her delicate grey glove and drank daintily, saying it was indeed delicious.

"And did you teach yourself this most agreeable art?"

"Oh non! madame," burst in Jeanne with vehemence, "Adèle learned it from les sauvages."

"The savages!" exclaimed madame. "Does Mademoiselle Adèle come from so far a country?"

"Les sauvages d'Amerique," pursued Jeanne,

with headlong vehemence. "It is the country of Adèle. She has told us often of it. 'Les sauvages' out there ride on little horses, oh so swift, and there are no people, only the sky and the prairie, and Adèle used to ride everywhere. It was not like Paris, never a shop or anything to see. Every one was 'sauvage' out there, Adèle also."

Madame turned her soft brown eyes upon me with a slight twinkling smile upon her lips—

"Ah, then, mademoiselle is also 'sauvage'! Mais c'est charmant!"

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